FALLES
OF VNFORTV-
NATE PRINCES.

BEING A TRVE CHRONICLE
HISTORIE OF THE VNTIME
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

WHEREVNTO IS ADDED THE
FAMOVS LIFE AND DEATH OF
QVEENE ELIZABETH, with a Collection
of all the Warres, Battels and Sea-fights,
wherein she hath defeated the Enemy
of HER, with the preservation of Religion,
all [illegible]
[illegible]



AT LONDON
Printed by [illegible] for William Aspley, and are
to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard at the
Signe of the Parrot. 1618.

FALLES

OF VNFORTV-

NATE PRINCES.

PRINCE ARTHVR CHRONICLE

HISTORIE OF THE VNTIME

ly death of such vnfortunate Princes and

men of Note, as haue happened since

the first entrance of BRVTVS into

this Land, contained in an

Epitome.

VVHEREVNTO IS ADDED THE

FAMOVS LIFE AND DEATH OF

Queene ELIZABETH, with a declaration

of all the VVarres, Battels and Seafights,

which are largely described the Battell

of 88. with the particular seruice of

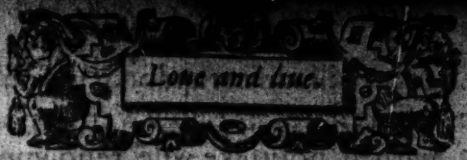
all such Ships, and men of Note

in that action.

Imprinted by [illegible] and are to

be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard at the

Signe of the Prince. 1613.



TO THE NOBILITIE AND ALL OTHER IN OFFICE, GOD GRANT ENcreaſe of wiſdome, with all things neceſſarie for preſeruation of their eſtates. *Amen.*

AMongſt the wiſe (right Honorable) whoſe ſentences (for the moſt part) tend either to teach the attaining of vertue or eſchewing of vice, *Platinus* that wonderful and excellent Philoſopher hath theſe words: The property of Temperance is to couet nothing which may be repented: not to exceed the bands of meaſure, and to keepe Deſire vnder the yoke of Reaſon. Which ſaying if it were ſo well knowne, as it is needfull; ſo well embraced, as is wiſhed; or ſo ſurely fixed in mind, as it is printed in his works: then certes many Chriſtians might by the inſtruction of an Ethnicke Philoſopher, ſhun great and dangerous perils. For to couet without conſideration, to paſſe the meaſure of his de- *Platinus.*

gree, and to let will run at randon, is the only destruction of all estates. Else how were it possible, so many learned, politicke, wise, renowned, valiant, and victorious personages, might euer haue come to such vtter decay? For example, we haue *Alexander* the Great, *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, *Cyrus*, *Hannibal*, &c. All which (by desire of glorie) felt the reward of their immoderate and insatiable lusts: for if *Alexander* had bin content with Macedonie, or not been puft vp with pride after his triumphes, he had neuer been so miserablie poisoned. If *Cæsar* and *Pompey* had been satisfied with their victories, and had not fell to ciuill dissension, the one had not been slaine in the Senate with daggers, nor the other abroad, by their friends procurement. If *Cyrus* had bin pleased with all Persia, & Media, and not thirsted for blood, he had neuer come to so infortunate a fal. So if *Hannibal* had not so much delighted in glory of warfare, his coũtry had neither fel in ruine, nor he bin miserably forced to poyson himselfe. But you will say, desire of fame, glorie, renowne, and immortalitie (to which all men well nigh by nature are inclined, especially those which excell or haue any singular gift of fortune or the bodie) moued them to such dangerous, great,

and

and hardy enterprises, which must needs be confessed as an infallible vertue: and therefore I surely deeme those Princes aboue specified (considering their fortunes, fame, and exploits) had neuer come to such end, but for want of temperance. And now sith there are three other Cardinal vertues which are requisit in him that should be in authoritie: that is to say, Prudence, Iustice, and Fortitude, which so wonderfully adorne and beautifie all estates (if Temperance be with them adioyned, that they moue the very enemies with admiration to praise them) some peraduenture (as affection leads) will commend one, some another: as *Aristotle* the Prince of Philosophers, names Prudence, the mother of vertues, but *Cicero* defines her the knowledge of things which ought to be desired and followed, and also of them which ought to be fled and eschewed; yet you shall finde that for want of Temperance, some which were counted very wise, fell into wonderfull reproch and infamie. But Iustice that incomparable vertue, (as the ancient Ciuilians define her) is a perpetual and constant wil which giueth to euery man his right, yet if shee be not constant, which is the gift of Fortitude, nor equal in discerning right from wrong, wherein is Prudence;

Aristot.
Cicero.
Prudence.

dence, nor vse proportion in iudgement and sentences, which pertaineth to Temperance: she can neuer be called equitie or iustice, but fraud, deceit, iniustice and iniurie. And, to speak of Fortitude, which (*Cicero* defineth) a considerate vndertaking of perils, and enduring of labours; if he whom we suppose stout, valiant, and of good courage, want Prudence, Iustice, or Temperance, he is not counted wise, righteous and constant, but sottish, rude and desperate. For Temperance (saith *Cicero*) is of reason in lust and other euill assaults of the mind, a sure and moderate dominion and rule. This noble vertue is diuided into three parts, that is, Continencie, Clemencie, and Modesty, which well obserued and kept (if grace be to them adioyned) it is impossible for him that is endued with the aboue named vertues euer to fall into the infortunate snares of calamitie, or misfortune. But Ambition, which is immoderate desire of honor, rule, dominion, and superiority, (the very destruction of nobilitie and common weales, as among the Romans; *Sylla*, *Marius*, *Carbo*, *Cinna*, *Catiline*, *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, are witnesses) hath brought great decay to our countrey, and countrey-men. But I haue heere (Right Honorable) in this booke only reproued fol-

Fortitude. Cicero.

Cicero. Temperance.

ly

ly in those which are heedlesse: Iniury in extortioners, rashnesse in venterers, treacherie in traytours, riot in rebels, and excesse in such as suppresse not vnruly affections. Now I trust you will so thinke of it (although the stile deserue not like commendation) as you thought of the other part. Which if you shall, I doubt not but it may pleasure some; if not, yet giue occasion to others which can do better, either to amend these, or to publish their owne. And thus wishing your Prudence to discerne what is meet for your callings, Iustice in the administration of your functions, Fortitude in the defence of your Countrey, and Temperance in moderation of all your affections, with encrease of honors, and euerlasting felicity: I bid you in Christ Iesus farewell. At Winceham the 7. day of December. 1586.

Your most humble in the Lord,

NB. This epistle prefixed to the edit. 1575. has no date.]

IOHN HIGINS.

TO THE READER.

TO acquaint you in briefe with what is done in this impression: know that the verse is in proportion by measure, and in symphonie or rithmes, in divers places amended; the storie in some places false and corrupted, made historically true; the tragedies wrongly inserted, disposed in their proper places, according to iust computation of time; those never before collected in one volume, published in this impression: for the forme and frame of the whole historie I did intend to haue reduced it into the same order, which I haue observed in my Additions; but prevented by other occasions, I haue thus digested it. The tragedies from the time of Brute *to the Conquest I haue left, with dependencie vpon that Induction written by M.* Higins: *I haste from the Conquest to this our last age, that is, to the fall of the Lord* Cromwell, *excellently well penned by M.* Drayton, *hath reference to that golden Preface called M.* Sackuills *Induction. After these I haue placed my Additions, the falles of such Princes as were before omitted, and my Poem or Hymne of the late dead Queene of famous memorie. In all which I require no other gratification for my paines, but a gentle censure of my imperfections.*

JOHN HIGINS.

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THOMAS NEWTON TO THE Reader, in the behalfe of this booke.

AS when an arming ſword of proofe is made,
Both ſteele and iron muſt be tempred well:
(For iron gives the ſtrength vnto the blade,
And ſteele, in edge doth cauſe it to excell)
As each good Blade-ſmith by his Art can tell:
For, without iron, brittle will it breake,
And without ſteele, it will be blunt and weake.

So bookes, that now their faces dare to ſhow,
Muſt mettald be with nature and with skill:
For nature cauſeth ſtuffe enough to flow,
And Art the ſame contrines by learned quill
In order good, and currant method ſtill.
So that, if Nature frowne, the caſe is hard:
And if Art want, the matter all is mar'd.

The worke, which heere is offred to thy view,
With both theſe points is full and fully fraught;
Set forth by ſundrie of the learned Crew:
Whoſe ſtately ſtiles haue Phœbus garland caught,
And Parnaſſe mount their worthy worke haue raught:
Their words are thundred with ſuch maieſtie,
As fitteth right each matter in degree.

Reade it therefore, but reade attentively,
Conſider well the drift whereto it tends:
Confer the times, perpend the hiſtory,
The parties ſtates, and eke their dolefull ends,
With odde euents, that diuine iuſtice ſends.
For things forepaſt are preſidents to vs,
Whereby we may things preſent now diſcuſſe.

Certes this world a Stage may well be call'd,
Whereon is plaid the part of euery wight:
Some, now aloft, anon with malice gall'd,
Are from high ſtate brought into diſmall plight.
Like counters are they, which ſtand now in ſight
For thouſand or ten thouſand, and anone
Remoued, ſtand perhaps for leſſe then one.

Thomas Newtonus,
Cestreſtyrius.

THE AVTHORS Induction.

(Jn. Higgins) very likely from the 1575

WHen Sommer ſweet, with all her pleaſures paſt,
And leaues began to leaue the ſhadie tree,
The winter cold encreaſed on full faſt,
And time of yeare to ſadnes moued me:
For moiſtie blaſts not halfe ſo mirthfull be,
As ſweet *Aurora* brings in ſpring-time faire,
Our ioyes they dimme, as winter damps the aire.

The nights began to grow to length apace,
Sir *Phœbus* to th'Antarctique gan to fare:
From *Libraes* lance to th'Crab he tooke his race
Beneath the line, to lend oflight a ſhare.
For then with vs the daies more darkiſh are,
More ſhort, cold, moiſt, and ſtormie cloudie clit,
For ſadnes more then mirths or pleaſures fit.

Deuiſing then what bookes were beſt to reade,
Both for that time, and ſentence graue alſo,
For conference of friend to ſtand in ſtead:
When I my faithfull friend was parted fro,
I gate me ſtraight the Printers ſhops vnto,
To ſeeke ſome worke of price I ſurely ment,
That might alone my carefull mind content.

Amongſt the reſt, I found a booke ſo ſad,
As time of yeare or ſadneſſe could require:
The Mirour nam'd for Magiſtrates he had,
So finely pen'd, as heart could well deſire:
Which when I read, ſo ſet my heart on fire,
Eſtſoones it me conſtrain'd to take the paine,
Nor left with once, to reade it once againe.

And

And as againe I view'd this worke with heed,
And marked plaine each partie paint his fall:
Me thought in mind, I saw those men indeed,
Eke how they came in order Princely all;
Declaring well, this life is but a thrall,
Sith those on whom for Fortunes gifts we stare,
Oft soonest sinke in greatest seas of care.

For some perdie, were Kings of high estate,
And some were Dukes, and came of regall race:
Some Princes, Lords, and Iudges great that sate
In counsell still, decreeing euery case:
Some other Knights that vices did embrace,
Some Gentlemen, some poore exalted hie:
Yet euery one had plai'd his tragedie.

A Mirrour well it might be call'd, a glasse
As cleare as any crystall vnder Sun:
In each respect the Tragedies so passe,
Their names shall liue that such a worke begun.
For why, with such *Decorum* is it done,
That *Momus* spight with more then *Argus* eies,
Can neuer watch, to keepe it from the wise.

Examples there for all estates you find,
For Iudge (I say) what iustice he should vse:
The noble man to beare a noble mind,
And not himselfe ambitiously abuse;
The Gentleman vngentlenesse refuse:
The rich and poore, and eu'ry one may see,
Which way to loue, and liue in due degree.

I wish them often well to reade it than,
And marke the causes why those Princes fell:
But let me end my tale that I began.
When I had read these Tragedies full well,
And past the winter euenings long to tell,
One night at last I thought to leaue this vse,
To take some ease before I chang'd my Muse.

Wherefore away from reading I me gate,
My heauie head waxt dull for want of reſt:
I laid me downe, the night was waxed late,
For lacke of ſleepe mine eyes were ſore oppreſt:
Yet fancie ſtill of all their deaths encreaſt,
Me thought my mind from them I could not take,
So worthie wights, as cauſed me to wake.

At laſt appeared clad in purple blacke
Sweet *Somnus*, reſt which comforts each aliue;
By eaſe of mind, that weares away all wracke,
That noyſome night from wearie wits doth driue,
Of labours long the pleaſures we atchieue.
Whereat I ioy'd, ſith after labours paſt,
I might enioy ſweet *Somnus* ſleepe at laſt.

But he by whom I thought my ſelfe at reſt,
Reuiued all my fancies fond before:
I more deſirous, humblie did requeſt
Him ſhew th'vnhappie Albion Princes yore:
For well I wiſt, that he could tell me more,
Sith vnto diuers, *Somnus* erſt had told
What things were done in elder times of old.

Then ſtraight he forth his ſeruant *Morpheus* call'd,
On *Higins* heere thou muſt (quoth he) attend;
The Britaine Peeres to bring (whom Fortune thral'd)
From Lethean lake, and th'ancient ſhapes them lend;
That they may ſhew why, how, they tooke their end.
I wil (quoth *Morpheus*) ſhew him what they were;
And ſo me thought I ſaw them ſtraight appeare.

One after one, they came in ſtrange attire,
But ſome with wounds and blood were ſo diſguis'd,
You ſcarcely could by reaſons aid aſpire,
To know what warre ſuch ſundrie deaths deuis'd;
And ſeuerally thoſe Princes were ſurpris'd.
Of former ſtate, theſe States gaue ample ſhow,
Which did relate their liues and ouerthrow.

Of ſome the faces bold and bodies were
Diſtain'd with woad, and Turkiſh beards they had:
On th'ouer lips mutchatoes long of haire,
And wilde they ſeem'd, as men deſpairing mad;
Their lookes might make a conſtant heart full ſad:
And yet I could not ſo forſake the view,
Nor preſence, ere their minds I likewiſe knew.

For *Morpheus* bad them each in order tell
Their names and liues, their haps and hapleſſe daies,
And by what meanes from Fortunes wheele they fell,
Which did them erſt vnto ſuch honors raiſe.
Wherewith the firſt not making moe delaies,
A noble Prince broad wounded breſt that bare
Drew neere, to tell the cauſe of all his care.

Which when me thought to ſpeak he might be bold,
Deepe from his breſt he threw an vnquoth ſound:
I was amaz'd his geſtures to behold:
And blood that freſhly trickled from his wound,
With echo ſo did halfe his words confound,
That ſcarce a while the ſenſe might plaine appeare:
At laſt, me thought, he ſpake as you ſhall heare.

HOW

Faults escaped.

PAge 555. lin. 17. browes, reade bowes. p. 568. l. 20. left, r. let. p. 579. l. 3. fh r. shore. p. 583. l. 13. speele, r. steele. p. eadem l. 15. vaines flow, r. vaines did flow. p. 588. l. 3. nor, r. not. p. 599. l. 28. approth, r. approch. p. 600. l. 1. r. abate, r. to abate p. 619. l. 23. this, r. his. p. 636. l. 5. foe, r. woe. p. 657. l. 16. foes, r. loure. p. 671. l. 32. with Austrian, r. with th' Austrian. p. 682. l. 7. let, r. lets. p. 683. l. 37. to obraine, r. t'obraine. p. 706. l. 15. l. r. O. p. 728. l. 15. But r. Blast, in some copies. p. 793. marg. Anno Reg. 31. r. 15. p. 834. l. 13. recoild r. recoile. p. 855. l. 30. throne, r. chaire. 866. l. 31. house-rope, r. house-rope.

HOW KING ALBANACT THE YOVNGEST SONNE OF BRVTVS, AND FIRST KING OF Albany (now called Scotland) was slaine by King Humber, the 1085. yeare before Christ.

SIth flattring Fortune filly could beguile
Mee first of Britaine Princes in this land:
And yet at first on mee did sweetely smile,
Behold mee here, that first in preference stand.
And when thou well my wounded corps hast scand,
Then thats thou hast my hap to prome the same
In stories called Albanact by name.

Lay feare aside, let nothing thee amaze,
Ne haue despaire, nor loose the want of time:
Leaue off on mee with fearefull lookes to gaze,
Thy pen may serue for such a tale as mine.
First I will tell thee of my fathers line,
Then why he flying from the Latin land
Did saile the seas and sound the Briton strand.

And last I minde to tell thee of my selfe,
My life and death, if I finde dy so true
As may approue ye vse we did is all but pelfe,
And pleasures sweete, whom loe owes aye ensue.
Hereafter ake in order comes a crue,
Which can declare of worldly pleasures vaine
The price we all haue bought, with paine, paine,

When Troy was sackt and brent and could not stand,
Æneas fled from thence, *Anchises* sonne,
And came at length to King *Latinus* land:
He *Turnus* slew, *Lauinia* eke he wonne.
After whose death, *Ascanius* next his sonne
Was crowned King, and *Siluius* then his heire,
Espoused to a Latine Lady faire.

By her had *Siluius* shortly issue eke,
A goodly Prince, and *Brutus* was his name.
But what should I of his misfortune speake,
For hunting, as he minded strike the game,
He strook his father, that beyond it came.
The quarrell glaunst, and through his tender side
It flew, where through the noble *Siluius* dide.

Lo thus by chance though princely *Brutus* slew
His father *Siluius*, sore against his will,
Which came too soone, as he his arrow drew,
Though he in chace the game, did mind to kill,
Yet was he banisht from his countrey still,
Commanded thither to returne no more,
Except he would his life to lose therefore.

On this, to Greece Lord *Brutus* tooke his way,
Where Troians were, by Grecians, captiues kept:
Helenus was by *Pirrhus* brought away
From death of Troians, whom their friends bewept,
Yet he in Greece this while no busines slept,
But by his facts, and feates obtain'd such fame,
Seuen thousand captiue Troians to him came.

Assaracus a noble Grecian eke,
Who by his mother came of Troian race,
Because he saw himselfe in Greece too weake,
Came vnto him to aide him in this case,
For of his brother he could finde no grace,
Which was a Greeke by both his parents sides,
His Castles three the Troian *Brutus* guides.

While he to be their Captaine was content,
And as the Troians gathered to his band,
Ambaſſage to the Grecian King he ſent,
For to entreate they might depart his land.
Which when King *Pandraſus* did vnderſtand,
An armie ſtraight he did therefore addreſſe,
On purpoſe all the Troians to ſuppreſſe.

So as King *Pandraſus* at Spartane towne
Thought them in deſerts by, to circumuent,
The Troians with three thouſand beate them downe,
Such fauour loe, them Ladie Fortune lent.
By *Mars* his force, their raies and rancks he rent,
And tooke the brother of the Grecian King,
With others moe, as captiues home to bring.

The taken towne from which the King was fled,
Sir *Brutus* with ſixe hundred men did man,
Ech priſoner was vnto his keeper led
To keepe in towne, the noble Troians wan:
And into woods the Troiane gate him than
Againe with his, he kept him there by night
To quaile the Grecians if they came to fight.

The King which cal'd to minde his former foile,
His flight, and brother deare by Troians take,
The towne he loſt, where *Brutus* gaue the ſpoile,
He thought not ſo the field and fight forſake,
But of his men a muſter new to make,
And ſo againe for to beſiege the towne
In hope reuenge, or winne his loſt renowne.

By night the ambuſh, that his purpoſe knew,
Came foorth from woods, whereas they waited by,
The Troians all th'vnarmed Grecians ſlew,
Went through their campe, none could their force denie,
Vnto the tent where *Pandraſus* did lie,
Whereas Lord *Brutus* tooke their King that night,
And ſau'd his life as ſeemed a worthie wight.

This great exploite so wisely well atchiu'd,
The Troiane victour did a counsaile call,
Wherein might be for their estate contriu'd
By counsaile graue, the publike weale of all:
Now tell (quoth he) what ransome asks vs thrall?
Or what will you for our auaile deuise?
To which *Memprician* answer'd graue and wise.

I cannot (*Brutus*) but commend thine act
In this, thou noble Captaine worthy praise:
Which deemest well, it were an heinous fact,
T'abridge the Grecian king of vitall daies,
And that we ought by clemencie to raise
Our fame to skie, not by a sauage guise,
Sith Gods and men both, cruelty despise.

The cause we fought, was for the freedome all
Of Troians taken, we haue freedome won,
We haue our purpose, and their king withall,
To whom of rigour nothing ought be done:
Though he the quarrell with vs first begon.
And though we owe the fall of Troyes requite,
Yet let reuenge thereof from gods to light.

His subiects now bewaile their proude pretence,
And weapons laide aside, for mercy crie:
They all confesse their plagues to come from thence,
Where first from faith of Gods they seem'd so flie.
Their Nobles dare not come the case to trie,
But euen for peace, with all their hearts, they sue,
And meekely grant, whence all their mischiefes grew.

The Princesse faire, his daughter, who surmounts
For vertues rare, for beautie braue, and grace
Both *Helen* fine, of whom they made accounts,
And all the rest that come of Grecian race,
She for her father sues, bewailes his case,
Implores, desires thy grace, and gods aboue,
Whose woes may them and their misery moue.

Some

" Some Troians say he should deposed be
" From kingdome quite, or else be slaine he should,
" And we heere bide, eke this misliketh me,
" Nay rather while we stay keepe him in hold,
" Or let him pay a ransome large of gold,
" And hostage giue, and homage do of right
" To thee, that wonst the field by Martiall fight.

" For kingdomes sake a captiue king to kill,
" Our names for aye with foule defame would brand;
" For vs in Greece to dwell were euen as ill,
" The force of Greece we cannot still withstand.
" Let vs therefore both cruelty abandon,
" And prudent seeke both gods and men to please:
" So shall we find good lucke at land and seas.

" Or sith the Grecians will thee for to take
" The noble Ladie *Innogen* to wife,
" If thou so please, let him her dowrie make
" Of gold, ships, siluer, corne, for our relieue,
" And other things, which are in *Gracia* rife.
" That we so fraught may seeke some desert shore,
" Where thou and thine may raigne for euermore.

This pleas'd both *Brutus* and the Troians all,
Who wil'd forthwith that *Pandrasus* the King
Should reuerently be brought into the hall.
And present when they told him of this thing,
So griefe and sorow great his heart did sting,
He could not shew by countenance or cheere
That he it lik'd, but spake as you shall heare.

" Sith that the wrath of gods hath yeelded me,
" And eke my brother, captiues to your hands,
" I am content to do as pleaseth yee,
" You haue my realme, my life, my goods and lands,
" I must be needs content as Fortune stands.
" I giue my daughter, gold, and siluer fine,
" With what for dowrie elsse you craue in mine.

To make my tale the shorter if I may,
This truce concluded was immediately:
And all things else performed by a day,
The King restor'd that did in prison lie,
The Troians proud of spoiles and victorie,
Did hoise vp sailes, in two daies and a night
Vpon the Ile of Lestrigons they light.

And leauing of their ships at roade, to land
They wandring went the countrey for to view:
Loe there a desert citie old they fand,
And eke a temple (if report be true)
Where *Dian* dwelt of whom the Troian crew
In sacrifice their captaine counsell gaue
For good successe, a seate and soile to craue.

And he no whit misliking their aduice
Went forth, and did before the altar hold
In his right hand a cup to sacrifice,
Fild both with wine, and white hinds blood scarce cold.
And then before her stature straight he told
Deuoutly all his whole petition there,
In sort (they say) as is repeated heere.

O goddesse great in grones that putst wilde beares in fearefull feare,
And maist go all the compasse pathes of euery cyrcle sphere,
Eke of th'infernall houses too, resolue the earthly rights,
And tell what countrey is to dwell thou giu'st vs Troian wights.
Assigne a certaine seate where I shall worship thee for aye,
And where replenish with virgins, I erect thy temples may.

When nine times he had spoken this, and went
Foure times the altar round, and flaid agen,
He powr'd the wine and blood in hand he hent
Into the fire. O witlesse cares of men,
Such folly meere, and blindnes great was then:
But if religion now birds toies farewell,
Embrace that's good, the vice of times expell.

He laid him then downe by the altars ſide,
Vpon the white *Hinds* skin eſpred therefore:
It was the third houre of the night, a tide
Of ſweeteſt ſleepe, he gaue himſelfe the more
To reſt ſurelie. Then ſeemed him before
Diana chaſte, the goddeſſe to appeare,
And ſpake to him theſe words that you ſhall heare.

O Brute, *farre vnder Phœbus fall, beyond of France that raigne,*
An Iland in the Ocean is, with ſea tis compaſt maine,
An Iland in the Ocean is, where Giants erſt did dwell:
But now a deſert place that's fit, will ſerue thy people well,
To this direct thy race, for there ſhall be thy ſeat for aye,
And to thy ſonnes there ſhall be built another ſtately Troye.
Here of thy progenie and ſtocke, ſhall mightie Kings deſcend,
And vnto them as ſubiects, all the world ſhall bow and bend.

On this he woke, with ioyfull cheere, and told
The viſion all, and oracle it gaue:
So it reioyſt their hearts a thouſand fold.
To ſhips they got, away the ſhores they draue,
And hoyſing ſailes, for happie winds they craue.
In thirtie daies their voyage ſo they dight,
That on the coaſt of Aphrica they light.

Then to *Philenes* altars they attain'd,
(For ſo men call two hilles erected are
In Tuniſe land) two brethren ground that gain'd
For Carthage once, and went tis ſaid too farre,
On Cyren ground for bounds, there buried were.
Becauſe they would not turne againe, but ſtriue
With Cyren men, they buried them aliue.

From thence they ſailed through the middle lake,
Betweene Europa faire and Aphrica the drie:
With winde at will, the doubtfull race they take,
And ſail'd to Tuſcane ſhores, on Europe coaſt that lie.
Where at the laſt amongſt the men they did deſcrie
Foure baniſht bands of Troians in diſtreſſe
To ſaile with them, which did themſelues addreſſe

Companions of *Antenor* in his flight.
But *Corineus* was their captaine than,
For counsell graue a wise and worthie wight:
In warres the praise of vallauntnesse he wan.
Lord *Brutus* liked well this noble man,
With him full oft conser of fates he wold,
And vnto him the oracles he told.

The Troians so in number now increast,
Set on to sea and hoysed sailes to wind.
To *Hercules* his pillars from the East
They cast by compasse readie way to find:
Where through once past to Northward race they twind,
To Pirene cleeues, tweene Spaine and France the bound,
Reioycing neere the promist Ile so found.

Eke vnto Guyne in France they sailed thence,
Where at the hauen of Loire they did arriue,
To view the countrey was their whole pretence
And victuals get, their souldiers to reuiue.
Eke *Corineus* lest the Galles should striue,
Led forth two hundred of his warlike band,
To get prouision to the ships from land.

But when the King *Goffarius* heard of this,
That Troians were arriued on his shore,
With Frenchmen and with Guynes their power and his,
He came to take the prey they gate before,
And when they met, they fought it both full sore,
Till *Corineus* rusht into their band,
And cauſ'd them flie: they durſt no longer stand.

First might you there seene hearts of Frenchmen broke:
Two hundred Troians gaue them all the foile
At home, with oddes, they durst not bide the stroke,
Few Troians beat them in their natiue soile,
Eke *Corineus* followed in this broile,
So fast vpon his foes before his men,
That they retirn'd and thought to spoile him then.

There

There he alone against them all, and they
Against him one, with all their force did fight,
At last by chance his sword was flowne away,
By fortune on a battaile axe he light,
Which he did driue about him with such might,
That some their hands, and some their armes did leese,
Some legges, of some the head from shoulders flees.

As thus amongst them all he fought with force
And fortune great, in danger of his life,
Lord *Brutus* had on him therewith remorce,
Came with a troupe of men to end the strife.
When Frenchmen saw the Troians force so rife
They fled away, vnto their losse and paine,
In fight and flight nigh all their host was slaine.

And in that broile, saue *Corineus*, none
Did fight so fiercely, as did *Turnus* there,
Sir *Brutus* cosin with his sword alone
Did slay that time well nigh fiue hundred men,
They found him dead as they return'd agen,
Amongst the Frenchmen, wounded void of sence,
And bare his noble corps with honour thence.

On this they bode awhile reuenge to yeeld,
And to interre the dead, and *Turnus* slaine,
They tooke a towne not farre from place of field,
And built it strong, to vex the Galles againe.
The name they gaue it still doth yet remaine,
Sith there they buried *Turnus* yet men call
It Tours, and name the folke Turones all.

Which towne they left at last with Troians mand,
When as their ships were stor'd with what they need
Aboord, they hoise vp sailes and left the land,
By aiding winds they cut the seas with speed.
At length the shining Albion cleeues did seed
Their gazing eyes, by meanes whereof they fand
Out Tomes hauen, and tooke this promist land.

The

The countrey seemed pleasant at the view,
And was by few inhabited as yet,
Saue certaine Giants whom they did pursue,
Which straight to Caues in Mountaines did them get:
So fine were Woods and Floods, and Fountaines set,
So cleere the aire, so temperate the clime,
They neuer saw the like before that time.

And then this Ile that Albion had to name,
Lord *Brutus* causde it Britaine cal'd to bee,
And eke the people Britans of the same,
As yet in ancient Records is to see,
To *Corineus* gaue he franke and free
The land of Cornwall, for his seruice done,
And for because from Giants he it wonne.

Then sith our Troiane flock came first from Troy,
The Chieftaine thought that dutie did him binde,
As Fortune thus had sau'd him from annoy,
The ancient towne againe to call to minde,
He built new Troy, them Troian lawes assignde,
That so his race to his eternall fame,
Might keepe of Troy the euerlasting name.

And setled there, in perfect peace and rest,
Deuoid of warre, of labour, strife, or paine,
Then *Inogen* the Queene, his ioyes increasse,
A Prince she bare, and after other twaine,
Was neuer King of noble Impes so faine,
Three sonnes which had so shortly here begat,
Locrinus, Camber, last me *Albanact*.

Thus hauing wealth, and eke the world at will,
Nor wanting ought that might his minde contene,
T'increase his powre with wights of warlike skill,
Was all his minde, his purpose and intent,
Whereby if foes, inuasion after ment,
The Britans might not feare of forraine lands,
But keepe by fight possessions in their hands.

Eke

Eke when his people once perceiu'd his minde,
(As what the Prince doth often most embrace,
To that the subiects all, are straight inclinde,
And reuerence still in ech respect his grace)
They gat in warre such knowledge in short space,
That after they their force to vse begun,
They car'd for nought by wit or might not won.

Those mightie people borne of Giants brood,
That did possesse this Ocean-bounded land,
They did subdue, who oft in battell stood
Gainst them in field, vntill by force of hand
They were made subiect vnto *Brutus* command,
Such boldnes then did in the Briton dwell,
That they in deedes of valour did excell.

Whereby the King had cause to take delight,
And might be bold the lesse to feare his foes,
Surely ech Prince may recke his enmies spight,
Thereafter as his force in fight he knoes.
A princely heart the liberall gifts discloses
He gaue to ech such guerdons for their facts,
As might them only mone to noble acts.

No labours great his subiects then refusde,
No trauels that might like his regall minde,
But ech of them such exercise well vsde,
Wherein was praise, or glorie great to finde,
And to their liege bare faithfull harts so kinde,
That what he wild they all obeyd his hest,
Nought else was currant, but the Kings request.

What Prince aliue might more reioyce then he?
Had faithfull men, so valiant, bold, and stout
What pleasures more on earth could lightly be
Then win an Ile, and liue deuoid of doubt?
An Ile said I? nay nam'd the world throughout
Another world, sith sea doth it diuide
From all, that wants not all the world beside.

What

What subiects else, more happie might there be?
Had such a King of such a noble heart,
And such a land enioyd and liu'd at ease,
Whereof ech man almost might chuse his part.
No feare of foes, vnknowne was treasons wile,
No fayning friends, no fawning *Gnatons* skill,
No *Thrasos* brags, but bearing ech good will.

But as ech summer once receiues an end,
And as no State can stable stand for aye,
As course of time doth cause things bow and bend,
As euery pleasure hath her ending day,
As will can neuer passe the power of may:
Euen so my father happie daies that spent,
Perceiu'd he must by sickenesse last relent.

As doth the shipman well foresee the storme,
And knowes what danger lies in Syrtes of sand:
Eke as the husbandman prouides before,
When he perceiues the winter cold at hand:
Euen so the wise, that course of things haue skand,
Can well the end of sickness great presage,
When it is ioyn'd with yeares of doting age.

His sonnes and Counsell all assembled were,
For why he sent for vs and them with speed.
We came in haste, this newes did cause vs feare,
But ech of them [illegible]
Sith so he sent, we thought him sick indeed,
And when we all approcht to him with speed,
Too soone alas, his Grace right sick we found,
And him saluted as our duties bound.

And casting of his mistfull eyes aside,
Not able well to moue his painfull hand,
As silent we with reuerence him abide,
He wild himselfe be reared in his bed,
Which done, with sight of vs his eyes he fed,
Eke pausing so a while for breath he stayd,
At length to them all thus wise he saide.

No marualle ſure, though you herewith be fad
(You noble Britaines) for your Brutus ſake,
Sith whilom me your captaine ſtout you had,
That now my leaue and laſt farwell muſt take,
Thus nature willes me once an ende to make,
And leaue you here behinde, which after mee
Shall die, as me depart before you ſee.

You wot wherefore I with the Grecians fought,
With dint of ſworde I made their force to flie:
Antenors friends on Tuſcane ſhores I ſought,
And did them not my promiſt land denie.
By Martiall powre I made the Frenchmen flie,
Where you to ſaue, I loſt my faithfull freud
For you; at Tours my *Turnus* tooke his end.

I need not now recite what loue I bare,
My friendſhip you, I truſt, haue found ſo well,
That none amongſt you all which preſent are,
With teares doth not record the tale I tell.
Eke whom I found for vertues to excell,
To them I gaue the price thereof, as due
As they deſerued, thoſe facts I found ſo true.

Now muſt I proue, if paines were well beſtow'd,
Or if I ſpent my gratefull gifts in vaine,
Or if theſe great good turnes to you I ow'd,
And might not aske your loyall loues againe.
Which if I wiſt, what tongue could tell my paine?
I meane, if you vngratefull mindes doe beare,
What meaneth death to let me linger here?

For if you ſhall abuſe your Prince, in this
The gods on you for ſuch an hainous fact,
To take reuenge, be ſure will neuer miſſe.
And then too late you ſhall repent the act,
When all my Realme, and all your wealths are ſackt:
But if you ſhall as you begun, proceed,
Of kingdomes fall, or foes, there is no dreed.

» And to auoid contention that may fall,
» Because I wish this Realme the Britans still:
» Therefore I will declare before you all
» Sith you are come, my whole intent and will.
» Which if you keepe, and wrest it not to ill,
» There is no doubt but euermore with fame
» You shall enioy the Britans Realme and name.

» You see my sonnes, that after me must raigne,
» Whom you or this haue lik'd and counsail'd well.
» You know what erst you wisht they should refraine,
» Which way they might all vices vile expell,
» Which way they might in vertues great excell.
» Thus if you shall, when I am gone insue,
» You shall discharge the trust repos'd in you.

» Be you their fathers, with your counsell wise.
» And you my children take them euen as me.
» Be you their guides in what you can deuise,
» And let their good instructions teach you three:
» Be faithfull all: as brethren ought agree:
» For* concord keepes a Realme in stable stay:
» But discord brings all kingdomes to decay.

» Record you this: to th'eldest sonne I giue
» This middle part of Realme to hold his owne,
» And to his heires that after him shall liue.
» Also to Camber, that his part be knowne,
» I giue that land that lies welnigh oregrowne
» With woods, Northwest, and mountaines mightie hie,
» By South whereof, the Cornish sea doth lie.

» And vnto thee my yongest sonne, that art
» Mine *Albanact*, I giue to thee likewise
» As much to be for thee and thine a part,
» As North beyond the arme of sea there lies,
» Of which loe heere a Mappe before your eies.
» Loe heere my sonnes my kingdome all you haue,
» For which (remember) nought but this I craue:

First,

» Firſt, that you take theſe fathers graue for me,
» Imbrace their counſell euen as it were mine:
» Next, that betweene your ſelues you will agree,
» And neuer one at others wealth repine.
» See that yee bide ſtill bound with friendly line.
» And laſt, my ſubiects with ſuch loue retaine,
» As long they may your ſubiects eke remaine.

» Now faint, I feele my breath begins to faile,
» My time is come, giue each to me your hand,
» Farewell, farewell, to mourne will not preuaile,
» I ſee with Knife where *Atropos* doth ſtand.
» Farewell my friends, my children and my land,
» And farewell all my ſubiects, farewell breath,
» Farewell ten thouſand times, and welcome death.

And euen with that he turn'd himſelfe aſide,
Vpyeelding gaſping gaue away the ghoſt:
Then all with mourning voice his ſeruants cri'd,
And all his ſubiects eke, from leaſt to moſt.
Lamenting fil'd with wailing plaints each coaſt,
And ſo the Britans all as nature bent,
Did for their King full dolefully lament.

But what auailes, to ſtriue againſt the tide,
Or elſe to driue againſt the ſtreame and winde?
What booteth it againſt the Cliues to ride,
Or elſe to worke againſt the courſe of kind?
Sith Nature hath the end of things aſſign'd,
There is no nay, we muſt perforce depart,
Gainſt dint of death, there is no eaſe by art.

Thus raign'd that worthie King, that found this land,
My father *Brutus*, of the Troian blood,
And thus he died when he full well had man'd
This noble Realme with Britans fierce and good.
And ſo a while in ſtable ſtate it ſtood,
Till we diuided had this Realme in three,
And I too ſoone receiu'd my part to mee.

Then

Then straight through all the [illegible]
A monster swifter none is vnder Sunne
Encreasing, as inwardes we descry
The circles small, of nothing that began,
Which at the length vnto the heauens doe come,
That of a drop which from the skies doth fall,
The circles spread, and hide the waters all.

So fame in flight increaseth more and more:
For at the first she is not scarcely knowne,
But by and by she fleetes from shore to shore,
To clouds from th'earth her stature straight is growne:
There whatsoeuer by her trumpe is blowne,
The sound that both by sea and land out flies,
Reboundragaine, and reuberates the skies.

They say, the earth that first the Giants bred,
For anger that the gods did them dispatch,
Brought forth this sister, of those monsters dead,
Full light of foote, swift wings the winds to catch;
Such monster elfe did nature neuer hatch.
As many Plumes she hath from top to toe,
So many eyes them vnderwatch, or moe.

And tongues doe speake, so many eares doe harke,
By night betweene heauen she flies and earthly shade,
And shrieking, takes no quiet sleepe by darke
On houses roofe, or towres as keeper made
She sits by day, and Cities threats inuade:
And as she tels what things she sees by view,
She rather shewes that's famed falle, then true.

She blazde abroad perdy a people small,
Late landed here, and found this pleasant Ile,
And how that now it was diuided all,
Made tripartite, and might within a while
Be won by force, by treason, fraud, or guile.
Wherefore she moues her friends to make assay
To win the prize, and beare our poppe away.

Athou-

A thousand things beſides, ſhe bruits and tels,
And makes the moſt of euery thing ſhee hears,
Long time of vs ſhe talkes, and nothing els,
Eke what ſhe ſeeth, abroad in haſte ſhe bears,
With tatling toies and tickleth ſo their eares,
That needs they muſt to flattering fame aſſent,
Though afterwards they do therefore lament.

By Eaſt from hence a countrey large doth lye,
Hungaria eke of Hunnes it hath to name,
And hath *Danubius* floud on South it bye,
Diuiding quite from *Auſtria* the ſame.
From thence a King was named *Humber* came:
On coaſts of Albany arriued he,
In hope to be the King of Britanie.

When by report of ſubiects I did heare
How foe-men were arriued on my ſhore,
I gathered all my ſouldiers void of feare,
And backe the Hunnes by force and might I bore.
But in this battell was I hurt ſo ſore,
That in the field of deadly wounds I dide,
My ſouldiers loſt their noble Prince and guide.

Such was my fate to venture on ſo bold,
My raſhneſſe was the cauſe of all my woe:
Such is of all our glorie vaine the hold,
So ſoone we pompe and pleaſures all forgo,
So quickly are we reft our kingdomes fro:
And ſuch is all the caſt of Fortunes play,
When leaſt we thinke, to cut vs quite away.

I deem'd my ſelfe an heauenly happie wight,
When once I had my part to raigne within:
But ſee the chance what hap did after light,
Or I could ſcarce t'inioy my glee begin.
This *Humme* did ſeeke from me my Realme to win,
And had his will: O flattering fortune, fie,
What meaneſt thou to make thy ſelfe ſo ſlie?

You worthie warriers by my fall beware,
Let wisdome worke, lay rashnesse all apart,
When as with enemies you encountred are,
You must endeuour all your skilfull art
By wittie wiles, with force to make your mart.
Wit nought auailes late bought with care and cost,
Too late it comes when life and all is lost.

HOW HVMBER THE KING OF Hunnes minding to conquer Britaine, was *drowned in the arme of sea now called* Humber, *about the yeare before Christ*, 1085.

THough yet no forren Princes in this place
Haue come to tell their hapleſſe great mishap,
Yet giue me leaue a while to pleade my case,
And shew how I slipt out of fortunes lap,
Perchance some other will eschew the trap
Wherein I fell, and both themselues beware,
And also seeke the lesse their countries care.

I am that *Humber* King of Hunnes, that came
To win this Iland, from the Britaines fell:
Was drown'd in Humber, where I left my name.
A iust reward for him that liu'd so well
At home, and yet thought others to expell
Both from their Realme or right: well seru'd was I,
That by ambition thought to clime so hie.

But I must blame report, the chiefest cause
Of my decay: beware of rash report:
Tis wisdome first to take a while a pause,
Before to dint of dangers you resort:
Lest when you come in haste to scale the fort,
By rash assault some engine, shaft or fire
Dispatch you quite, or make you soone retire.

For vnto me the rumours daily flew,
That heere a noble Iland might be won:
The King was dead: no warres the people knew,
And eke themſelues to ſtriue at home begon,
It were (quoth I) a noble act well don
To win it then: and therewithall did make
Prouiſion good, this famous Ile to take.

A warlike regall campe prouided was,
And ſhips, and victuall, for my Hunnes and me,
By ſea to Britaine conqueſt for to paſſe,
If Gods thereto or heauenly ſtarres agree.
At length we came to ſhores of Albany,
And there to fight, with Britans, pitch'd our field,
In hope to make them flinch, flie, fall, or yeeld.

They met vs, long we fiercely fought it out,
And doubtfull was the victours part of twaine:
Till with my Hunnes, I ruſht among the rout,
And fought till that King *Albanact* was ſlaine.
Then they to yeeld or pardon craue were faine,
And I with triumphes great receiu'd the pray,
And marched forward, fleſht with ſuch a fray.

I paſt an arme of ſea, that would to God
I neuer had bin halfe ſo bold at firſt,
I made, to beate my ſelfe withall, a rod,
When ſo without their Realme I venture durſt.
But marke my tale, thou heard'ſt not yet the worſt:
As ſure I thought the reſt to circumuent,
By ſpies before, they knew my whole intent.

And or I wiſt, when I was come to land,
Not farre from ſhore two Princes were prepar'd
Their ſcouts conueyed away my ſhips they fand,
And of my ſhipmens fleſh they nothing ſpar'd.
To reſcue which, as backe againe I far'd,
The armies twaine were at my heeles behinde,
So cloſde me in, I wiſt no way to winde.

On th'East *Loerinus* with an armie great,
By West was *Cambre* with another band:
By North an arme of sea the shores did beat,
Which compast me and mine within their land,
No way to scape was there but Water fand,
Which I must taste, or else the sword of those
Which were to me and mine full deadly foes.

So when I saw the best of all mine hoste
Beat downe with bats, shot, slaine, or forst to swim,
My selfe was faine likewise to flie the coast,
And with the rest the waters entred in.
A simple shift for Princes to begin.
Yet farre I deem'd it better so to die
Then at my foe-mens feet an abiect lie.

But when I thus had swam with hope to scape,
If I might wend the water waues to passe:
The Britans that before my ships had gate
Gan watch me, where amidst the surge I was.
Then with my boats they rowde to me (alas)
And all they cri'd keep *Humber*, keepe their King,
That to our Prince, we may the traytor bring.

So with my boats beset, poore *Humber* I
Wist no refuge, my wearie armes did ake,
My breath was short, I had no power to crie,
Or place to stand, while I my plaint might make.
The water colde made all my ioynts to shake,
My heart did beat with sorow, griefe, and paine,
And downe my cheeks, salt tears they gusht amaine.

O must thou yeeld, and shall thy boats betray
Thy selfe (quoth I) no mercie Britans haue:
O would to God I might escape away,
I wot not yet if pardon I may craue,
Although my deeds deserue no life to haue.
I will, I nill, death, bondage, beast am I
In waters thus, in forren soile to die.

With that I clapt my quauering hands abroad,
And held them vp to heauen, and thus I ſaid:
O Gods that know the paines that I haue bode,
And iuſt reuengement of my raſhnes paid,
And of the death of *Albanact* betraid
By me and mine, I yeeld my life therefore
Content to die, and neuer greeue yee more.

Then ſtraight not opening of my hands, I bowde
My ſelfe, and ſet my head my armes betweene:
And downe I ſprang with all the force I could,
So duckt, that neither head nor foot were ſeene,
And neuer ſaw my foes againe I weene,
There was I drown'd: the Britans, to my fame,
Yet call that arme of ſea by *Humbers* name.

Take heed by me, let my preſumption ſerue,
And let my folly, fall, and raſhneſſe, be
A glaſſe wherein to ſee if thou do ſwerue:
Thou mai'ſt thy ſelfe perceiue ſomewhat by me.
Let neither truſt, nor treaſon, traine forth ye,
But be content with thine eſtate, ſo ſhall
No wrath of God, procure thy hapleſſe fall.

If thou be forren, bide within thy ſoile
That God hath giuen to thee and thine to hold:
If thou oppreſſion meane, beware the ſoile,
Beare not thy ſelfe of thee or thine too bold,
Or of the feats thy elders did of old.
For God is iuſt, iniuſtice will not thriue:
He plagues the proud, preſerues the good aliue.

HOW KING LOCRINVS the eldeſt ſon of Brutus liued vitiouſly,

and was ſlaine in battell by his wife, Queene Guendoline, the yeare before Chriſt, 1064.

IF euer any noble Prince might rue
My hapleſſe deeds of yore, the ſame may I,
That would to God it were not farre too true,
Or that I iuſtly could my faults denie.
The truth of things the end, or time, doth trie,
As well by me is ſeene: my hapleſſe fall
Declares whence came my great misfortunes all.

I am *Locrinus*, ſecond Britaine King,
The eldeſt ſonne of him that found this land;
Whoſe death, to me my miſchiefes all did bring,
And cauſ'd why firſt I tooke my death in hand.
He chiefely wil'd me when he gaue this land
I ſhould be rul'd, by all his Counſels will,
And vſe their iudgements in my dealings ſtill.

But what do I accuſe my fathers heſt,
What meane I heere th'unfaultie for to blame?
All he commanded euen was for the beſt,
Though in effect, of beſt the worſt became.
So things oft times well ment, vnfidy frame,
So often times the counſell of our frend
Apparent good, falles faultie in the end.

For as he wiſht, I vſde his Counſels alle
In each thing that I deem'd was go[illegible]
I neuer ought that they deſir'd, de[illegible]
But did to all their minds and l[illegible] agree.
And *Corineus* ſaw my heart [illegible]
By diuers meanes he ſought [illegible]tch to make,
That to my wife I might his daughter take.

So I that wiſt not then what mariage ment,
Did ſtraight agree his *Guendoline* to haue:
Yet afterward ſuſpecting his intent,
My friends to me this point of counſell gaue,
That * whoſo doth of Prince alliance craue,
He meanes thereby to worke ſome point of ill,
Or elſe to frame the Prince vnto his will.

It may well be he ment no ill at all,
But * wiſe men alwaies vſe to dread the worſt.
And ſith it was the fountaine of my fall,
From whence the ſpring of all my ſorowes burſt,
I may well thinke was ſome of vs accurſt.
For why, * the end doth alwaies proue the fact:
By end we iudge the meaning of the act.

I made no haſte to wed my eſpouſed wife,
I wiſt I could (as yet) without her bide:
I had not taſted ioyes of trained life,
I deem'd them fooles by *Cupids* dart that dide.
I *Venus* vile and all her feats deſide,
I liu'd at reſt, and rul'd my land ſo well,
That men delighted of my facts to tell.

My brethren eke long weilded well their parts,
We fear'd no foes, we thought our ſtate would ſtand:
We gaue our ſelues to learned skilfull arts,
Wherein we either fruite, or pleaſure fand,
And we enioyd too fine a fertile land,
That few in earth might with our ſtates compare,
We liu'd ſo void of noiſome carke and care.

But ſee the chance: when leaſt we thought of ill,
When we eſteem'd our ſtate to be moſt ſure,
Then came a flaw to bridle all our will,
For ſtrangers farre gan vs to warre procure.
And euen when firſt, they put their pranke in vre,
On Albaine ſhores my brother there they ſlew,
Whoſe death we after made the Hunnes to rue.

When he was dead they hop'd to winne the reſt,
And ouer Aby ſtreame with haſt did hie.
But I, and eke my brother *Camber*, dreſt
Our armies ſtraight, and came their force to trie.
We brake their raies, and forc'd the King to flie
Into the arme of ſea they ouer came,
Where *Humber* drownde the waters tooke their name.

We either ſlew, or tooke them captiues all,
Amongſt the which (O miſchiefe great to tell!)
The Gods to worke mine ouerthrow and fall,
Sent Ladies three, whoſe beauties did excell.
Of which, becauſe I liked one ſo well,
I tooke her ſtraight, nor ſhe did ought denie,
But ech thing granted ſo ſhe might not die.

Thus *Humber* we this hateſull hungrie King,
In Humber drencht, and him depriu'd of pride,
And of his louely Ladies he did bring
He loſt the pray, and all his men beſide,
And we the ſpoiles of all his hoſt diuide.
But I that thought I had the greateſt ſhare,
Had caught the cauſe of all my wofull care.

They cal'd this Ladie, *Elſtride*, whom I tooke,
Whoſe beautie braue did ſo my wits confound,
That for her ſake my promiſe I forſooke,
Whereby I was to *Guendolme* firſt bound.
Me thought no Ladie elſe ſo high renound
That might haue cauſde me change my conſtaſt minde,
So was I caught by ſnares of *Cupid* blinde.

Was neuer none before ſo li'kd mine eye,
I lou'd her more then I could loue my life:
Her abſence ſtill me thought did cauſe me dye,
I ſurely ment to take her for my wife.
But ſee how beautie breedeth deadly ſtriſe,
Loe here began my whole confuſion, here
Sprang out the ſhaft from whence this wound I beare.

For

For *Corineus* had no ſooner heard,
That I did meane his daughter to forſake,
But ſtraight as one that did nought elſe regard,
In haſt his voyage towards me did take.
Where he declar'd what promiſe I did make,
From which he ſaid if once I ſought to ſlide,
It would by dint of ſword, and blood, be tride.

But if I would her take, as erſt I ſaid,
And not this ſtranger chuſe againſt his minde,
His helpe he promiſt at each time, and aide
To be ſo readie, as I wiſht to finde.
He further ſaid my countrey did me binde,
To take ſuch one as all my ſubiects knew,
Sith ſtrangers to their foes are ſeldome true.

I waide his words, and thought he wiſht me well,
But yet becauſe his ſtock ſhould gaine thereby,
I reckt them leſſe: and yet the truth to tell,
I durſt not dare my promiſe made denie.
For well I wiſt if once it came to trie,
It would both weaken all this noble land,
And doubtfull be who ſhould haue th'vpper hand.

Thus needes perforce I muſt his daughter take,
And muſt leaue off to loue where I delight:
I was conſtraind, contented to forſake
The forme that moſt did captiuate my ſight.
What luck had I on ſuch a lot to light?
What ment you Gods that me ſuch fortune gaue,
To caſt my minde on her I might not haue?

To ſhort my tale: his *Guendoline* I tooke,
I was content againſt my will: what then?
Nor quite for this mine *Eltfride* I forſooke.
For why, I wrought by skill of cunning men
A Vault along vnder the ground, a den
Her companie wherein I vſed ſtill,
There we accompliſht our vnhappie will.

There

There I begat my *Sabrine* fillie childe,
That virgin fmall, mine *Elfride* bare to me:
Thus I my wife full often times beguilde,
Which afterward did beare a fonne to mee,
Nam'd *Madan*: yet we neuer could agree.
And he that was the cauſe ſhe was my Bride,
The while, her father *Corineus* dide.

Which when I heard, I had my hearts deſire,
I rau'd no more, there was my end of griefe:
At leaſt I thought to quench *Cupidoes* fire,
And eke to worke my luſting loues reliefe,
I ment no more to ſteale it like a thiefe:
But married *Elfride*, whom I lou'd as life,
And for her ſake I put away my wife.

Likewiſe my *Elfride* I as Queene ordain'd,
And tooke her as my lawfull wife by right:
But *Guendoline* that ſaw her ſelfe diſdain'd,
Straight fled, and mou'd the Corniſh men to fight.
To them when ſhe declar'd her piteous plight,
In haſt they raiſd an armie, for to be
Reuengers of my new made Queene and me.

And I likewiſe an armie did prepare,
I thought to quaile their courage all by force:
But to my coſt I found too late beware.
There is no ſtrength in armour: men, ne horſe
Can vaile, if *Ioue* on wronged take remorce.
Sith he on whom the deadly dart doth light,
Can neuer ſcape, by ranſome, friend, or flight.

So when our armies met nigh Habrine ſtreame,
The trumpets blew and I deuide the peace:
I minded to expell them all the Realme,
Or elſe to make them euer after ceaſe.
And they, except I *Elfride* would releaſe
(They ſaid) and take my *Guendoline* againe,
They would reuenge the wrong or elſe be ſlaine.

Or

On this we met, and valiantly we fought
On either side, and neither part did yeeld:
So equally they fell it was great doubt,
Which part should haue the better of the field.
But I too bold rushe in with sword and shield,
To breake their raies, for hastie men get smart,
An arrow came, and stroke me to the heart.

Thus was I brought to bale, vnhappie, there,
My bodie pierst that wicked life had led:
When I had raigned all out twentie yeare,
And had my corps with many pleasures fed,
The earth receiu'd my corps as cold as led.
And all my pompe, my princely troupe and traine,
On earth no more shall see their Prince againe.

To all estates let this for wedlocke serue,
Beware of change, it will not hold out long.
For * who so mindeth from his mate to swerue,
Shall sure at length receiue reuenge for wrong,
Tis folly fight with God, h'is farre too strong.
For though yee colour all with coat of right,
No false deceit deceiues or dimmes his sight,
He guides the good, and wrekes the wrongs of might.

HOW QVEENE ELSTRIDE, THE Concubine and second wife of King *Locrinus*, was miserablie drowned by Queene *Guendoline*, the yeere before Christ, 1064.

AND must I needs my selfe recite my fall,
Poore Princesse I? must I declare my fate?
Must I the first of Queenes amongst vs all,
Shew how I thrice fell from my princely state?
And from the loftie seate on which I sate?
If needs I must, then well content I will,
I left here my place in vaine I seeme to fill.

I am that *Elstride* whom *Locrinus* lou'd,
A Prince his daughter, came from Germanes land.
My fame of beautie many Princes mou'd
To sue for grace, and fauour at my hand.
Which bruite once blowne abroad in euery land,
One *Humber* King of Hunnes with all his traine,
To come to me a suiter, was full faine.

What need I tell the gifts to me he gaue,
Or shew his suite, or promise he me plight,
Sith well you know a Prince need nothing craue,
May nigh command each thing as twere his right?
For as the fowle before the Eagles sight,
Euen so we fall, submit, and yeeld vs still
At Prince his call, obeysant to his will.

And for that time the Hunnes full mightie were,
And did encrease by martiall feats of warre:
Therefore our Germane Kings agast, did beare
Them greater fauour, then was need by farre.
My father durst not *Humbers* best debarre,
Nor I my selfe, I rather was content
In hope of crowne, with *Humber* to consent.

Two Princely dames with me came then away,
He brag'd to win these countrie parts all three.
We Ladies rather were this Prince his pray,
Because he promist that we Queenes should be,
We came to coast, these countrey coasts to see,
Sith he on whom our hope did wholly stand,
Was drown'd, nam'd *Humber* waters, lost the land.

For as you heard before when he suppos'd
He had won all, because he won a part,
Straightway he was againe thereof depos'd,
Constrain'd to flie and swim for life poore heart:
Loe heere the cause of all my dolefull smart:
This noble King with whom I came to raigne,
Was drencht, and drown'd into my grieuous paine.

Then

Then were his ſouldiers taken, ſlaine, or ſpoild,
And well were they, that could make ſuite for life.
Was neuer ſuch an armie ſooner foild:
O wofull warre, that flowd'ſt in flouds of ſtrife,
And card'ſt not whom thou cut'ſt with cruell knife,
So, had not *Venus* fraught my face with hue,
I had no longer liu'd my forme to rue.

But as I came a captiue with the reſt,
My countenance did ſhine as braue as Sunne,
Ech one that ſaw my natiue hue, were preſt
To yeeld themſelues, by beames of beautie wonne.
My fame ſtraight blowne, to gaze on me they runne,
And ſaid I paſt ech worldly wight, as farre
As *Phœbus* bright excels the morning ſtarre.

Like as you ſee in night, if light appeare,
Straightway to that ech man directs his eye:
Euen ſo among my captiue mates that were,
When I did ſpeake, or make my plaints with crie,
Then all on me they ſtared by and by,
Bemoning of my fates, and fortune, ſo,
As they had bin partakers of my woe.

My forme did praiſe my plea, my ſighes they ſued,
My teares enti'ſt their hearts, ſome ruth to take.
My ſobs in ſight a ſeemely hue renew'd,
My wringing hands, wan ſuiters ſhift to make.
My ſober ſoothes did cauſe them for my ſake
Me to commend, vnto their noble King,
Who wild they ſhould me into preſence bring.

T'whom when I came, in cords as captiue bound,
« O King (quoth I) whoſe power we feele too ſtrong,
« O worthie wight, whoſe fame to skies doth ſound,
« Doe pitie me, that neuer wiſht thee wrong.
« Releaſe me, one, thy captiues all among,
« Which fro my friends, by fraud am brought away,
« A Prince his daughter, drown'd in deepe decay.

Now

" Now as thou art a Prince thy selfe, of might,
" And maist do more then I do dare desire:
" Let me (O King) find fauour in thy sight,
" Asswage somewhat thy deadly wrath and ire.
" No part of knighthood tis for to require
" A Ladies death thee neuer did offend,
" Sith that thy foe, hath brought her to this end,

" But let me rather safely be conuay'd,
" O gratious King, once home before I die:
" Or let me liue thy simple wayting maid,
" If it may please thy royall Maiestie.
" Or let me ransome pay for libertie.
" But if you mind reuenge of vnwraught ill,
" Why spare you Britaines my deare blood to spill?

With that the King: Good Ladie faire, what ist
Thou canst desire or aske but must obtaine?
Eke would to God with all my heart I wist
Best way to ease thee of thy wofull paine.
But if thou wilt, do heere with me remaine.
If not content, conductors shalt thou haue,
To bring thee home, and what thou else wilt craue.

" O King (quoth I) the gods preserue thy grace,
" The heauens requite thy mercie shew'd to me,
" And all the starres, direct thy regall race,
" With happie course, long length of yeares to see.
" The earth with fertill fruits enrich so thee,
" That thou maist still like Iustice heere dispose,
" And euermore treade downe thy deadly foes.

The noble King commanded to vnbind
Mine armes, and giue me libertie at will.
With whom such fauour I did after find,
That as his Queene I was at elbow still:
And I enioy'd all pleasures at my fill.
So that they quite had quenched out my thrall,
And I forgat my former Fortunes all.

Thus loe by fauour I obtain'd my ſuite,
So had my beautie ſet his heart on fire,
That I could make *Locrinus* euen as mute,
Or pleaſant as my cauſes did require.
And when I knew he could no way retire,
I prai'd he would his fauour ſo extend,
As I might not be blamed in the end.

For if (quoth I) you take me as your owne,
And eke my loue to you hath conſtant beene:
Then let your loue likewiſe againe be ſhowne,
And wed me as you may your ſpouſed Queene.
If ſince in me miſliking you haue ſeene,
Then beſt depart betime, before defame
Begin to take from *Elstride* her good name.

No wauering heart (ſaid he) *Locrinus* beares,
No fained flatterie ſhall thy faith deface:
Thy beautie, birth, fame, vertue, age and yeares,
Conſtraineth me mine *Elstride* to imbrace.
I muſt of force, giue thy requeſts a place,
For as they do with reaſon good conſent,
Euen ſo I grant thee all thy whole intent.

Then was the time appointed and the day,
In which I ſhould be wedded to this King.
But in this caſe, his Counſell cauſde a ſtay,
And ſought out meanes at diſcord vs to bring.
Eke *Corineus* claim'd a former thing,
A precontract was made and full accord
Between his daughter, and my ſoueraigne Lord.

And yet the King did giue me comfort ſtill,
He ſaid he could not ſo forſake my loue:
He euermore would beare me all good will,
As both my beautie and deſerts did moue,
Yet faithleſſe in his promiſe he did proue:
His Counſell at the laſt did him conſtraine
To marrie her, vnto my grieuous paine.

At which I could not but with hate repine,
It vexed me, his mate that should haue beene:
To liue in hate a Prince his concubine,
That euer had such hope to be his Queene.
The steps of state are full of woe and teene,
For when we thinke we haue obtain'd the throne,
Then straight our pompe and pride is quite orethrowne.

Lo twice I fell from hope of Princely crowne,
First, when vnhappie *Humber* lost his life:
And next I laid my peacocks pride adowne,
When I could not be King *Locrinus* wife.
But oft they say the third doth end the strife,
Which I haue prou'd, therefore the sequell view,
*The third paies home, this prouerbe is too true.

The King could not refraine his former minde,
But vside me still, and I my doubtfull yeares
Did linger on, I knew no shift to finde,
But past the time full oft with mourning teares.
*A concubine is neuer void of feares,
For if the wife her at aduantage take,
In rage reuenge with death she seekes to make.

Likewise I wist if once I sought to flie,
Or to intreat the King depart I might:
Then would he straight be discontent with me,
Yea if I were pursued vpon the flight,
Or came deflour'd into my fathers sight,
I should be taken, kept perforce, or slaine,
Or in my countrey liue in great disdaine.

In such a plight what might a Ladie doe,
Was euer Princesse poore, in such a case?
O wretched wight bewrapt in webs of woe,
That still in dread wast tost from place to place,
And neuer foundest meane to end thy race,
But still in doubt of death in carking care
Didst liue a life deuoid of all welfare.

The King perceiuing well my chaunged cheare,
To eaſe my heart with all deuiſ'd deceater,
By ſecret wayes I came deuoyde of feare,
In vaults, by cunning Maſons craftie feates,
Whereas we ſafely from the Queene her threats,
So that the King and I, ſo vſde our art,
As after turn'd vs both to paine and ſmart.

By him I had my *Sabrine* ſmall, my childe,
And after that his wife her father loſt.
I meane he died and ſhe was ſtrayght exilde,
And I made Queene vnto my care and coſt.
For ſhe went downe to Cornwall ſtrayght in poſt,
And cauſed all her fathers men to riſe
With all the force and ſtrength they might deuiſe.

My King and hers, with me, gainſt her prepar'd
An army ſtrong: but when they came to fight,
Dame *Guendoline* did wax at length too hard,
And of our King vs both depoſed quight.
For from her campe an arrow ſharp did light
Vpon his breſt, and made him leaue his breath:
Lo thus the King came by vntimely death.

Then I too late, began in vaine to flye,
And taken was preſented to the Queene:
Who me beheld with cruell Tigers eie.
» O queane (quoth ſhe) that cauſe of warres haſt beene,
» And deadly hate, the like was neuer ſeene,
» Come on, for theſe my hands ſhall ridde thy life,
» And take reuengement of our mortall ſtrife.

» I longed long to bring thee to this day,
» And thou likewiſe haſt ſought to ſuck my bloud:
» Now art thou taken in my ſpoiles, a pray
» For thee my life full long in daunger ſtood.
» I will both teach thy ſelfe and others good,
» To breake the bands of faithfull wedlocke plight,
» And giue thee that which thou deſerueſt right.

» O harlot whore, why ſhould I ſtay my hands?
» O paynted picture, ſhall thy lookes thee ſaue?
» Nay, bind her faſt both hand and foote in bands,
» And let her ſome ſtraunge kinde of tormentes haue.
» What ſtrumpet, think'ſt for that thou ſeemeſt braue,
» Or for thy teares, or ſighes, to ſcape my ſight?
» My ſelfe will rather vanquiſh thee by fight.

Thou rather ſhould'ſt my vitall breath depriue
Then euer ſcape, if none were here but wee.
But now I will not file my hands to ſtriue,
Or elſe to touch ſo vile a drab as ſhe.
Come on at once, and bring her after me,
With hand and feete (as I commaunded) bound,
And let mee ſee her here, as *Humber*, drown'd.

A thouſand things beſide ſhe ſpake in rage,
While that a caitiffe did with cords me binde.
No teares, nor ſobs, nor ſighes, might ought aſſwage
The ielous Queene, or mollifie her minde.
Occaſions ſtill her franticke head did finde,
And when ſhe ſpake her eies did ſeeme as fire,
Shee lookt as pale as chalke, with wrathfull ire.

Ne ſtood ſhe ſtill, but fearcely me deſide,
Raung'd vp and downe, and oft her palmes ſhee ſtrooke.
Locrinus now (quoth ſhe) had not thus dide,
If ſuch an harlot whore he had not tooke.
And therewithall ſhee gaue a Tigers looke,
That made me quake, what lettes (quoth ſhe) my knife
To ridde this whore, my huſbands ſecond wife.
H'is dead, I liue, and ſhall I ſaue her life?

O Queene (quoth I) if pitie none remayne,
But I be ſlaine or drown'd as *Humber* was:
Then take thy pleaſure by my pinching payne,
And let me hence as thou appointeſt paſſe.
But take ſome pitie on my childe, alas,
Thou know'ſt the infant made no fault but hee
That's dead, and I, therefore reuenge on mee.

No baſtards here ſhall liue to diſpoſſeſſe
My ſonne, (ſhe ſayd) but ſith thou ſoughteſt fame,
I will prouide for her a kingdome leſſe,
Which ſhall hereafter euer haue her name.
Thou know'ſt whereof the name of *Humber* came,
Euen ſo *Sabrina* ſhall this ſtreame bee cal'd,
Sith *Sabrine* me, as *Humber Locrine* thral'd.

With that my childe was *Sabrine* brought in ſight,
Who when ſhe ſaw mee there in bandes to lie,
Alas (ſhe cri'd) what meanes this piteous plight?
And downe ſhee fell before the Queene, with cry:
O Queene (quoth ſhee) let me more rather die
Than ſhe that's guiltleſſe ſhould: for why, thy king
Did as his captiue her to leaudnes bring.

Which when I ſaw the kindnes of the childe,
It burſt my heart much more then doome of death:
Poore little lambe, with countenance how milde
See pleaded ſtill: and I, for want of breath,
(With woefull teares that lay her ſeete beneath)
Could not put foorth a word our liues to ſaue,
Or if therefore I might a kingdome haue.

Her piteous plaints did ſomwhat death withdraw,
For as ſhee long beheld the Queene with teares,
(Quoth ſhee) let me haue rigour void of law,
In whome the ſigne of all thy wrath appeares.
And let me die, my fathers face that beares.
Sith he is dead, and we are voide of ſtay,
Why ſhould I thee for life or mercy pray?

My mother may to Germany returne,
Where ſhee was borne, and if it pleaſe thy grace:
And I may well lie in my fathers tombe,
If thou wilt grant his childe ſo good a place.
But if thou think my bloud is farre too bace,
(Although I came, by both, of princely line)
Then let me haue what ſhroud thou wilt aſſigne.

With that the Queene replied with milder cheere,
And ſayd the childe was wonderous feate, and witties
But yet ſhee would not her reuenge forbeare,
For why (quoth ſhee) the prouerbe ſayes, that pittie
Hath lewdly loſt full many a noble Cittie.
Here *Elſtride* now ile wreke my greefes on thee
To die, take leaue, but talke no more to mee.

On this my leaue I tooke, and thus I ſayd,
Farewell my countrey Germany, farewell:
Adew the place from whence I was conueyd.
Farewell my father, and friends there dwell.
My *Humber* drown'd, as I ſhall be, farewell.
Adew *Locrinus* dead for thee I die:
Would God my corps might by thy coffine lie.

Adew my pleaſures paſt, farewell, adew.
Adew the cares and ſorrowes I haue had.
Farewell my friends that eatſt for me did ſue,
Adew that were to ſaue my life full glad.
Farewell my fauning friends I lately had,
And thou my beauty, cauſe of death, farewell,
As oft as heart can thinke, or tongue can tell.

Adew you heauens, my mortall eyes ſhall ſee
No more your lights and planets all farewell,
And chiefly *Venus* faire that painted ſt me,
When *Mercury* his tale to me did tell,
Eke afterwards when *Mars* with vs did dwell.
And now at laſt thou cruell *Mars* adew,
Whoſe dart my life and loue *Locrinus* ſlew.

And muſt I needes depart from thee my childe?
If needs I muſt, ten thouſand times farewell:
Poore little lambe, thy friends are quite exilde?
And much I feare thou ſhalt not long doe well.
But if they ſo with boyling rancour ſwell
As thee to ſlea which neuer wrought eſt ill,
How can they ſtay my ſtayued corps to kill?

With

With that, my Sabines slender armes imbraste
Me round, and would not let me so depart.
Let me (quoth she) for her the waters taste,
Or let vs both together end our smarte.
Yea rather rip you forth my tender heart:
What should I liue? But they the child withdrew,
And me into the raging streame they threw.

So in the waters as I striu'd to swimme,
And kept my head aboue the waues for breath:
Me thought I saw my child would venter in,
Which cri'd amaine, O let me take like death.
The waters straight had drawne me vnderneath,
Where diuing, vp at length againe rose I,
And saw my child, and cri'd farewell, I die.

Then as my strength was wasted, downe I were,
Eke so I plunged twice or thrice yet more:
My breath departed, needs I must relent.
The waters pierst my mouth and eares so sore,
And to the bottome with such force me bore,
That life, and breath, and mind, and sense was goue,
And I as dead and cold as marble stone.

Lo thus you heare the race of all my life,
And how I past the pikes of painfull woe:
How twice I thought to be a Princes wife,
And twice was quite depriu'd my honor fro,
The third time Queene, and felt soule ouerthro.
Let Princely Ladies view mine historie,
Mine haps, and woes, and hatefull destinie.

Bid them beware, lest beautie them abuse,
Beware of pride, for haue a fall it must:
And bid them Fortunes flatterie refuse,
Her turned wheele is void of steadie trust.
Who reckes no meane, but leaueth all to lust,
Shall find my words as true as I them tell:
Bid them beware in time, I wish them well.

HOW THE LADIE SA-
brine, daughter of King Locrinus and Elstride, was drowned by Queene Guendoline, the yeare before Christ. 1064.

BEhold me *Sabrine* orphane erst bereft
Of all my friends, by cruell ease of warre:
Whose as not one to treate for me was left,
But iel ousie did all their powers debarre.
When as my father eke was slaine in warre,
And when my mother euen before my sight
Was drown'd to death, O wretch in woefull plight.

Trust who so will the slasts of high estate,
And bring me word what stay thereby you haue:
For why, if Fortune once displeasure take,
She giues the foile, though lookes be neu'r so braue.
'Tis wisdome when you winne, to winne to saue:
For of who trusts to get a Prince his traine,
Would at the length of beggers life be faine.

This might the Hunne erst *Humber* well haue said,
And this my mother *Estride* prou'd too true,
When as his life by fainting streames was staid,
And when the tyrants her in waters threw.
What I may say, my selfe reports to you,
Which had more terror shew'd then twice such twaine:
Giue eare, and iudge if I abode no paine.

First when my fathers corps was stricken downe
With deadly shaft, I came to mourne and see:
And as he lay with bleeding breast in sowne,
He cast aside his watring eyes on me.
Flie, flie, (quoth he) thy stepdame seekes for thee,
My woefull child: what flight maist thou to take
My *Sabrine* poore, I must thee needs forsake.

See heere mine end, behold thy fathers fall,
Flie hence, thy ſtepdame ſeekes thy ſtayleſſe life:
Thy mother eke ere this is wrapt in thrall,
You cannot ſcape of iealous grieſe her knife.
Farewell my child, mine *Elſtride* and my wife,
Adue (quoth he) I may no longer bide:
And euen with that he gaſped breath, and dide.

What bird can flie, and ſoare, if ſtormes do rage?
What ſhip can ſaile if once the winds reſiſt?
What wight is that can force of warres aſſwage?
Or elſe what warre can bridle fortunes liſt?
What man is he, that dare an houſt reſiſt?
What woman only dare withſtand a field?
If not? what child but muſt to enemies yeeld.

My fathers ſouldiers fled away for feare,
As ſoone as once their Captaines death they ſcande:
The Queene proclaim'd a pardon euery where
To thoſe would yeeld and craue it at her hande:
Excepting ſuch as did her aye withſtand.
For ſo the courſe alwaies of pardons goes
As ſaues the ſouldier, and entraps the foes.

Then wiſt I flight could nothing me preuaile,
I fear'd her pardon would not ſaue my life:
The ſtorme was ſuch I durſt not beare a ſaile,
I durſt not go t'intreate my fathers wife,
Although I neuer was the cauſe of ſtrife:
For iealoſie, deuoid of reaſons raigne,
With frenzies fume enraged her reſtleſſe braine.

But ſee the chance: thus compaſt round with feare
In broiles of blood, as in the field I ſtand,
I wiſht to God my corps were any where
As out of life, or off this hatefull land.
No ſooner wiſht, but there was euen at hand
A ſouldier vile, in haſte (quoth he) come on,
Queene *Elſtride* will before thou [illegible] begon.

The raſcall rude, the rogue, the clubfiſt greped
My ſlender arme, and pluckt me on in haſte:
And with my robes the bloodie ground he ſwept,
As I drue backe he hal'd me on full faſt.
Vnder his arme my carefull corps he caſt.
Sith thas (quoth he) thou put'ſt me to this paine,
Thou ſhalt thereby at length but little gaine.

So at the length we came where we deſcri'd
A number huge of folkes about the Queene:
As when you ſee ſome wonder great betide,
Or elſe the place where ſome ſtrange ſight hath beene:
So might you there the people ſtanding ſeene,
And gazed all when as they ſee me brought,
Then ſure I deem'd I was not come for nought.

And in the preaſe, ſome praiſde my comely face,
In beautie *Elffride* whiech reſembled right:
Some ſaid I looked like my fathers grace,
But others ſaid it was a piteous ſight
I ſhould ſo die: the Queene me pardon might.
They ſaid the beaſt me bore did me abuſe,
Which not ſo rudely ought a Princeſſe vſe.

But what did this redreſſe my wofull care,
You wot the Commons vſe ſuch prouerbs ſtill:
And yet the captiues poore no better are,
It rather helpes their pained hearts to kill:
To pitie one in griefe doth worke him ill.
Bemone his woe, and cannot eaſe his thrall,
It kils his heart, but comforts none at all.

Thus paſt we through the preaſe: at length we came
Into the preſence of the iealous Queene,
Who nought at all the raſcall rude did blame
That bare me ſo, but askt if I had ſeene
My father ſlaine, that cauſe thereof had beene.
O Queene (quoth I) God knowes my whole intent
Of ſlaughter guiltleſſe: I am innocent.

With

With that I ſaw the people looke aſide,
To view a mourning voice: I heard thereby
It was my wofull mother by that cri'd,
Lo *Sabrine*, bound at brinke of death I lie.
What pen, or tongue, or teares with weeping eie
Could tell my woes, that ſaw my mother bound
On waters ſhoare, wherein ſhe ſhould be drown'd.

With that I fell before the Queene, and pray'd
For mercie, but with fierie eyes ſhe bent
Her browes on me, out baſtard vile (ſhe ſaid)
Thou wot'ſt not yet wherefore for thee I ſent.
O Queene (quoth I) haue pitie, be content,
And if thou mind of mercie ought to ſhow,
Drowne me, and let my mother harmeleſſe go.

For why, ſhe was a Prince his daughter, borne
In Germany, and thence was brought away
Perforce, by *Humber*, who by warres forlorne
Thy King as captiue tooke her for his pray:
Thou maiſt full well her caſe with reaſon way.
What could ſhe do, what more then ſhe or I
Thy captiues now, thine owne to liue or die?

Take pitie then on Princely race, O Queene,
Haue pitie, if remorce may ought require,
Take pitie on a captiue thrice hath beene,
Let pitie pierce the rage of all thine ire.
But if thy breaſt burne with reuenging fire,
Then let my death queench out that fuming flame,
Sith of thy husbands blood and hers I came.

Much more I ſaid while teares out ſtreaming went,
But nought of eaſe at all thereby I gain'd.
My mother eke, did, as ſhe lay, lament,
Wherewith my heart a thouſand fold ſhe pain'd.
And though the Queene my plaints to fauour fain'd,
Yet at the laſt ſhe bad ſhe ſhould prepare
Her ſelfe to die, and end her courſe of care.

Then

Then all her friends my mother *Estrild* nam'd,
And pleasures past, and bade them all adue
Eke as she thus her last farewell had fram'd,
With losse of him from whom her sorowes grue.
At length to me (which made my heart to rue)
She said farewell my child, I feare thy fall,
Ten thousand times adue, my *Sabrine* small.

And as the cruell enyffes came to take
Her vp, to cast and drowne her in the floud,
I fast mine armes about her clipt did make,
And cri'd, O Queene let mercie meeke thy mood,
Do rather reaue my heare of vitall blood,
Then thus I liue: with that they fluckt my hold,
And drencht my mother in the waters cold.

For loue to aide her, venter in would I,
That saw my mother striue aloft for wind.
To land shee lookt and said farewell, I die,
O let me go (quoth I) like fate to find.
Said *Guendoline*, come on likewise and bind
This *Sabrine* heere likewise, for so shall she
At once receiue, her whole request of me.

Eke as I wish to haue in mind her fame,
As *Humbers* is, which should her father been:
So shall this floud of *Sabrine* haue the name,
That men thereby may say, a righteous Queene
Heere drown'd her husbands child of concubine.
Therefore leaue *Sabrine* heere thy name and life,
Let Sabrine waters end our mortall strife.

Dispatch (quoth she) with that they bound me fast,
My slender armes and feet, with little need:
And sau'd all mercie, me in waters cast,
Which drew me downe, and cast me vp with speed,
And downe me drencht the Sabrine fish to feed:
Where I abode till now from whence I came,
And there the waters hold as yet my name.

Lo thus this ielous Queene, inraging ſore,
With bloodie hate bereft her husbands health:
And eke my mother *Elftrides* life (God wot)
Which neuer ment to hurt this Common-wealth.
And me, *Locrinus* child, begot by ſtealth.
Againſt all reaſon was it for to kill
The child, for that her parents erſt did ill.

But heere you ſee, what time our pompe doth bide,
Hereby you ſee, th'vnſteadie truſt in warre,
Hereby you ſee, the ſtay of States etride,
Hereby you ſee, our hope to make doth marre,
Hereby you ſee, we fall from bench to barre.
From bench (quoth I) yea from the Princely ſeate,
You ſee how ſoone vs Fortune downe doth beate.

And heere you ſee, how lawleſſe loue doth thriue,
Hereby you ſee, how ielous folkes doe fare:
Heere may you ſee, with wiſdome they that wiue,
Need neuer recke *Cupidoes* curſed ſnare.
Heere may you ſee, diuorcement breedeth care,
Heere ſeldome thriue, the children may you ſee,
Which in vnlawfull wedlocke gotten be.

Declare thou then our fall and great miſhap,
Declare the hap, and glory we were in:
Declare how ſoone we taken were in trap,
When we ſuppoſde we had moſt ſafeſt bin.
Declare what loſſe they haue that hope to win.
* When Fortune moſt doth ſweetly ſeeme to ſmile,
Then will ſhe frowne: ſhe laughes but euen a while.

HOW

HOW KING MADAN FOR HIS EVILL LIFE was slaine by Wolues, the yeare before Christ, 1009.

AMong'ſt the reſt that ſate in hautie ſeat,
And felt the fall, I pray thee pen for me
A Tragedie may ſome ſuch wiſdome geat
As they may learne, and ſomewhat wiſer be.
For in my glaſſe when as themſelues they ſee,
They may beware: my fall from Fortunes lap
Shall teach them how t'eſchew the like miſhap.

I am that *Madan*, once of Britaine King,
The third that euer raigned in this land:
Marke well therefore my death: as ſtrange a thing,
As ſome would deeme could ſcarce with reaſon ſtand,
Yet when thou haſt my life well throughly ſcand,
Thou ſhalt perceiue, not halfe ſo ſtrange as true,
Ill life, worſe death, doth after ſtill enſue.

For when my mother *Guendoline* had raign'd
In my nonage, full 15. yeares, ſhe dide:
And I but yong, not well in vertues train'd,
Was left this noble Iland for to guide:
Whereby when once my mind was puft with pride,
I paſt for nought, I vide my luſt for law.
Of right, or iuſtice, reckt I not a ſtraw.

No meane I kept, but ruled all by rage,
No bounds of meaſure could me compaſſe in.
No counſell could my meekeleſſe mind aſſwage:
When once to fume I fiercely did begin.
And I exceld in nothing elſe but ſin.
So that my ſubiects all did wiſh my end,
Saue ſuch to whom for vice I was a friend.

And pleaſures plung'd I tooke my whole repaſt,
My youth mee led deuoide of compaſſe quite:
And vices were ſo rooted in at laſt,
That to recure the ill, it paſt my might.
For * who ſo doth with will and pleaſure fight,
(Though all his force doe ſtriue them to withſtand)
Without good grace they haue the vpper hand.

* What licour firſt the earthen pot doth take,
It keepeth ſtill the ſauour of that ſame.
Full hard it is a Cramocke ſtraight to make,
Or crooked Logges with wainſcot fine to frame.
Tis hard to make the cruell Tiger tame.
And ſo it fares with thoſe haue vices caught:
* Naught once (they ſay) and euer after naught.

I ſpeake not this as though it paſt all cure
From vices vile to vertue to retire:
But this I ſay, if vice bee once in vre,
The more you ſhall to quite your ſelfe require.
The more you plunge your ſelfe in fulſome miire,
As hee that ſtriues in ſoakte quicke ſirts of ſind,
Still ſinkes, ſcarce euer comes againe to land.

The gifts of grace may nature ouercome,
And God may graunt the time when we repent,
But I did ſtill in laps of lewdnes runne,
At laſt my ſelfe to cruelty I bent.
But who ſo doth with bloudy acts contente
His minde, ſhall ſure at laſt finde like againe,
And feele for pleaſures thouſands pangs of paine.

For in the midſt of thoſe vntruſty toyles,
When as I nothing fearde, but all was ſure:
With all my traine, I hunting rode for ſpoiles
Of thoſe, who after did my death procure.
Theſe lewd delights did boldly me allure,
To follow ſtil and to purſue the chaſe,
At laſt I came into a deſert place.

Beſet

Befet with hils, and monſtrous rocket of ſtone,
My company behinde me loſt, or ſtayde:
The place was eke with hautie trees oregrowne,
So vaſt and wilde it made me halfe afraid.
And ſtraight I was with haueing, wolues betraid,
Came out of caues, and dens, and rockes amaine,
There was I rent in peeces, kilde, and ſlaine.

Woe worth that youth (in vaine) ſo vily ſpent
Should euer cauſe a King to feele ſuch ſmarte:
Woe worth that euer I ſhould here lament,
Or ſhew the hurt of my poore Princely heart.
I thinke the clowne that driues the mixen cart
Hath better hap then Princes, ſuch as I:
No ſtorme of Fortune caſts him downe ſo hie.

A man by grace and wit may ſhun the ſnare,
Tis ſayd a wiſe-man all miſhap withſtands:
For though by ſtarres we borne to miſchiefes are,
Yet grace and prudence bayles our carefull bands.
Each man (they ſay) his fate hath in his hands,
And what he, marres, or makes to leeſe, or faue
Of good or euill, is euen ſelfe doe, ſelfe haue.

This thing is ſeene by me, that led my daies
In vitious ſort, for greedy wolues a pray.
I wiſh, and will, that Princes guide their wayes:
Lo, here by this eſchew like chance they may,
And vices ſuch as worke their whole decay.
Which if they doe, full well is ſpent the time
To warne, to write, and eke to ſhun the crime.

HOW

HOW KING MALIN WAS SLAINE BY HIS BROther King Mempricius, the yeare before Christ, 1009.

IF Fortune were so firme as shee is fraile,
Or glosing glorie were still permanent:
If no mishap mens doings did assayle,
Or that their acts and facts were innocent:
If they in hope no hurt nor hatred ment,
Or dealings aye were done with duty due,
They neuer needs their great misfortunes rue.

If pompe were paine, and pride were not in price,
Or hautie seate had not the highest place:
If they could learne by others to be wise,
Or els eschew the daungers of their race:
If once they could the golden meane imbrace,
Or banish quite ambition from their breast,
They neuer needs to recke or reape vnrest.

But they doe thinke such sweetenes in renowne,
Vpon this earth is all the greatest hap:
They nothing feare the hurt of falling downe,
Or little roome in Lady Fortunes lap.
They giue no heede before they get the clap:
And then too late they wish they had bin wise,
When from the fall they would, and cannot rise.

As if two twinnes, or children at the teate
Of nuree, or mother, both at once might bee,
And both did striue the better dugge to geat,
Till one were downe, and slipt beside her knee:
Euen so it fares, by others as by mee,
In fortunes lap they haue so little hold,
She cannot stay both striuing if shee would.

I am that *Malin* one of *Madans* sonnes,
Which thought to raigne and rule this noble Ile,
And would so done but see what chaunce there comes
Where bretheren loue and friendship quite exile.
Who thinkes in truth no treason neither guile,
Is sooneste cleane bereau'd of life and all,
In stead of rule hee reapes the crop of thrall.

My yongest brother then *Menprician* hight,
Whose haurie minde, and mine, were still at square:
We euermore as foes hight other spite,
And deadly ire in hatefull hearts wee bare.
He sought all waies he might to worke mee care,
And each regarded others enuie so,
As after turned both to painfull woe.

Because my father lou'd him well, therefore
I fear'd my brother should obtaine my right:
Likewise on fauour boldned hee him bore,
And neither had in vertues wayes delight.
What neede I here our inward griefes recite?
Wee, not as brethren, liu'd in hatred still,
And sought occasion other each to kill.

I hauing hope for to preserue the crowne,
And hee for that he feard my title bred
Such friendship, as might alwaies keepe him downe
And both depriue him of his crowne and head.
But when it chaunst our father once was dead,
Then straight appeared all his enuy plaine:
For he could not from his attempt refraine.

Some wisht we should diuide the realme in two,
And said my father eke was of that minde:
But neither of vs both, that so would doe,
Wee were not each to other halfe so kinde.
And vile ambition made vs both so blinde,
We thought our raigne could not bee sure and good
Except the ground thereof were laid with bloud.

At laſt a time of parle choſen was,
And truce concluded for our titles right;
Wherein I hoped might be brought to paſſe
That I enioy in peace my kingdome might.
But ſecretly by policie and ſleight
He ſlew me with his ſword, before I wiſt:
Where crowne, peace, kingdome life and all I miſt.

Thus was I by my wicked brother ſlaine,
Which with my death his cruell eyes did fill.
This oftentimes they vſe to get and gaine,
That cannot ſhunne misfortune as they will.
Was neuer man pretended ſuch an ill,
But God to him like meaſure ſhortly ſent
As he to others erſt before had ment.

Vſurping wrong incurres the curſe of heauen,
And blood cries out for vengeance at his hand,
Who ſtill in care of humane good is giuen
The good to aide, and graceleſſe to withſtand;
If either vice or vertue we aband,
We either are rewarded as we ſerue,
Or elſe are plagued, as our deeds deſerue.

Let this my warning then ſuffice each ſort,
Bid them beware: example heere you ſee;
It paſſeth play, t'is tragicall diſport
To clime the ſteps of ſtately high degree.
For though they thinke good fortune ſeru'd not mee,
Yet did ſhe vſe me as ſhe vſde the reſt:
And ſo full oft ſhe ſcourgeth euen the beſt.

HOW KING *Mempricius* giuen to all lust, *was deuoured by Wolues, the yeare before Christ, 989.*



Is often said, a man should do likewise
To other, as he would to him they did.
*Do as thou would'st be done to, saith the wise,
And do as conscience and as iustice bid.
Ther's no man ought for Empire, as I did
His impious hands with cruell blood distaine:
For *blood doth alwaies crie for blood againe.

Eke lustfull life, that sleepes in sinkes of sinne,
Procures a plague: fie, fie on *Venus* vile:
We little wot the mischiefes are therein,
When we with poisons sweet our senses beguile.
The pleasures passe, the ioyes endure but while,
And naught thereby at all we get or gaine
But dreadfull death, and euerlasting paine.

Me thinkes thou harken'st for to heare my name,
And musest what I am that thus do come,
I would or this haue told it, but for shame:
And yet to giue example heere to some,
I will no longer shune my selfe to dome,
But euen as others I will tell my fall:
Take heere my name, my life, my death, and all.

I am *Mempricius*, *Madans* yonger son,
Once King of Britaine, that my brother slew:
Whereby the crowne, and kingdome all I won,
And after adulterat vices moe than grew.
Not natures lawes, nor Gods, nor mans I knew,
But liu'd in lust not recking any thing,
I deemed all things lawfull for a King.

First

First when I had my brother brought on beare,
I thought in reſt to keepe the Kingdome long:
I was deuoid of doubt, I had no feare,
Was none durſt checke me, did I right or wrong.
I liu'd at large, and thought my power ſo ſtrong
There could no man preuaile againſt my will,
I ſteede of law that vſed rigour ſtill.

Then wickedly I fell to ſlothfull eaſe,
A vice that breeds a number moe beſide.
I was ſo teſtie none durſt me diſpleaſe,
And eke ſo puſt with glorie vaine, and pride.
My ſenceleſſe ſence, as ſhip without a guide,
Was toſt with euery fancie of my braine,
Like *Phœbus* chariot yoder *Phaëtons* raigne.

I deem'd them foes that me good counſell gaue,
And thoſe my chiefeſt friends could gloſe and lie:
I hated them that were ſo ſage and graue,
And thoſe I lou'd were luſtie, lewde, and ſlie.
I did the wiſeſt wits as fooles deſie,
Such ſots, knaues, ruffians, royſters I embraſte,
As were vnwiſe, vnhoneſt, rude, vnchaſte.

I luſted eke, as laſie lechers vſe,
My ſubiects wiues and daughters at my will
I did ſo often as me pleaſde abuſe,
Perforce I kept them at my pleaſure ſtill.
Thus gate I queanes and concubines at fill,
And for their ſakes I put away my wife:
Such was my lewdneſſe, luſt, and lawleſſe life.

But ſhame forbids me for to tell the reſt,
It me abhors to ſhew what did enſue:
And yet becauſe it moueth in my breaſt
Compunction ſtill, and was God wot too true,
Ile farther tell whence my deſtruction grue.
To Sodome ſinne I foulely fell, and than
I was deſpiſed both of God and man.

Could I long prosper thus, do you suppose?
Might any ill exceed these vices told?
Thinke you ther's any wight on ground that goes
Might scape reuenge of vice so manifold?
No sure: who is in sinfulnes so bold,
His vices fare like weeds, they sprout so fast
They kill the corps, as weeds the corne, at last.

My great outrage, my heedlesse head, the life
I beastly led could not continue so:
My brothers blood, my leauing of my wife,
And working of my friends and subiects woe
Cri'd still to God, for my soule ouerthroe,
Who heares the wrong'd, who viewes their carefull case,
And at the length doth all their foes deface.

Yet I mistrusting no mishaps at hand,
(Though I were worthie twentie times to die)
I lewdly liu'd, and did my wealth withstand.
I neuer thought my end was halfe so nie.
For my disport I rode on hunting, I,
In woods the fearefull Hart I chased fast,
Till quite I lost my company at last.

And or I wist, to cost I found my foes,
By chance I came whereas the Wolues they bred:
Which in a moment did me round inclose,
And mounted at my horse his throat and head.
Some on the hinder parts their panches fed.
Yet fought I still to scape, if it might be,
Till they my panting horse pulld downe with me.

Then was I hopelesse to escape their iawes,
They fastned all their holders fast on mee:
And on my royall robes they set their clawes:
My Princely presence, nor my high degree
Mou'd them no more obeysant for to bee,
Nor of my corps to take no more remorse,
Then did the grieuous groning of my horse.

But rauenously they rent my breast and throat,
Forsooke my head, came all at once and tare
My Kingly corps, from which they fleid my coat,
And of my flesh they made at all no spare,
They neuer left me till my bones were bare.
Lo thus I slew my brother, left my wife,
Liu'd vilely, and as vilely ended life.

Beware of bloodie broiles, beware of wrong,
Embrace the counsell of the wise and sage:
Trust not to power though it be nere so strong,
Beware of rashnes rude and roisters rage.
Eschew vile *Venus* toyes, she cuts off age,
And learne this lesson oft, and tell thy friend,
By sudden death, pockes, begging, barlots end.

HOW KING BLADVD, TAKING ON HIM TO FLIE, fell vpon the Temple of *Apollo*, and brake *his necke, the yeere before Christ*, 844.



I Pray thee *Higgins* take in hand thy pen,
And write my life and fall among'st the rest:
A warning set me downe for curious men,
Whose wits the worke of nature seeke to wrest.
I was Prince *Bladud* pregnant as the best.
Of wisdome, wealth, and learning I had store,
Of regall race: or what I craued more?

But this in all the sorts of men we see,
An vncontented mind, when much they haue:
The learned yet would more profounder be,
The richest most t'encrease their wealth do craue.
The finest Dames do slike their faces braue,
The noble higher climes and to the skies
T'aduance his name he daily doth deuise.

In Britaine though I learned had full well
The artes, and could among'ſt the wiſe conferre:
Yet when of Athens I the fame heard tell,
(Though it in Greece ſo far hence diſtant were)
I trauail'd thither, writers witnes are,
I ſtudied there, thence learned men I brought,
That noble Arts in Britaine might be taught.

But after he was dead that was my ſtay,
My father graue, I meane the worthie King:
Then all the Britaines ſhortly by a day,
To royall ſeat elected me did bring.
Where I to place in order euery thing,
Receiu'd both crowne and ſcepter in my hand,
With right and equitie to rule this land.

Then, for becauſe the ſway of all the Ile
Depended on my gouernment to reſt:
I did conſult with all the Peeres a while,
And of my fathers Counſellers the beſt.
I order tooke for matters vnredreſt,
Giuing to each ſuch place as beſt did fit,
Their birth, their wealth, their perſons and their wit.

The learned Greekes, whom I from Athens brought,
Conferring with the Britiſh learned men:
A place, as I commanded them, had ſought
Amid'ſt the Realme, and brought me word agen.
At Staneford there I built a Colledge then,
And of my land I gaue the fertil'ſt partes,
To foſter learning and the famous Artes.

By this, of skilfull men the land had ſtore,
And all the arts were read in Britaine well:
No countrey was for learning praiſed more.
We did in noble ſcience ſo excell,
From other nations hither came to dwell
The wiſeſt wits, commending vs to skies:
Deeming vs people valiant, learn'd and wiſe.

And for that time, of Gods we honor'd all,
Apollo high for wiſdome, arte, and skill:
At Troynouant a Temple ſpeciall
I built to him, for ſacrifices ſtill.
Whereon I fell, as after ſpeake I will.
Such was our vſe and ſuperſtition then,
To deeme as Gods the images of men.

By arts I made the holeſome Baths at Bathe,
And made therefore two Tunnes of burning braſſe:
And other twaine ſeuen kinds of ſalts that haue
In them incloſde, but theſe be made of glaſſe,
With ſulphur fil'd, wilde fire emixt there was,
And in foure welles theſe Tunnes I did aſſay,
To place by arte that they might laſt of aye.

Which waters heate and clenſing perfect powre,
With vapours of the ſulphur, ſalts, and fire,
Hath vertue great, to heale, and waſh, and ſcowre
The bathed ſores therein that health deſire.
If of the vertues, moe thou doſt require,
I will recite what old experience telles,
In cauſes cold the vertues of theſe welles.

The bathes to ſoften ſinewes vertue haue,
And alſo for to clenſe and ſcowre the skin
From Morphewes white and blacke, to heale and ſaue
The bodies freckled, faine, are bath'd therein:
Scabs, lepry, ſores both old and feſtered in,
The ſcurfe, botch, itch, gout, poxe, and humors fell,
The milt and liuer hard it healeth well.

I muſt confeſſe by learned skill I found
Thoſe natiue welles whence ye haue helpe for men.
But well thou know'ſt there runnes from vnder ground
Springs ſweet, ſalt, cold, and hote euen now as then,
From rocke, ſalt-petre, alume, grauell, fen,
From ſulphur, iron, lead, gold, braſſe and tinne:
Springs vertue take of vaines that they been in.

Then who ſo knowes by natures worke in theſe,
Of metals or of mines the force to heale,
May ſooner giue his iudgement in diſeaſe,
For curing by the bath, and fitter deale
With ſickly people of the publique weale,
And alſo find of fountaines hot, and cold,
To heale by them the ſicke, both yong and old.

The Citie eke of Bathe, I founded there,
Renouned far by reaſon of the wels:
And many monuments that ancient were
I placed there, thou know'ſt the ſtorie tels.
I ſought renowne and fame and nothing els.
But when our actes extols vs to the skies,
We look not downe from whence we firſt did riſe.

There are but few, whom Fortune bathes in bleſſe,
But blinded are, and dazelingly they looke:
They ſee nought elſe but worldly happineſſe,
At that they only fiſh with Fortunes hooke.
Ambition will not wiſdomes counſell brooke,
Pride ſets her thoughts on things that vade away,
Forſaking vertue which doth neare decay.

Mens vaine delights are wondrous to behold,
For that that reaſon nils, nor nature ſowes
They take in hand on ſcience far too bold,
Deceiu'd by ſuttle ſnares of diueliſh ſhowes.
From which attempts a floud of miſchiefe flowes,
An heape of hurts, a frie of foule decaies,
A flocke of feares, and thrals a thouſand waies.

If that the water fiſh forſake the ſtreame
Againſt his kind, feeles he no hurt enſues?
Or if the brocke would learne to play the breame,
And leaue the lambes at land, were this no newes?
A fethered fowle in th'earth a den to chuſe,
Or flounder fay to flie the larke to catch,
We might admire what monſters time did hatch.

But ſith we ſee that nature hath aſſign'd
The fowle to flie, the aire, as ſeemeth well,
The fiſh to ſwim, the ſea, as fits his kind,
The earth for men and beaſts to breed and dwell:
Of right a man, which doth the reſt excell,
Should euen ſo far ſurpaſſe in his degree,
As all the reſt in wiſdome weaker bee.

All this I ſpeake to warne the reſt that heare,
And eke to ſhew the blindneſſe of delites:
Herein my folly vaine may plaine appeare,
What hap they heape which trie out cunning ſlights,
What hurt there hits, at ſuch vaine ſhewes and ſights,
Where men for pleaſure only take much paine,
To alter natures gifts for pleaſure vaine.

Were not it ſtrange, thinke you, a King to flie,
To play the tombler, or ſome iugling craft?
To dreſſe himſelfe in plumes, as erſt did I,
And vnder armes to knit on wings full faſt?
A ſport you thinke that might the wiſe agaſt.
But Magicke arte had taught me points of skill,
Which in the end did proue my fortune ill.

I deckt my corps with plumes (I ſay) and wings,
And had them ſet, thou ſeeſt, in skilfull wiſe
With many feats, fine poyſeing equall things,
To aide my ſelfe in flight to fall or riſe,
Few men did euer vſe like enterpriſe,
Gainſt ſtore of wind, by practiſe riſe I could,
And turne and winde at laſt which way I would.

But ere the perfect skill I learned had,
(And yet me thought I could do paſſing well)
My ſubiects hearts with pleaſant toyes to glad,
From Temples top, where did *Apollo* dwell,
I ſayd to flie, but on the Church I fell,
And in the fall I loſt my life withall.
This was my race, this was my fatall fall.

What

What vainer thing could any Prince deuise,
Then so himselfe a foolish foode to show?
Learne you by me, that count your selues so wise,
The worst to doubt of things, what ere you know.
Flie not so high for feare you fall so low.
Be wise in artes, exceed not wisdomes bound,
The depth of arte by wit may not be found.

These curious artes allurements haue alone,
They profer much in recompence of paine:
But yet among'st a thousand scarce is one
In practise, ought by them can saue or gaine.
In their effects they are but false and vaine,
Sophisticall, deceitfull, and vntrue,
That nothing haue, yet promise all to you.

I speake not of the rest that are in vse
Amongst the wiser sort, Philosophie,
Nor of the parts thereof, but of th'abuse
That comes by magicke artes of Imagerie,
By vile inchauntments, charmes, and pampestrie,
All which by nature are abhor'd as euill,
Practisde by fooles, inuented by the diuell.

To make an end: you noble Kings content
Your selues with studies seruing for the State:
You Lords also with all your wits inuent
What way t'eschew the Prince and peoples hate.
Yee Subiects loue your Prince, eschew debate.
I wish you all beware of climing high,
Least that you helpelesse fall, as erst did I.

HOW

HOW QVEENE CORDILA IN DESPAIRE SLEW her ſelfe, the yeare before *Chriſt*, 800.

IF any wofull wight haue cauſe to waile her woe,
Or griefes are paſt do pricke vs Princes, tell our fall:
My ſelfe likewiſe muſt needs conſtrained eke do ſo,
And ſhe w my like misfortunes add miſhaps withall,
Should I keepe cloſe my heauie haps and thrall?
Then did I wrong: I wrong'd my ſelfe and thee,
Which of my facts a witneſſe true maiſt bee.

A woman yet muſt bluſh when baſhfull is the caſe
Though truth bid tell the tale and ſtorie as it fell:
But ſith that I miſlike not audience, time, nor place,
Therefore, I cannot keepe my woes in counſell well.
No greater eaſe of heart then griefes to tell,
It daunteth all the dolours of our mind,
Our carefull hearts thereby great comfort find.

For why to tell that may recounted be againe,
And tell it as our cares may compaſſe eaſe:
That is the ſalue and medicine of our paine,
Which cureth corſies all and ſores of our diſeaſe:
It doth our pinching pangs and paines appeaſe:
It pleads the part of an aſſured friend,
And telles the trade, like vices to amend.

Therefore if I more willing be to tell my fall,
With my miſhaps to eaſe my burdened breaſt and mind:
Some others haplie may auoid and ſhunne the thrall,
And thereby for diſtreſſe more aide and comfort find.
They keeping meaſure, whereas I declin'd,
May be as prompt to flie like brute and blame
As I to tell, or thou to write the ſame.

Wherefore

Wherefore if thou wilt afterwards record
What Queene *Cordila* telles to ease her inward smart:
I will recite my storie tragicall each word
To thee that giu'st an eare, and readie art.
But lest I set the horse behind the cart,
I mind to tell each thing in order, so,
As thou maist see and shew whence sprang my woe.

My grandsire *Bladud* hight, that found the bathes by skill,
A fethered King that practisde high to soare:
Whereby he felt the fall, God wot against his will,
And neuer went, raod, raign'd, nor spake, nor flew no more.
After whose death my father *Leire* therefore
Was chosen King, by right apparent heire,
Which after built the towne of Leircestere.

He had three daughters faire, the first hight *Generell*,
Next after her his yonger *Ragan* was begot:
The third and last was I the yongest, nam'd *Cordell*,
Vs all our father *Leire* did loue too well God wot.
But minding her that lou'd him best to note,
Because he had no sonne t'enioy his land,
He thought to guerdon most where fauour most he fand.

What though I yongest were, yet men me iudg'd more wise
Then either *Generell*, or *Ragan* more of age:
And fairer farre: wherefore my sisters did despise
My grace and gifts, and sought my wrecke to wage.
But yet though vice on vertue die with rage,
It cannot keepe her vnderneath to drowne:
For still she flittes aboue, and reapes renowne.

My father thought to wed vs vnto Princely peeres,
And vnto them and theirs diuide and part the land.
For both my sisters first he call'd (as first their yeares
Requir'd) their minds, and loue, and fauour t'vnderstand.
(Quoth he) all doubts of dutie to aband,
I must assay your friendly faithes to proue:
My daughters, tell me how you do me loue.

Which when they anſwered him they lou'd their father more
Then they themſelues did loue, or any worldly wight:
He praiſed them, and ſaid he would therefore
The louing kindneſſe they deſeru'd in fine requite.
So found my ſiſters fauour in his ſight,
By flatterie faire they won their fathers heart,
Which after turned him and me to ſmart.

But not content with this, he asked me likewiſe
If I did not him loue and honor well.
No cauſe (quoth I) there is I ſhould your grace deſpiſe:
For nature ſo doth bind and dutie me compell,
To loue you, as I ought my father, well.
Yet ſhortly I may chance, if Fortune will,
To find in heart to beare another more good will.

Thus much I ſaid of nuptiall loues that ment,
Not minding once of hatred vile or ire:
And partly taxing them, for which intent
They ſet my fathers heart on wrathfull fire.
Shee neuer ſhall to any part aſpire
Of this my Realme (quoth he) among'ſt you twaine:
But ſhall without all dowrie aie remaine.

Then to *Maglaurus* Prince, with Albany he gaue
My ſiſter *Gonerell*, the eldeſt of vs all:
And eke my ſiſter *Regan* beight to *Hunnus* to haue,
And for her dowrie Camber and Cornwall.
Theſe after him ſhould haue his kingdome all.
Betweene them both he gaue it franke and free,
But nought at all he gaue of dowrie mee.

At laſt it chanſt a Prince of France to heare my fame.
My beautie braue, my wit was blaz'd abroad each where.
My noble vertues praiſde me to my fathers blame,
Who for I could not flatter did leſſe fauour beare.
Which when this worthie Prince (I ſay) did heare,
He ſent ambaſſage lik'd me more then life,
And ſoone obtained me to be his wife.

Prince

Prince *Aganippus* reau'd me of my woe,
And that for vertues sake, of dowries all the best:
So I contented was to France my father fro
For to depart, and hopt t'enioy some greater rest.
Where liuing well below'd, my ioyes encreast:
I gate more fauour in that Prince his sight,
Then euer Princesse of a Princely wight.

But while that I these ioyes so well enioy'd in France,
My father *Leire* in Britaine waxt vnwealdie old.
Whereon his daughters more themselues aloft t'aduance
Desir'd the Realme to rule it as they wold.
Their former loue and friendship waxed cold,
Their husbands rebels void of reason quite
Rose vp, rebeld, bereft his crowne and right:

Betwixt their husbands twaine they causde him to agree
To part the Realme, and promist him a gard
Of sixtie Knights that on him should attendant bee
But in sixe moneths such was his hap too hard,
That *Gonerell* of his retinue bard.
The halfe of them, she and her husband reft:
And scarce allow'd the other halfe they left.

As thus in his distresse he lay lamenting fates
When as my sister so, sought all his vtter spoile:
The meaner vpstart courtiers thought themselues his mates,
His daughter him disdain'd and forced not his foile.
Then was he faine for succour his to toile
With halfe his traine, to Cornwall there to lie
In greatest need, his *Ragan* loue to trie.

So when he came to Cornwall, she with ioy
Receiued him, and Prince *Maglaurus* did the like.
There he abode a yeare, and liu'd without annoy:
But then they tooke all his retinue from him quite
Saue only ten, and shew'd him daily spite.
Which he bewail'd complaining durst not striue,
Though in disdaine they last allow'd but fiue.

Wher

What more deſpite could diuelliſh beaſts deuiſe,
Then ioy their fathers wofull daies to ſee?
What vipers vile could ſo their King deſpiſe,
Or ſo vnkind, ſo curſt, ſo cruell bee?
Fro thence againe he went to Albany,
Where they bereau'd his ſeruants all ſaue one:
Bad him content himſelfe with that, or none.

Eke at what time he ask'd of them to haue his gard,
To gard his noble grace where ſo he went:
They call'd him doting foole, all his requeſts debard,
Demanding if with life he were not well content.
Then he too late his rigour did repent
Gainſt me, my ſiſters fawning loue that knew
Found flattery falſe, that ſeem'd ſo faire in vew.

To make it ſhort, to France he came at laſt to mee,
And told me how my ſiſters ill their father vſde.
Then humblie I beſought my noble King ſo free,
That he would aide my father thus by his abuſde,
Who nought at all my humble heſt refuſde,
But ſent to euery coaſt of France for aide,
Whereby King *Leire* might home be well conueide,

The ſouldiers gathered from each quarter of the land
Came at the length to know the noble Princes will:
Who did commit them vnto captaines euery band,
And I likewiſe of loue and reuerent meere good will
Deſir'd my Lord, he would not take it ill
If I departed for a ſpace withall,
To take a part, or eaſe my fathers thrall.

He granted my requeſt: Thence we arriued here,
And of our Britaines came to aide likewiſe his right
Full many ſubiects, good and ſtout that were,
By martiall feats, and force, by ſubiects ſword and might,
The Britiſh Kings were faine to yeeld our right,
Which wonne, my father well this Realme did guide
Three yeares in peace, and after that he dide,

Then

Then I was crowned Queene this Realme to hold,
Till fiue yeares past I did this Iland guide:
I had the Britaines at what becke I would,
Till that my louing King mine *Aganippus* dide.
But then my seat it faltered on each side.
My sisters sonnes began with me to iarre,
And for my crowne wag'd with me mortall warre.

The one hight *Morgan* Prince of Albany,
And *Conidagus* King of Cornwall and of Wales:
Both which at once prouided their artillerie,
To worke me wofull woe, and mine adherents bales.
What need I fill thine eares with longer tales?
They did preuaile by might and power, so fast,
That I was taken prisoner at last.

In spitefull sort they vsed then my captiue corse,
No fauour shew'd to me, extinct was mine estate:
Of kindred, Princes, blood, or peere was no remorce,
But as an abiect vile, and worse, they did me hate.
To lie in darke some dungeon was my fate:
As t'were a theefe, mine answeres to abide,
Gainst right and iustice, vnder Iailours guide.

For libertie at length I su'd to subiects were:
But they kept me in prison close, deuoid of truft
If I might once escape, they were in dread and feare
Their fawning friends with me would proue vntrue and iuft.
They told me take it patiently I must,
And be contented that I had my life:
Sith with their mothers I began the strife.

Whereby I saw might nothing me pretaile to pray,
To plead, or proue, defend, excuse, or pardon craue.
They heard me not, despisde my plaints, sought my decay,
I might no law, nor loue, nor right, nor iustice haue,
No friends, no faith, nor pitie could me saue:
But I was from all hope of freedome bard,
Condem'd, my cause like neuer to be heard.

Was euer noble Queene ſo drencht in wrecks of woe,
Depoſde from Princely power, bereſt of libertie,
Depriu'd of all theſe worldly pompes her pleaſures fro,
And brought from wealth to need, diſtreſſe, and miſerie,
From Pallace proud in priſon poore to lie,
From Kingdomes twaine, to dungeon one, no more,
From Ladies waiting, vnto vermine ſtore?

From light to darke, from holeſome aire to lothſome ſmell,
From odour ſweet to ſmart, from eaſe to grieuous paine,
From ſight of Princely wights, to place where theeues do dwell:
From daintie beds of downe, to be of ſtraw full faine:
From bowers of heauenly hew, to dens of daine:
From greateſt haps that worldly wights atchiue,
To more diſtreſſe then any wretch aliue?

When friends I left in France that did me firſt exalt,
And eke my noble King, mine *Agamippus* true:
And came to England: for their heinous facts and fault
Which from his right and kingdome quite our father threw
To take his Realme: to raigne and treaſon knew
I thinke of all misfortunes was the worſt:
Or elſe I deeme the cauſers all accurſt.

For marke my hapleſſe fall that fortune did me ſend,
As thus in priſon vile aliue I lingring lay,
When I had mourned long, but found no faithfull friend
That could me helpe, or aide, or comfort any way,
Was ſeru'd at meat as thoſe that Kings betray
With fare God wot was ſimple, bare, and thin
Could not ſuſtaine the corps it entred in.

And when the ſighes, and teares, and plaints nigh burſt my hea
And place, and ſtench, and fare nigh poyſon'd euery pore:
For lacke of friends to tell my ſeas of guiltleſſe ſmart,
And that mine eies had ſworne to take ſweet ſleepe no more,
I was content, ſith cares oppreſſe me ſore,
To leaue my food, take mourning, plaints, and crie,
And lay me downe, let griefe and nature trie.

Thus as I pining lay, my carcaſſe coucht on ſtraw,
And felt the paine erſt neuer earthly creature knew:
Me thought by night a grizely ghoſt in darkes I ſaw,
Eke nearer ſtill to mee with ſtealing ſteps ſhee drew.
Shee was of colour pale and deadly hew,
Her clothes reſembled thouſand kinds of thrall
And pictures plaine of haſtened deathes withall.

I muſing lay in paines, and wondred what ſhe was,
Mine eies ſtood ſtill, mine haire roſe vp for feare an end,
My fleſh it ſhooke and trembled: yet I cride (alas)
What wight art thou? a foe? or elſe what fawning frend?
If death thou art, I pray thee make an end,
But th'art not death. Art thou ſome fury ſent,
My woefull corps, with paines, to more torment?

With that ſhe ſpake: I am (quoth ſhee) thy friend *Deſpaire*,
Which in diſtreſſe each worldly wight with ſpeede do aide:
I rid them from their foes, if I to them repaire.
Too long from thee by other captiues was I ſtaide.
Now if thou art to die no whit afraide,
Here ſhalt thou chooſe of Inſtruments (behold)
Shall rid thy reſtleſſe life, of this bee bold.

And therewithall ſhee threw her garments lap aſide,
Vnder the which a thouſand things I ſaw with eies:
Both kniues, ſharpe ſwords, poinadoes all bedide
With bloud, and poiſons preſt which ſhee could well deuiſe.
There is no hope (quoth ſhee) for thee to riſe,
And get thy Crowne or Kingdome reſte againe:
But for to liue long laſting pining paine.

Lo here (quoth ſhee) the blade that *Did* of Carthage hight,
Whereby ſhe was from thouſand pangs of paine let paſſe:
With this ſhee ſlew her ſelfe, after *Æneas* flight,
When hee to Sea from Tirian ſhoares departed was.
Doe chooſe of theſe thou ſeeſt from woes to paſſe,
Or bide the erld, prolong thy painefull daies
And I am pleaſde from thee to packe my waies.

With that was I(poore wretch) content to take the knife,
But doubtfull yet to die,and fearefull faine would bide.
So ſtill I lay in ſtudy with my ſelfe,at bate and ſtrife
What thing were beſt of both theſe deepe extreames vntride.
Good hope all reaſons of *Deſpaire* denide:
And ſhee againe replide to proue it beſt
To die:for ſtill in life my woes increaſt.

Shee cal'd to mind the ioyes in Fraunce I whilome had,
Shee told me what a troupe of Ladies was my traine:
And how the Lords of Fraunce, and Britaines both were glad
Of late to wait on mee,and ſubiects all were faine.
Shee told I had bin Queene of kingdomes twaine,
And how my kinſmen had my ſeat and Crowne.
I could not riſe,for euer fallen downe.

A thouſand things beſide recited then *Deſpaire*,
Shee told the woes in warres, that I had heapt of late:
Rehearſt the priſon vile in ſteede of Pallace faire,
My lodging low, and mouldy meates my mouth did hate.
Shee ſhewd me all the dongeon where I ſate,
The dankiſh walles,the darkes, and bade mee ſmell,
And bide the ſauour if I likt it well.

Whereby I wretch deuoid of comfort quite and hope,
And pleaſures paſt compard with preſent paines I had:
For fatall knife ſlipt forth my fearefull hand did grope,
Deſpaire in this to aide my ſenſeles limmes was glad,
And gaue the blade:to end my woes ſhe bad.
I will(quoth I)but firſt with all my hart
Ile pray to Gods,reuenge my woefull ſmart.

If any wrong deſerue the wrecke,I pray you skies
And ſtarres of light(if you my plight doe rue)
O *Phœbus* cleere I thee beſeech and pray likewiſe,
Beare witnes of my plaints well knowne to Gods are true,
You ſee from whence theſe iniuries they grue.
Then let like vengeance hap and light on thoſe
Which vndeſerued were my mortall foes.

God grant immortall ſtrife betweene them both may fall,
That th'one the other may, without remorce, deſtroy:
That *Conidagus* may his coſin *Morgan* thrall,
Becauſe he firſt decreaſt my wealth, bereft my ioy.
I pray you Gods he neuer be a *Roy*:
But caytiſe may be pai'd with ſuch a friend,
As ſhortly may him bring to ſudden end.

Farewell my Realme of France, farewell, *Adieu*,
Adieu mes nobles tous, and England now farewell:
Farewell Madames my Ladies, *car ie ſuis perdu*
Il me fault aler deſeſpoir m'adonne conſeil
De me tuer, no more your Queene farewell.
My coſins me oppreſſe with maine and might
A captiue poore, gainſt Iuſtice all and right.

And therewithall the ſight did faile my dazeling eyne,
I nothing ſaw ſaue ſole *Deſpaire* bad me diſpatch:
Whom I beheld, ſhe caught the knife from me I weene.
And by her elbow carian death for me did watch.
Come on (quoth I) thou haſt a goodly catch.
And therewithall *Deſpaire* the ſtroke did ſtrike,
Whereby I di'd, a damned creature like:

Which I too late bewaile. Let thoſe aliue beware,
Let not the loſſe of goods or honors them conſtraine
To play the fooles, and take ſuch careſull carke and care,
Or to deſpaire for any priſon, pine, and paine.
If they be guiltleſſe let them ſo remaine.
Farre greater follie is it for to kill
Themſelues deſpairing, then is any ill.

Sith firſt thereby their en'mies haue that they deſire,
By which they proue too deadly foes vnwares a friend:
And next they cannot liue, to former bliſſe t'ſpire,
If God do bring their foes in time to ſudden end.
They laſtly, as the damned wretches, ſend
Their ſoules thereby to darkeſome Stygian lake
Which kill the corps that mightie *Ione* did make.

HOW

HOW KING MORGAN OF ALBANY was slaine at Glamorgan in Wales,

The yeare before Christ,
766.

I Wot not well what reaſon I may vſe,
To quit my ſelfe from laſting infamie:
Wherefore I muſt perforce my ſelfe accuſe,
I was in fault I cannot it denie.
Remorce of conſcience prickes my heart ſo nie,
And me torments with pangs of pinching paine,
I can no longer me from ſpeech refraine.

I am that *Morgan* ſonne of *Generell*
Th'vngratefull daughter of her father *Leire*:
Which from his kingdome did him once expell,
As by the Britiſh ſtories may appeare.
Ragan and ſhe conſpir'd (both ſiſters were)
But were ſubdu'd againe and cauſde to yeeld
Their fathers Crowne: *Cordila* wan the field.

Ineed not heere the ſtories all recite,
It were too long, but yet I briefly ſhall:
The cauſe *Cordila* ought her ſiſters ſpite
Was, they procur'd her, and their fathers thrall.
Yet t'was her chance at length t'out liue them all,
Both ſiſters elder, and her father graue,
And eke at length the kingdome all to haue.

That time was I, of Albany, the King,
Call'd Scotland now, and eke my couſin then,
Of Cornwall and of Wales, whom I did bring
To warre, againſt *Cordila* and her men:
We ſaid we would our title winne agen,
And that becauſe our fathers had it yore,
We ment to get it vours againe therefore.

I muſt confeſſe I was the cauſe of warre,
I was not pleaſde with that was lotted mee:
Euen ſo our minds ambitious often are
And blinded, that we cannot reaſon ſee.
We thinke no men, but Gods on earth we bee,
Yet worſe are we then beaſts which know their kind:
For we haue nought but miſchiefe oft in mind.

We thinke, if ſo we may our willes attaine
By right or wrong, by might or malice, we
Could neuer liue like Fortune for to gaine:
Or if on foes we once reuenged bee,
If that our foe-mens fall we chance to ſee,
O then we ioy, we lift our ſelues to skie,
And on the poore we *crucifige* crie.

I deem'd if that I might once put her downe,
The Kingdomes all were *Conidges* and mine:
And I could eaſly after win the crowne,
If alſo I his ſtate might vndermine.
I thought, indeed, to haue it all in fine:
By force or fraud I did intend alone
To ſit as King vpon the Britaine throne.

To ſpeake in few, we waged warre ſo long
Gainſt her, at laſt we put her vnto flight:
We warriers for our Aunt were far too ſtrong,
Purſude and tooke, depriu'd her of her right.
We thought it ours what ſo we wan by might:
Eke ſo play tyrants: Traitors all do watch
To get by ſpoile, and count their owne they catch.

Not ſo contented were we with the pray,
But fearing leſt ſhe ſhould recouer aide:
I ſent in haſt to priſon her away,
And all recourſe of meſſengers denaid.
Thus when ſhe ſaw her Maieſtie decaid,
And that her griefes and ſorowes daily grew:
In priſon at the length her ſelfe ſhe ſlew.

O caytife vile, that did constraine a Queene,
That Iustice ment, her kingdome to forsake?
Nay traytor I, her cause of death haue been,
That would my selfe by bloodshed ruler make.
How could reuenge on me but vengeance take?
Before the seat of God her blood did call
For vengeance still, and so procur'd my fall.

Lo heere Gods iustice: see my treason, see:
Behold and see, to raigne was my delight:
And marke, and make a mirrour heere of me,
Which afterward was seru'd by iustice right.
We wan the crowne betweene vs both in fight:
And then because I was the elder sonne
Of th'elder Queene, I claimed all we wonne.

So were my dealings nought in peace and warre,
But by my force and fortunes vide in fight,
I past, that time, the Britaines all by farre:
I was of person, fortitude, and might
Both comely, tall, strong, seemely eke in sight,
Whereby I won mens fauour, glorie, wealth,
And, puft with pride, at length forgate my selfe.

I said it was my right the crowne to haue,
But *Conidagus* stoutly it deni'd:
Wherefore I went to Wales, my right to craue,
With all mine armie, and to haue it tri'd.
Where long we fought it stoutly on each side,
Till at the last vnto my wofull paine,
I was depriu'd of kingdome quite, and slaine.

And for to keepe in memorie for aye
That there vnfaithfull *Morgan* lost his life,
The place is call'd Glamorgan to this daye.
There was I pierst to death with fatall knife:
There was the end of all my hatefull strife.
So *Morgan*, where he thought to win the crowne,
Was at Glamorgan traytor striken downe.

Thus maist thou tell how proud ambition proues,
What hap haue tyrants, what we Traytors haue:
What end he hath that cruell dealing loues,
What subiects get that Diademe do craue.
Tis better, then to winne, thine owne to saue:
For so orethwartly trade of Fortune goes,
When win thou would'st, then art thou fitte to lose.

HOW KING IAGO DIED OF THE LETHARGIE, about the yeare before Christ, 612.

HAue I oreslept my selfe, or am I wake?
Or had'st thou late oreslept thy selfe that wrote?
Could'st thou not for the Letharge paines to take?
And with the rest his sleepie life to note?
Was I amongst the wicked wights forgot?
Well then, awaked sith we are both twaine,
To write my sleepie sinfull life, take paine.

I am that *Iago*, once of Britaine King,
That ruled all this noble British Ile:
No fame of me the writers old do bring,
Because my life and gouernment was vile.
Yet, *Higgins*, heere take paines for me a while,
Enregester my mirrour to remaine,
That Princes may my vices vile refraine.

At first, a while, I ruled well the land,
I vsed iustice, right tooke regall place:
No wight but found iust iudgement at my hand,
And truth durst shew, without rebuke, her face.
I gaue my selfe to all good gifts of grace,
My subiects liu'd in rest within my raigne:
No cause of Prince compel'd them to complaine.

But as in calme a storme we nothing feare,
When as the seas are milde and smooth as glasse:
And as in peace no thought of warres we beare,
Which least suppose of mischieses come to passe:
Euen so my still and rightfull raigning was,
The calme, a tempest bends: the shine, a raine:
Long peace, a warre: and pleasure, pinching paine.

For rest, and peace, and wealth abounding thoe,
Made me forget my Iustice late well vside:
Forsaking vertues, vices gan to floe,
And former noble acts I quite refusde.
My gifts, my treasures, wealth and will misusde,
Began all goodnes quite at length disdaine,
And did my facts with filthie vices staine.

Misgouern'd both my Kingdome and my life,
I gaue my selfe to ease, to sleepe, and sinne:
And I had clawbackes euen at Court full rife,
Which sought by outrage golden gaines to winne.
For * Kings no sooner well or worse beginne,
But euen at hand the good or bad take paine,
For vertues sake, or merde, the Prince to traine.

As vices grew encreasing more and more,
So vertues fled and bad their friends adew:
Diseases bad likewise, and sickneese fore
Began to waxe, and griefes about me grew.
I may full well my naughtie surfets rue,
Which pester'd so at length my drousie braine,
I could not scarce from sleeping ought refraine.

A sleepie sickneese nam'd the Lethargie,
Oppreest me sore, till death tooke life away:
This was the guerdon of my gluttonie,
As with the candles light the flie doth play,
Though in the end it worke her liues decay:
So of the gluttons cup so long I drunke,
Till drown'd in it, with shamefull death I sunke.

Physitions

Phyſitians wiſe may take on them the cure,
But if *Iehous* ſmite the Prince for ſin,
As earſt of me, then is the helpe vnſure,
That's not the way for health to enter in.
No potions then, nor powders worth a pin:
But euen as we, they muſt to die be faine,
Bid them in time from vices now refraine.

HOW KING FORREX WAS SLAINE by his brother King *Porrex*, about the yeare before Chriſt 491.

TO tell my ſtorie on the tragicke ſtage
Compeld I am amongſt the reſt that fell:
I may complaine that felt god *Mars* his rage,
Alas that fate to State ſhould be ſo fell
Had I been meaner borne I know right well
There had no enuie vndermin'd my State,
Nor fortune foild the ſeat whereon I ſate.

While that my Kingly Sire *Gorbodug* raign'd
I had no care, in honor I did liue:
Would God I had in that eſtate remain'd,
But what vs fortune wonted is to giue,
Good hap that holds as water in a ſiue:
She ſhowes a glimpſe of thouſand ioyes, and moe,
Which hides in it ten thouſand ſeas of woe.

That hateſull helliſh hag of vgſie liue,
With ruſtie teeth and meygre corps miſshape,
I meane that monſter vile, the woſt in view,
Whom ſome call *Diſcord*, *enuie*, *ire* and *hate*:
She ſet my brother firſt with me at bate
When we fiue yeares had raigned ioyntly well,
By her entiſements, ſoule at ſtriſe we fell.

We liu'd that ſpace well in this noble Ile,
Diuided well we ioyntly did enioy
The Princely ſeat, while Fortune faire did ſmile,
Without diſdaine, hate, diſcord or anoy:
Euen as our father raign'd the noble *Roy*
In wealth, peace, praiſe, purport, renowne and fame,
Without the blots of euerlaſting blame.

But when ambition bleared both our eyes,
And haſtie hate had brother-hood bereft:
We friendſhip faire and concord did deſpiſe,
And far a part from vs we wiſdome left:
Forſooke each other at the greateſt heſt,
To rule the kingdome both we left, and fell,
To warring, iarring like two hounds of hell.

For bounds we banded firſt on either ſide,
And did incroach each one on others right,
T'inlarge the limits of our kingdome wide,
We would not ſticke oft times in field to fight,
The wretched ground had ſo bewitcht our ſight.
For why, *the earth that once ſhall eate vs all,
Is th'only cauſe of many Princes fall.

*On th'earth we greeue the ground for filthie gaine,
On th'earth we cloſe the earth t'inlarge our land,
In th'earth we moile with hunger, care, and paine,
We cut, we dig thence ſiluer, gold, and ſand.
Into her bowels by the force of hand,
With ſteele and iron we do dig profound,
Working her woe to make our ioyes abound.

For th'earth forget we God, (vnfaithfull fooles)
For ground forſake we faith and all our friends:
For th'earth we ſet our ſelues to ſubtill ſchooles,
Of ground like ſwine we ſeeke the fartheſt ends,
We ſpoile the ground that all our liuing lends,
Of ground to winne a plat a while to dwell,
We venter liues, and ſend our ſoules to hell.

If

If we behold the ſubſtance of a man,
How he is made of Elements by kind,
Of earth, of water, aire, and fire: than
We would full often call vnto our mind,
That all our earthly ioyes we leaue behind:
And when we paſſe to th'earth we turne to rot:
Our pompe, our pride, and glorie is forgot.

The fire firſt receiues his heate againe,
The aire the breath bereaues away by right:
The watrie and the earthly parts remaine,
Of Elements compoſed ſcarce ſo light.
And in the ground a place is for them dight.
The moiſtures drie, the bones conſume to duſt,
The wormes with fleſh ſuffice their greedie luſt.

But we forget our compoſition old,
Both whence we came, and whereunto we ſhall:
We ſcarce remember we be made of mould,
And how the earth againe conſumeth all,
This great forgetfulnes breeds Princes thrall.
While preſent ioyes we gaze vpon, meane while
A fading bliſſe doth all our wits beguile.

All this I ſpeake to th'end it may aduiſe
All Princes great, and noble peeres that are,
To learne by me the rather to be wiſe,
And to abandon hate and malice farre.
To baniſh all ambitious bloodie warre:
To liue contept in peace, with their eſtate:
For 'miſchiefe flowes from diſcord and debate.

And now Ile tell what diſcord vile hath done
To me King *Forrex*. Thus the caſe it ſtood:
I thought indeed to haue ſome caſtles wonne
And holds, which were my brothers, ſtrong and good.
So might I intercept his vitailes, forrage, food,
Abate his pride, obtaine the kingdome all:
Me thought the halfe a portion was too ſmall.

Ther's no man takes an enterprise in hand,
But he perswades himselfe it is not ill:
He hath of reasons eke in steed to stand
As he supposeth framed wise by skill.
So I was led by reason rude, to kill
My brother, if I caught him at the nicke,
Because the quarrell first he gan to picke.

And for because I was the elder Prince,
The elder sonne, and heire vnto the crowne:
Me thought no law, nor reason could conuince
Me from the fact, though I did beat him downe.
This was my way to winne and reape renowne.
I did prouide an armie strong for field,
Not farre from where I hop'd to cause him yeeld.

And sundrie sharpe assaults on each we gaue,
On purpose both enflamed for to fight:
We had in parle heard the counsell graue
Of wise and worthie men, perswading right.
It pitie was (they said) so foule a sight
That brethren twaine, both Princes of a land,
Should take at home such wofull warres in hand.

But where ambition dwelles is no remorce,
No countries loue, no kindred holden kind,
No feare of God, no sentence wise of force
To turne the heart, or mollifie the mind.
Good words are counted wasting of your wind.
The gaine proposde, the crowne and scepter hie,
Are th'only things whereat men gaze and prie.

At length my brother for to end the strife,
Thought best to worke the surest way to win:
He found the meanes to take away my life,
Before which time the warres could neuer lin.
How much might better both contented bin!
For * hope will slip, and hold is hard to snatch.
Where blood embrues the hands that come to catch.

Thus,

Thus our ambition bred our subiects smart,
Our broiles powr'd out their guiltlesse blood on ground:
Which vile deuice of mine ambitious heart
Procured *Iouis* my purpose to confound.
Therefore beware ye wights whose wealths abound,
Content your selues in peace to spend your daies,
By vertues good aloft your names to raise:

HOW KING PORREX WHICH SLEW HIS brother, was slaine by his owne mother and her maidens, about the yeare before Christ, 491.

CAn cursed *Caine* that caitiue scuse himselfe,
That slew his brother *Abel* innocent?
Or *Typhon* who for state and worldly pelfe
His deare *Osiris* downe to Lymbo sent?
King *Dardan* then to do the like may trie,
They slew their brethren each: and so did I.

The witch *Medea* rent in pieces small
Absirtus limbes her brother, did not she?
She threw him in the way dismembred all,
That so her fathers iourney staid might be.
Orodes slew his brother *Mithridate*:
And so did I my brother in debate.

Learchus slew his brother for the Crowne,
So did *Cambyses* fearing much the dreame:
Antiochus of infamous renowne
His brother slew, to rule alone the Realme.
Ardienus did the like for Kingdomes sake:
So I my brothers life away did take.

Mempri-

Mempricius lewde of life likewiſe did kill
His brother *Manlius*, for the ſame intent:
Theſe Princes vile were brother ſlayers ill,
For kingdomes ſake vnnaturally bent.
But reade the ſtories, thou ſhalt find it plaine,
The bloodie wretches all were after ſlaine.

Euen ſo I *Porrex* eke, which ſlew my brother,
And ruled once the Britaine land with him,
Vnkindly kil'd was by my cruell mother,
Which with her maideus chopt me euery limme.
As I lay ſleeping on my bed at reſt,
Into my chamber full and whole they preſt.

Appointed well they were with weapons ſharpe,
And boldly laid on me with all their might:
Oft quite and cleane they thruſt me through the harte,
And on my corps each where their weapons light.
They chopt me ſmall (I ſay) as fleſh to pot,
And threw me out, my limbes yet trembling hot.

Can I complaine of this reuenge ſhe raught,
Sith I procur'd the ſlaughter of her ſonne?
Can I excuſe my ſelfe deuoid of faut,
Which my deare Prince and brother had fordonne?
No; tis too true that who ſo ſlayes a King
Incurres reproch, and ſlaughter blood doth bring.

The traytors to their Prince haue alwaies bin
As ſlayers of their parents, vipers brood:
The killers of their brothers, friends, and kin,
In like degree well nigh of treaſon ſtood.
But what by this win they, ſaue death, defame,
Diſtaine their blood, and ſhroud themſelues with ſhame.

Example take you Princes of this land,
Beware of diſcord, ſhun ambitious pride:
By right take ye the ſcepter in your hand,
Let not your ſword with ſoueraignes blood be dide.
The mightie *Ioue*, that raignes eternall aye,
Cuts off the Kings that enter in that waye.

Vsurpers may perswade themselues a while
There is no God, no lawes of sacred crowne:
No wrong they do, no murther seemeth vile,
Nor no respect of Princely high renowne.
But if they could consider well the case,
They would not so aspire to Princes place.

They would example take by *Lucifer*,
That was cast downe, the father first of pride:
And all his impes how high so ere they were,
Vsurping Realmes and Kingdomes far and wide.
From light to darke, from throne to thrall they fell:
From bale to blisse and downe from heauen to hell.

Sufficient heere is said to warne the wise,
For he by prudence oft forecasts the doubt:
The foole is bent all warnings to despise,
He runneth headlong with the rascall rout.
Then if thou cast to liue at rest a subiect good,
Touch not the Prince, crowne, scepter, nor his blood.

HOW KING PINNAR WAS SLAINE IN BATTAILE by *Mulmucius Donwallo*, about the yeare before Christ, 441.

MIght oftentimes right ouerrunnes too fast,
Right after comes and hopes to haue his owne:
And when he ouertakes might at the last;
Then is the truth of all the quarrell knowne.
Men neuer reape no other, then was sowne,
If good be gaine, the better comes the crop,
The grape growes on the vine and not the hop.

Of this now ſpoken, this would I inferre,
Men may by might a kingdome long withhold
Not due to them: but they far better were
To yeeld vnto the right, what reaſon would.
Good mettals bides the touch, which tries the gold,
When copper counted counterfeit in caſt,
Is deem'd but droſſe and called in at laſt.

I am that *Pinnar*, who when *Brutus* blood
Extincted was in bloodie *Porrex* raigne,
Amongſt the Princes in contention ſtood,
Who in the Britaine throne by right ſhould raigne:
Mongſt whom by might a part I did obtaine,
That part of Albion call'd Logria hight,
I did long time vſurpe againſt all right.

Stater who ſtept into the Scottiſh throne,
And *Rudacke*, that vſurpt the Cambrian crowne
Their minds to mine did frame and ioyn'd in one,
To keepe the Corniſh Prince ſtout *Cloten* downe,
Twixt whom and vs in fighting, for renowne
Faire Ladie Albion Europes wondred Ile,
Rob'd of her beautie was, alas the while.

Duke *Cloten*, though a man of worthie praiſe,
Who claim'd the crowne as due to him by right:
Could not preuaile till death did end his daies,
His ſonne *Mulmucius* that vndaunted Knight
Purſu'd his fathers claime with all his might,
And meeting vs in many a bloodie field,
At length in manly fight did make vs yeeld.

He Lion-like himſelfe with his tall troope
Of nimble Corniſh met vs on the way,
And to his conquering armie did cauſe vs ſtoope,
The price of treaſon I with blood did pay,
My wrong deem'd right appear'd in my decay.
Who ſo by violence ſcales the throne of State,
Seldome ſits ſure, but falles by violent fate.

HOW KING STATER OF SCOTLAND was slaine by *Mulmucius Donwallo*, about the yeare before Christ, 441.

DEsist not in histories truly to tell
The fall of vsurpers the mirrours of pride.
Recite of our treasons, and how that we fell,
Intruders intrusting the Realme for to guide:
Of wit and of reason reckelesse and wide,
That tooke so vpon vs to rule all the land,
No Princes presum'd yet with scepter in hand.

How stately I *Stater* of Scotland the King,
Did beare me full stourly when I had the crowne:
And what a great armie of Scots I did bring,
Against Lord *Donwallo*, of noble renowne.
I deemed dame Fortune would neuer so frowne,
Who made me a Prince, that kingdome my pray,
Of late but a subiect, and simple of sway.

But heere now behold how steadie the state
Of climbers aloft is aboue their degree,
And how they do fall from fortune to fate,
Example are such as my fellow and me.
The fruit giues a taste of the sap of the tree,
The seed of the herbe, the grape of the vine:
The worke wrayes the man, seeme he neuer so fine.

For when I had leuied an armie to fight,
I ioyned with *Pinnar*, my power to preuaile:
And *Rudacke* of Wales came eke with his might,
Mulmucius Donwallo the King to assaile.
Our purpose the Prince by prowes did quaile,
Which came out of Cornewall, vs vanquisht in field,
Our souldiers were slaughterd, or forced to yeeld.

O fortune I blame thee, my ſelfe more vnwiſe:
Thou gau'ſt me a kingdome, with life I it loſt,
My ſouldiers were killed before mine owne eies,
Or forced to yeeld, or abandon the coaſt.
I need not of honor or dignitie boaſt,
Or tell of my triumphes, or crake of my crowne:
*The vaunt of vſurpers is void of renowne.

HOW KING RVDACKE OF WALES WAS ſlaine by *Mulmucius Domvallo* about the yeare before Chriſt, 441.

RVde are the reuelles royaltie that rape,
Reſtleſſe the raignes of rebels in the robe,
Reckleſſe the rage where crueltie doth ſcrape,
Roundneſſe eſteem'd but little of the globe,
No man ambitious prudent with the probe,
Crownerape accounted but cunning and skill,
Bloodſhead a blockehouſe to beate away ill.

The rudeneſſe of rebels reaching the crowne,
May be compar'd to *Bladhuds* fond diuice,
Better ſit ſtill then fall ſo far adowne,
By my miſhaps let other men be wiſe:
My ſelfe of climbing haue paid well the price,
That rudely in throne my ſelfe did inſtall
Aloft, not regarding how low I might fall.

When Britaine was reſtleſſe, wanting a King,
(For *Forrex* high and *Porrex* both were ſlaine)
The land many peeres ambitious did wring,
Endeuouring each the Kingdome to gaine,
The heires to forſake the wrong did conſtraine,
The ſubiects were armed, we nobles did ſtriue,
At length we amongſt vs diuiſion conclude,

Then reckleſſe we were when all was at reſt,
And each had a kingdome allotted his part:
The vice of the ſubiects daily increaſt,
And iuſtice and right were laid quite apart.
The lawes ouerlaſhed by couine and craft,
And we that did gouerne did winke at this geare:
The worſer thereby, our faithfull friends were.

The ball that dame Fortune emparteth of bliſſe
Is golden to gaze on, but voluble round:
If once of your handfaſt in holding you miſſe,
Away then it roleth, and you are on ground.
Of watchers thereon ſo many abound,
And catchers thereat, with ſnatching therefore,
That if once you leeſe it, you catch it no more.

A Chirurgian that taketh a wound for to cure,
If skilfull and carefull he ſearcheth it furſt:
The ſea-man doth ſound to take the depth ſure,
By wiſdome well taught for feare of the worſt.
But our vile ambition, blind, blockiſh, accurſt,
Not prouing the ſore, nor reckoning the ſound,
Our ſhips and our ſcience we ſinke and confound.

Ambition out ſearcheth to glorie the greece,
The ſtaire to eſtate, the graple of grace:
But in her is hid of perill a peece,
Which all our attempts doth dimme and deface.
We do enioy her vaine ioyes but a ſpace,
Short, brittle as glaſſe: falſe faire giuing light:
Nor golden, though glittring braue in the ſight.

For when ſhe hath brought vs vnto the ſtone,
And Fortune hath ſtaiſhed vs with honor inſtill:
Then there to ſit ſtedie and rule all alone,
We racke our deuices, and ſcud with our skill.
We cut off occurſions; we prole, pole, and pill:
We bolſter, we bandſome, to bribe, banish, flay
The pillers of prudence that ſtand in our way.

Our race is then reſtles, our ſleeping vnſound:
Our waking is warfare, our walking hath woe:
Our talking is truſtles, our cares doe abound:
Our fauners deemd faithfull, and friendſhippe a foe.
Which troubles our fancies ſo toſt to and froe,
That ſcarcely wee neuer inioy any reſt
Tormented, whom Fortune exalted and bleſt.

This thing can I witneſſe what troubles enſue,
What cares doe vs compas enhaunſed aloft:
Itherefore wiſh rebels to take better view
Of the falles of iutruders, recorded ſo oft.
Who climeth ſo high his fall is not ſoft.
If once hee doe ſtagger or falter aſide,
He cannot recouer the reſt for to guide.

When I who with others did thinke my ſelfe ſure,
Here ruled the realme, there fell out a flawe:
Donwallo did ſeeke the Crowne to procure,
Alleaging a title thereto by the lawe.
Who, when to field our powers we did draw,
Came ſtraight with an hoaſt prepared to fight,
With ſword for to trie out whoſe title was right.

Our number was great, our title vniuſt:
Our conſciences guilty, our ſoudiers agaſt:
Donwallo with honour had ſouldiers of truſt:
And Fortune was friendly to them as they paſt.
They ſlew of our men by manhood full faſt,
Or forſt them to flie: in the field wee were faine
To oppoſe them (poore Princes) and ſo we were ſlaine.

Firſt *Pinnar*, then *Stater*, I *Rudacke* likewiſe
At laſt was with number oppreſſed diſpatcht.
Let Lordings beware how aloft they doe riſe,
By Princes and commons their climing is watcht.
No ſooner they haue at the ſcepter once ſnatcht,
But guilty themſelues they deeme worthy to die,
And Gods powerfull iuſtice ſuch ſentence doth hie.

HOW THE NOBLE King *Brennus*, after many triumphant victories, at the ſiege of *Delphos* in Greece ſlew himſelfe, about the yeare before *Chriſt*, 375.

AMongſt the noble martiall worthy men,
Renowned farre, victorious great of fame,
Though Authors found my praiſe: eftſoones agen
Amongſt the Britaine Princes write the ſame.
I am that Britaine once that *Brennus* had to name:
My facts, exploits in warre, my conqueſts life and end
Doe write as I recite, when time doth leaſure lend.

The mightie Monarch of this noble Ile
Mulmucius who with conquering blade did free
The Britans troubled ſtate from tyrants vile,
Was father both to *Belinus* and me.
His noble acts and lawes commended bee.
This *Belinus* (mine elder brother) was his heire,
And Queene *Corwenna* was our mother wiſe and faire.

When after him my brother had the crowne,
Hee was content to make me eke a king:
He gaue mee Albany, where with renowne
I rulde a while by Iuſtice euery thing.
But at the laſt ambition made me bring
An army thence, againſt my brother for to fight:
Which rather ought t'haue honord him with homage right.

When *Belinus* perceiued mee approach
Vnto his Realme, an army hee addreſt:
Hee warned me I ſhould not ſeeke t'incroach
That was not mine, for hee was ready preſt
Me to repell: hee wild mee bee at reſt.
I marched on, the armies met, wee fearcely fought:
My ſouldiers ſhame, to ſaue my ſelfe by flight I ſought.

To Norway then, I fled for ſuccour hence,
Where good *Eſſingus* reignde the gentle King:
I told him what I was, and eke of whence,
Deſirde his aide, me home againe to bring.
And he not only graunted me this thing,
But eke his daughter *Samye* faire to bee my wife,
With me in Albany to leade a Princely life.

But while we were prouiding ſhips and men,
The fame abroad of my returne was ſpread:
And *Guthlake* that was King of Denmarke then,
Prouided with a nauie mee forlead.
His eie on *Samyes* beautie had ſo fed,
That for her ſake he muſt perforce my ſhips forlay,
By force of armes to beare the Lady faire away.

And when our nauies met, hee wilde me yeelde
This Lady ſtraight, or elſe defend the cauſe:
A thing (quoth I) requeſted erſt but ſeelde,
Againſt of Gods and men the ſacred lawes.
It hath not erſt bene heard 'mongſt wiſe men fawes,
That any King ſhould claime the like by ſtrife,
Or make aſſault by wrong to winne a Princes wife.

From words to fight we fell on either ſide,
But on his ſide the conqueſt did appeare:
I yeelded her that liſted ſcarce abide,
For ſhe to him before did fauour beare.
By tempeſt then our nauies ſeuered were,
And he perforce by ſtorme on ſhores of Britaine caſt,
For tribute hoſtage gaue to *Beline* ere he paſt.

At ſeas turmoilde fiue daies with raging winde,
Sore wearied with the fight, the foile, and loſſe:
And caſting with my ſelfe in woefull minde,
The cauſe why ſo God *Neptune* did me toſſe:
And why falſe fortune my attempt did croſſe:
I made a vowe to kill the man that cauſde me flye,
Or with my bloud, the kingdome all from him to buy.

The Seas alaid, at laſt my ſhips I found,
And rigde againe, at ſeas we met our foes
The wandring Danes, where we beſet them round
In warlike ſort, we did them all incloſe,
Euen ſo the wheele of Lady Fortune goes,
Abiects, caſts downe, turnes topſie toruie quight,
The men of late extold with all her maine and might.

Theſe ſhips my wants in ſome reſpect ſupplied
With tackle, armour, vitailes and the reſt:
And ſo to Britaine land apace I hide,
For kingdome loſt to make againe requeſt:
Or elſe by might and force away to wreſt
The ſcepter from my brother *Beline*, and the crowne,
Which lay that time by North at Euerwike the towne.

To land I came, and threatned *Beline* ſore,
But he an armie did with ſpeed addreſſe:
Which met me ſtraight at th'entry on the ſhore,
Our battailes ioind and fought with valiantneſſe.
But I was put in th'end to ſuch diſtreſſe
To ſhips I flew, and tooke a few with me beſide,
And hoiſing ſailes, for hap to Gallia ſtrands I hide.

Arriued there, I trauaild long to ſee
The nature of the Countrey and the men:
And for my purpoſe I diſpoſed mee,
To pleaſe the Princes and the people then,
In hope to ſee my countrey once agen.
To win my noble kingdome, or to wreacke the wrong
That I ſuſtaind exilde from natiue ſoile ſo long.

When I had tolde the great miſhaps I had
Vnto the Peeres of Fraunce, ſome aide to craue:
I could obtaine no ſuccour me to glad,
Nor men, munition, ſhips, ne vittailes haue.
I gate me thence to Duke *Seginus* graue,
Of Prouence then the Prince, renowned noble farre,
For prudence prompt in peace, and wiſdome great in warre.

This worthy Duke receiued me with ioy,
(For of afflicted wights he had remorce)
He heard me oft declare the great anoy
That I had felt, and of my brothers force.
How *Gutblacke* did my wife and me diuorce:
The broiles at Sea, the toiles I taken had at land:
Which neuer could the face of Fortunes foile withstand.

Thou Britaine tall (quoth he) I rue thy fate
Thou noble Prince (for so thou art in showe)
If I could now restore thee thine estate,
Thou shouldst perceiue what fauour I thee owe.
T'is Fortunes vse t'exalt and ouerthrowe.
My counsaile then is this, expect her grace a while,
Till where shee frownes shee turne her friendly face and smile.

So in his court he did me intertaine,
Where long I liu'd and bare my selfe full well:
Sometimes to play the captaine I was faine,
To win some praise, as causes did compell,
For when his subiects either did rebell,
Or confines made inroads, to spoile or pray his land,
Then appointed was to take the warre in hand,

In armour fearce, and stout, and strong was I,
God *Mars* me gaue a stearne and stormie looke:
With feates of armes by land or seas to try,
Experience taught me what I vndertooke.
No paine, no toile nor daunger I forsooke,
That might content the noble Duke of Sauoisminde,
Whose bounteous grace, for aye my loue to him did bind.

In peace full milde I was, of comely grace,
And wise in talke, as time occasion gaue:
And (though I say't) I had a Princely face,
I could both hunt and hawke, and court it braue.
Eke Fortunes past had made me sage and graue:
More heedy all attempts to prosecute with skill:
Rashnes (by proofe I found) incurs the greatest ill.

When

When Duke *Seginus* saw my humble hart,
A regall Britaine Prince, of royall bloud,
How I emploide my selfe and all my art,
Mine actiue feates with grace and prowes good
To serue, and quaile his foes that him withstood:
He gaue his Daughter vnto me, a peerlesse dame,
With her his Dukedome after him to guide the same.

By her (when hee was deade) I Sauoye had,
A countrey fertile, famous for the soile.
With liberall gifts the souldiers hearts I glad.
To winne the rests good will I tooke some toile,
By banquets, iewels, gifts, or warlike broile:
Still vsing all the meanes t'obeisance thē to moue,
Eke all the wayes that might allure them me to loue.

And setled so in honour great at rest,
Without the feare of forraine foes, or nie:
I mused what for Britaine warres was best,
Which way I might againe my quarell trie.
Such restles heades haue they that sit on hie.
O poore estate, how blest were thou that sitst below,
How happy, safe and sure, if thou thy state couldst know?

A councell called for the same intent,
I told the Lords my purpose for the warre:
How I to haue my kingdome here was bent.
They all agreed to leuy neere and farre,
Such souldiers good and captaines stout that were.
They offered seruice eke themselues to fare with mee,
To winne the crowne by sword, or els reuenged bee.

Concluding thus, a powre prouided was,
Munition good, and vitailes, shipping strong:
On voiage so with hoised sailes wee passe,
We cut the seas, and came apace along
To Britaine shores: In hope to wrecke the wrong
That oft before was done, or winne the land againe:
Whence whilome twice I was to fly with daunger faine.

When

When we were landed here, I Herolds ſent
To claime my Kingdome at his hands, my right:
I bad them, if he were not ſo content,
To ſound defiance, fire, and ſword, and fight.
But of my meſſage hee eſteemed light.
Hee brought an army ſtrong, appointed was the day
Of battaile, then to try who beares the Crowne away.

This when our mother ſawe *Corwenna* wiſe,
That mortall warres we wage for kingdome ſake:
Shee with her ſelfe did many waies deuiſe,
A peace betweene her Martiall ſonnes to make,
And with the Lords full oft did connſell take.
Yet all in vaine: there could no parle of peace preuaile,
But on we marcht agreed each other to aſſaile.

The feelds once pight, and time of battaile come,
In place where ſhould bee tride this quarell ſad,
In armour eke the ſouldiers all and ſome,
With all the force that might ſo ſoone bee had,
We captaines vſing ſpeech our men to glad,
T'incourage them with promiſe proud of laſting fame:
Tweene th'armies *Corwenna* ſtood that noble dame.
And thus ſhee ſpake:

„ O out alas my ſonnes what meanes this broile?
„ Wil you in field my tender bowels harme?
„ What furies force you thus t'unkindly toile?
„ What meane your men for ſlaughter here to ſwarme?
„ Did not this wombe once both incloſe you warme?
„ And cannot now all Britaine hold you brethren twaine,
„ But needes by one of you his brother muſt be ſlaine?

„ Cannot the feare of *Ioues* immortall hate,
„ Your mothers teares, nor woefull wailings moue?
„ Nor naked breſts you ſuckt your malice ſlake?
„ Nor cauſe t'imbrace the ſacred lore of loue?
„ O euerlaſting *Ioue* that liu'ſt aboue!
„ Then I proteſt ere you doe fight the feelde this day,
„ You ſhall in field (vngratefull ſonnes) your wofull mother ſlay.

If

» Betweene you both you ſhall bereaue my life,
» What woes (my ſonnes) alliue ſhall I ſuſtaine,
» When I ſhall after this ambitious ſtrife,
» So many ſee of both your ſubiects ſlaine?
» And you with brothers bloud your ſwords diſtaine,
» I ſhall (I ſay) in th' end of fight take woefull vewe,
» Of that my ſonne, which this my ſonne his brother ſlewe.

» O rather now, my ſonnes, leaue off to iar,
» Lay weapons both aſide, take truce a while:
» If you doe loue to ſpend your time in war,
» Deſtroy not here at home your natiue Ile:
» The preſent cauſe and quarell is too vile.
» Ioine friendly both your armies faith, and firme the ſame,
» To take ſome conqueſt great in hand of laſting fame.

» Therein you may with greater honour deale,
» By this you ſhall defame your ſelues for aye.
» Thereby you may enlarge your publique weale,
» By this your ſelues and it ſhall quite decay.
» Thereby you ſhall mine age with honour ſtay.
» Thereby you ſhall moſt like your noble father bee:
» Which ere he wore the crowne did conquer kingdomes three.

» Once for my ſake then ioine yet hands againe,
» Let me enioy once both before I die.
» I would to ſee you friends my ſonnes bee faine,
» And hope I haue you will not this denie.
» I aſke a thing ſhall neuer hurt perdy.
» For if you now ſurceaſe, and loue as brethren well,
» Then all the world of this your concord aye ſhall tell.

And turning then to mo thus wiſe ſhe ſaid:
» Thou knoweſt, my ſonne, how twice thou haſt been foild:
» Thou twice to ſcape with life waſt well apaide,
» And ſince full farre to countries ſtraunge haſt toild.
» If now thou ſhouldſt of life and all bee ſpoilde,
» (When liue thou maiſt in Princely ſort with peereleſſe ioy)
» What tongue can tell thy mothers griefe and great anoy.

I heare

" I heare thou haſt in France a Dukedome good,
" Of ſubiects good thou haſt an armie heere:
" Thou haſt a wife that came of noble blood,
" Thou need'ſt at home no foes at all to feare.
" What mean'ſt thou then ſuch mortall hate to beare,
" Againſt my ſonne thy brother heere, which gaue to thee
" His kingdome halfe, the noble land of Albany?

" Sith thine ambition firſt procur'd the ſtrife,
" Which did'ſt in armour riſe againſt thy King,
" Againſt thy brother lou'd thee more then life,
" Thou did'ſt thy ſubiects his againſt him bring,
" Think'ſt thou it was a wiſe or worthie thing?
" If not: thou haſt good cauſe thy treaſon all confeſſe:
" And though he draue thee hence, to loue him ne're the leſſe.

" Thou ſhalt therefore ſubmit thy ſelfe to me,
" And take a truce, a peace I will conclude:
" Thy brother eke ſhall ſo contented be,
" No quarrels old ſhall be againe renew'd.
" Theſe broiles haue oft my cheekes with teares bedew'd,
" My heart is rent, my hope bereau'd, my ioyes are gone,
" My life is loſt, if you conioyne not both in one.

" Then turning vnto *Belinus* ſhe ſpake:
" My noble ſonne (quoth ſhe) thou twice haſt quail'd
" Thy brothers power, and mad'ſt him twice forſake
" His natiue land, which I haue oft bewail'd.
" What though thou haue ſo oft before preuail'd,
" Think'ſt thou againe the third time eke to win the field?
" Or art thou ſure to ſlay my ſonne, or force him yeeld?

" What glorie canſt thou get thereby in th'end?
" Will not the world of your foule ſlaughters tell?
" Will not they all that liue, ſtill diſcommend
" The man that did his owne deare brother quell?
" *Mempricius* ſhamefull acts are knowne too well,
" And *Porrex* Britaines both, their noble brethren ſlew,
" Confounded after both, examples good for you.

Now

" Now further this againe to both I say:
" Do not you rue these noble souldiers good?
" Do not you see how many you shall slay?
" Haue you no care to shed their guiltlesse blood?
" The state of tyrants neuer stable stood,
" By bloodshed they do build, and prop their tottering State,
" Raigne, liue and die despisde, in neuer dying hate.

" You noble men, in briefe I speake to you,
" And vnto all the Captaines of your bands:
" And eke to all you souldiers good and true,
" Which haue the sway of bloodshed in your hands.
" Consider well the state of both our lands:
" You shall decrease your force, by discord and by strife,
" Distaine your bloods, and reaue *Corwennas* of her life.

" Then if that either *Ioues* immortall ire,
" (Which euer hated slaughters such as these)
" Or feare of *Plutoes* euerlasting fire,
" Or dangers threatned both by land and seas,
" Or mothers mind (which both you ought to please)
" Or countries loue, or peace (which all are bound t'imbrace)
" May ought perswade, then let my iust request haue place.

" If not, loe heere my naked breast (quoth she)
" Which once you both did sucke in tender age.
" Let both your swords in these first bathed be,
" Perhaps this slaughter shall your thirsts asswage.
" It shall be counted euen as small outrage
" To slay your mother pleading for a righteous peace,
" As wage the warres which gods commands you to surcease.

Much more she said which were too long to tell:
And proffred forth to swords her naked brest.
But when we both considered had full well
Her wofull teares, her wise and graue request,
They so to peace our haurie hearts addrest,
We laid our weapons downe, we met, and did imbrace,
All warre was set aside, and Ladie peace tooke place.

We ioyned hands, our captaines did the like,
And eke the ſouldiers linked all in loue:
There was not one that did our truce miſlike,
Our peace did all to ioy and maruell moue.
With many triumphes feates of armes we proue,
Our ſubiects all reioyce, in ſongs we ſound *Cornwinas* praiſe,
Her fame to skies, aloft with many ſhouts and cries they raiſe.

The Galles and Senons then ſuppoſing me
In Britaine from my Dukedome hard at fight,
Thought great occaſion offred them to be,
And ſet themſelues in armes and order right,
My ſubiects eke of Sauoy day and night
They did entice, perſwade, ſolicite and conſtraine,
To chuſe another Duke at home with them to raigne.

Whereof when I heard tell in Britaine Ile,
Eke when my brother *Beline* thereof knew,
We laid aſide our ſports and plaies a while,
And of our ſouldiers tooke a muſter new.
Of both our hoaſts we choſe a noble crew.
We paſt the ſeas, as brethren ought, in concord knit:
And both our force in one to conquer France we fit.

Without reſiſtance much we ſpoil'd the land
At th'entrie in, and after many fights
We conquer'd all the Realme, my foes we fand,
Which were in armes ſtout, valiant, noble wights.
By ſword they fell, or flew before our ſights.
The Germans force, likewiſe that did them ſuccour ſend,
We made to fall therefore, and to our ſcepters bend.

Three hundred thouſand we in armour had,
An armie great renown'd Europa through:
The Kings and Princes of our peace were glad,
We were in fight ſo puiſſant fierce and rough.
Munition, victuals, money eke enough,
We had of tributes ſtore, of duties in that came:
Through all the world of *Brenne* and *Beline* flew the fame.

To

To vs came ſouldiers out of manty parts,
And captaines worthie for the fame of warre,
Of fierce *Bellona* braue we had the arts,
Whereof we wanne the praiſe both neere and farre.
But not with this we ſo contented are.
As *Hercules* to ſcale the Alpes did firſt contend:
So we againe (a worke of toile) the cloudie Alpes aſcend.

The craggie mountaines that do touch the skies,
With aged heads are euer white with ſnow,
The ſeas allow do rore, whence vapours riſe,
And from the hilles great ſtreames of waters floe.
The pathes ſo ſtrict to paſſe which few do goe.
The ice, ſnow, cold, clouds, rombling ſtormes, and ſights aboue,
Are able conſtant hearts with doubtfull feare to moue.

For as you go, ſometimes y'ar faine to reatch
And hang by hands, to wend aloft the way:
And then on buttocks downe another breatch,
With elbowes and with heeles your ſelfe to ſtay.
Downe vnder well behold the ſtreames you may,
And waters wilde which from the mountaines falling flow:
Ore head the rocks hang threatning death to them below.

When we theſe Alpes had paſt with dangers great,
To Cluſium towne in Tuſcane land we came:
The Tuſcans as we droue our heards of neat.
Did iſſue out to intercept the ſame.
Ambaſſage to the Romans eke they frame,
To helpe them 'gainſt the Galles (ſo vs they counted there)
Becauſe I was of France, and Frenchmen with vs were.

The Romans then, becauſe that our ſucceſſe
Reported was to them in warres before,
Fearing their owne eſtate could do no leſſe,
But aide their neighbours now at need the more.
To treate of peace they ſent to vs therefore.
We anſwer'd we deſir'd but ſpace wherein to dwell,
Becauſe our peopled countrie could not hold vs well.

But

But they forgetting quite of armes the lawe,
Did arme themſelues, ambaſſadours full ſtoute:
With Cluſians came to bring vs all in awe,
Without reſpect of any further doute.
Whereon, the ſiege from Cluſium walles about
We raiſed ſtraight, at Rome we ſounded loud alarmes,
To wreake reuenge for breach done gainſt the law of armes.

Yet firſt we thought it beſt ambaſſage ſend,
To haue truce breakers ſuch deliuered vs
By law of armes as ought no weapons wend,
And yet againſt the lawes came armed thus.
They ſaid we were a people barbarous,
They neither puniſh would nor yeeld thoſe Romanes good,
But honour them: they came of *Fabius* noble blood.

Full ſwiftly on we marched then in haſte,
And towards Rome with all our power we hide:
At Alia flood gan forty thouſand taſte
Of Romanes that vs met what might betide.
We ſlew them faſt, the reſt durſt not abide.
We had the ſpoile, to Rome we came, which we poſſeſſe:
A thouſand waight of gold the Romanes paid for peace.

Pannonia eke with broiles of warres we tame,
And many yeares we kept them vnder yoke:
The Princes all about that heard our fame
Deſired peace, not daring vs prouoke.
We Britaines made Europa all to ſmoke.
To part our armies then in twaine we tooke no doubt,
And ſeuerall conqueſts tooke in hand, as captaines ſtout.

To Macedonie *Beline* tooke the way,
Where raigned *Ptolome* the tyrant fell,
Which did his ſiſters ſonnes vniuſtly ſlay
Before their mothers face, and her expell,
Arſinoë that vſde him earſt ſo well:
Though by the gods he ſware to take her to his wife,
And loue her ſonnes, and here he them bereft of life.

Euen ſo that wicked King at firſt refuſde
To purchaſe peace with price, or hoſtage ſend,
That had before the faith of Gods abuſde,
Was deſtinate to haue a noughtie end.
Let Princes well beware what they pretend.
*Who for a crowne breakes faith, and murders ſoule commits,
He will be ſure to fall, on ſliperie throne he ſits.

Our cuſtome was that time to ſend each where
Our Hearolds offering peace for tribute gold:
But from King *Ptolome* theſe newes we heare,
No peace he crau'd, no tribute pay he would,
Ne friendſhip crau'd (as he the Hearold told)
Except our weapons laid adowne we would ſubmit,
No arguments of peace he would admit.

King *Beline* ſmil'd to heare the heedleſſe King
Raſh witted, ſo ſelfe-wild, and after this
The Dardanes offered twentie thouſand bring
Of ſouldiers arm'd for aide, to ioyne with his.
Quoth he, not loſt all Macedonie is,
If we once conquer'd by *Alexanders* hand,
Need we the Dardanes aide, theſe ſtrangers to withſtand?

We haue (quoth he) ſome ſouldiers ſonnes of thoſe
Which ſeru'd in pay with them that vanquiſht all:
And for our ſelues we nothing feare our foes,
Although our armie ſeeme to *Dardane* ſmall.
This when th'ambaſſadours related all
To good King *Dardane*, then this noble Realme (quoth he)
By this yong princox pride, will all diſpoiled be.

With that alarme they crie, and armies ioyne,
Where Britaines ſlay the Macedonian crew:
And haue for ſpoile their victuals, armour, coyne,
Tooke *Ptolomey* their King, and him they ſlew.
His head aboue the campe they beare for view
On ſpeare, to make the reſt of Greekes in doubt to ſtand,
Before they enterpriſe to take ſuch warres in hand.

On

On this the fame of Britaines farre was ſpred,
All Macedonie held their countrey ſpoil'd:
To *Alexander* (erſt their armies led)
And vnto *Philip*, Princes neuer foil'd,
As vnto Gods they crie in warres tormoil'd.
O helpe (quoth they) our countrey falles, we are vndone,
Without your powerful aides: whoſe acts the world haue won.

But *Softhenes* a Macedonian ſtout,
When as the Britaines bathed in their bliſſe,
Gate vnto him a warlike worthie rout,
And ſet againe on *Beline* there and his,
Put him to foile for all his worthineſſe.
For which the ſouldiers all did chuſe him for their King,
But them as captaine he againſt their foes would bring.

When this in Greece I heard, and their ſucceſſe
Firſt of the field they won, and follie then
Enricht with ſpoiles, giuen all to idleneſſe,
Which were before approued valiant men:
I ſound retreate, and backwards gate agen,
With ſeuen ſcore and ten thouſand footmen for the fight,
And fifteene thouſand horſe, which made a goodly fight.

With theſe appointed well my friends to aide
The Britaines good, and *Beline* in that caſe,
To Macedone I martcht with vengefull blade
To take reuenge for *Belines* late diſgrace.
Whereto when as we came, in little ſpace
We wan the field in fight, we ſpoil'd the land at will,
In pleaſures plung'd we had of wealth, and fame, our fill.

So I that had all Macedone in awe,
With ſpoile of mortall men was not content:
I paſt not of theſe conqueſts all a ſtraw,
The temples of the gods to ſpoile I ment,
And towards Delphos with mine armie went.
On high his temple ſtood moſt glorious to behold,
And god *Apolles* ſhrine enricht with gifts of gold.

The rich and wealthy gods (quoth I) may lend
To mortall men some of their treasures great:
They haue no neede thereof for to dispend
For clothing, victuals, armour, drinke or meate.
But yet we must therefore their priests intreate.
There is enough for them, and many moe beside,
Of offerings great, from Princes brought both far and wide.

This Delphos is on mount Parnassus faire
In Greece, well fenst with rising rockes about,
By nature plaste aloft in pleasant ayre,
So high to scale they neede no foes to doubt.
No watch, no warde to keepe the walles about.
So strong steepe pendent are the rockes whereon it stands:
As not the like could since be made with mortall hands.

When in this citie shoutes aloude they make,
Or when the trumpets sound therein is heard,
The Ecchoes shrill so cause the skies to shake,
That strangers staring stand and muse affeard.
The words and tunes resound againe so hard,
So oftentimes about from euery rocke so plaine,
As if to one that cride, one cride to him againe.

This made the men that came from far to maze,
To maruaile much, to feare and wonder still:
And at the sight thereof to stare and gaze,
Deuising oft the high and mighty hill.
A building founded first by heauenly skill
In citie built, and costly grau'd with worke of hand,
Apolloes temple high aboue the rest doth stand.

T'is round theater wise so braue within
And large aloft, without pendant vpright,
So high it seemes impossible to win,
With comely forme the gazers to delight.
The maiestie whereof did them inuite
That chose that seate, t'erect a temple in the same,
Whereof for Oracles was spread a wondrous fame.

Amid'ſt the height of this Parnaſſus mount
A turning way there is, and in the plaine
A den through rockes for deepneſſe doth ſurmount,
And turning vaults far in, whence anſweres vaine
The Prieſts receiue from ſprites to tell againe.
When any come for counſell there, of things to know:
The anſwere of deluding ſprites the Prieſts do ſhow.

Wherefore the Kings and peoples offerings brought,
From all the world and coaſts of nations far:
With ma..y gifts of gold and ſiluer wrought,
The gold of Kings and iewels rich were there.
To Delphos all they run that doubtfull are.
This was the madnes then that mortall men bewitcht:
Whereby *Apolloes* Temple was with gold ſo inricht.

Lo now I tell at Delphos what I did,
For towards it as with my mates I went,
Them be of courage good nought feare I bid,
With Delphos ſpoile them to reward I ment.
But now I askt how they would giue conſent,
Stout *Euridane* and *Theſſalone* I did aſſay,
Where it were good to ſcale, or elſe a while to ſtay.

The Captaines counſell was alarme to call,
Before the Grecians did prouide defence:
And ſtraight to ſcale with skill the mightie wall,
Before the citie knew of our pretence.
The ſouldiers ſtout abroad encamped thence,
And ſaid they muſt refreſh their wearied limbes a ſpace,
Vnable elſe to ſcale, or meet their foes in face.

The Greekes in villages to make them trip
Intreated them to make no ſpare of wine:
The Britaine ſouldiers fell thereon to ſip,
Forgate their feats of warre and plai'd the ſwine.
Againſt their captaines eke they gan repine.
So that full long it was or we could them perſwade
To flie from *Bacchus* boothes, and fall againe to blade.

Of ſouldiers thouſands ſixtie fiue I had,
But of our foes ſcarce fourteene thouſand were:
The ſtately towne they ſee, their hearts to glad,
I bad them not at all to ſtand in feare.
Behold (quoth I) what doth in ſight appeare,
Thoſe charets glittering braue, and ſtatures all of gold
Of ſollid maſſe, more rich then glorious to behold.

For on the Temple ſtood faire golden ſhapes,
And in the walles thereof their pictures ſhone:
Not one of theſe (quoth I) the Britaines ſcapes,
We ſouldiers ſhall poſſeſſe them euery one.
Let vs therefore not linger here vpon,
But giue th'aſſault: for heere the God *Apollos* pride,
In price of gold, and gemmes, ſurmounts all Greece beſide.

We haue or this the wealth of men poſſeſt
(Yet worthie Princes all) of mortall men:
But heere the treaſures of the Gods are preſt
To looke for vs: ſhall we refuſe them then?
We ſhall not ſo be proffered oft agen.
Within the walles hereof are greater farre by oddes:
Th'attire, crownes, ſcepters, plate and gamiſh of the Gods.

We ſound Alarame, th'aſſault the rockes aſſayes,
Our ſouldiers brainſicke, heedleſſe vp aſcend:
The Delphos men had fenſt the eaſieſt waies,
So that againſt the rockes our force we bend.
With ſtones the ſcaling Britaines downe they hend.
An earthquake eke by vowes the ſacrificers reare.
Which on my ſouldiers downe a mightie rocke did reare.

The ground did ſhake, and rent, and tempeſts rife,
The haileſtones mightie fall, the thunders rore:
The lightnings flaſhing dazled all our eyes,
The Britaines from th'aſſault were ouerborne.
My ſouldiers ſlaine diſcomfit me before.
And I ſore wounded, ſoule amazde, orecome with ſmart,
To eſcape the Greekiſh ſword, did pierce my ſelfe to th'heart.

You

You noble captaines now that know my facts,
Learne valiantly in warres the sword to wend:
Let fame extoll your wise and warlike acts,
And let report your fortitude commend,
But let your warfares haue a wiser end,
And let what *Bochas* writes and *Higgins* heere doth pen,
Declare what good we gate, to warre with Delphos men.

HOW KING KIMARVS WAS DEVOVred by wilde beasts the yeare before Christ, 321.

NO place commends the man vnworthie praise,
No Kingly state doth stay vp vices fall:
No wicked wight to woe can make delaies,
No loftie lookes preserue the proud at all,
No brags or boast, no stature high and tall,
No lustie youth, no swearing, staring stout,
No brauerie, banding, cogging, cutting out.

Then what auailes to haue a Princely place,
A name of honor or an high degree,
To come by kindred of a noble race?
Except we princely, worthie, noble be,
The fruit declares the goodnes of the tree.
Do brag no more, of birth or linage than,
For vertue, grace, and manners make the man,

My selfe might brag, and first of all begin,
Mulmucius made and constituted lawes:
And *Belinus* and *Brenne* his sonnes did win
Such praise, that all the world giue them applause,
Gurgunstus Readbeard with his sober sawes.
The sonne of *Belne* and my Grandsire grand
Was fortunate, what ere he tooke in hand,

His ſonne my grand ſire *Guimbelius* did paſſe
For vertues praiſe, and *Martia* was his wife,
A noble Queene that wiſe and learned was,
And gaue her ſelfe to ſtudie all her life,
Deuiſing lawes, diſcuſt the ends of ſtrife
Amongſt the Britaines to her endleſſe fame:
Her ſtatutes had of *Martian* lawes the name.

My father eke was ſober, ſage and wiſe,
Cicilius hight, King *Guimbelius* his ſonne:
Of noble Princes then my ſtocke did riſe,
And of a Prince of Cornwall firſt begonne.
But what thereby of glorie haue I wonne?
Can this ſuffice to anſwere eke for mee,
I came by parents of an high degree?

Or ſhall I ſay I was forſooth the King?
Then might I liue as lewdly as I luſt.
No ſure, I cannot ſo auoid the ſting
Of ſhame, that prickes ſuch Princes are vniuſt.
We rather ſhould vnto our vertues truſt.
For *vertue of the ancient blood or kin,
Doth only praiſe the men that vertuous bin.

And nobles only borne (of this be ſure)
Without the vertues of their noble race,
Do quite and cleane themſelues thereby obſcure,
And their renowne and dignities deface.
They do their birth and lineage all deface.
For why, indeed they euer ought ſo well
In vertues graue, as titles braue excell.

But oft (God wot) they fare as erſt did I,
They thinke if once they come of Princely ſtocke,
Then are they placed ſafe and ſure, ſo hie
Aboue the reſt, as founded on a rocke.
Of wiſemens warnings all they make a mocke,
They counſels graue, as abiect reeds, deſpiſe,
And count the braue, men gratious, worthie, wiſe.

This Kingdome came to me by due diſcent,
For why my father was before me King:
But I to pleaſure all, and luſt was bent,
I neuer reckt of Iuſtice any thing.
What purpoſe I to paſſe did meane to bring,
That ſame t'accompliſh I with all my might
Endeuour'd euer, were it wrong or right.

I deem'd the greateſt ioyes in earthly hap,
I thought my pleaſures euer would abide,
I ſeem'd to ſit in Lady Fortunes lap,
I reckt not all the world, me thought, beſide.
I did by luſt my ſelfe and others guide,
Whereby the fates to worke my bane withall
And cut me off, thus wiſe procur'd my fall.

As I was alwaies bent to hunting ſtill,
(Yet hunting was no vice to thoſe I had):
When I three yeares had rul'd this Realme at will,
In chace a chance did make my heart full ſad.
Wilde cruell beaſts as deſperate and mad
Turn'd backe on me, as I them brought to bay,
And in their rage my ſinfull corps did ſlay.

A iuſt reward for ſo vniuſt a life,
No worſe a death, then I deſerued yore.
Such wreckes in th'end to wretches all are rife,
Who may and will not call for grace before.
My wilfull deeds were nought, what wilt thou more?
For wanton wildeneſſe, witleſſe, heedleſſe toyes:
The bruiſh beaſts bereau'd me of my ioyes.

HOW

HOW KING MORINDVS WAS DEuoured by a monster, the yeare *before Christ.* 303.



Let me likewise declare my facts and fall,
And eke recite what meanes this slimie glere:
You need not faine so quaint a looke at all,
Although I seeme so fulsome euery where.
This blade in bloodie hand, which I do beare,
And all his gore bemingled with this glew,
In witnesse I the dreadfull monster slew.

Then marke my tale: beware of rashnes vile,
I am *Morindus*, once a Britaine King,
On whom long time did Ladie Fortune smile,
Till to her wheeles steepe top she did me bring.
My fame both far and neare she made to ring,
And eke my praise exalted so to skie,
In all my time more famous none then I.

Some say I was, by birth, a bastard bace,
Begotten of the Prince his concubine:
But what I was declared well my grace,
My fortitude, and stature Princely mine.
My father eke that came of Princely line
King *Danius* gaue not so bace degree,
Nor yet the noble Britaines vnto mee.

For feats of armes and warlike points I past,
In courage stout there liu'd not then my peere:
I made them all that knew my name agast,
And heard how great mine enterprises were,
To shrink and slinke, and shift aside for feare.
All which at length did me such glorie bring,
My father dead, the Britaines made me King.

But

But ſee how blind we are, when Fortune ſmiles,
How ſenceleſſe we, when dignities increaſe:
We euer vſe our ſelues diſcreetly whiles
We little haue, and loue to liue in peace.
Subiected thoughts doth wicked pride ſuppreſſe:
We vſe no rigour, rancour, rapine, ſuch
As after, when we haue our willes too much.

For whiles that I a ſubiect was, no King,
While I had nothing, but my facts alone:
I ſtudied ſtill, in euery kind of thing
To ſerue my Prince, and vnderfang his fone:
To vſe his ſubiects friendly euerychone:
And for them all aduentures ſuch to take,
As might them all my perſon fauour make.

But when I once attained had the Crowne,
I waxed cruell, tyrannous and fell:
I had no longer minde of my renowne,
I vſde my ſelfe too ill, the truth to tell.
O bace degree in happie caſe full well!
Which art not puft with pride, vaine-glorie, hate,
But art beneath, content to bide thy fate.

For I aloft, when once my heate was in,
Not raind by reaſon, ruled all by might:
Ne prudence reckt, right, ſtrength, or meane a pin,
But with my friends, in anger all would fight.
I ſtroke, kild, ſlew who euer were in ſight,
Without reſpect, remorce, reproofe, regard,
And like a mad man in my furie far'd.

I deem'd my might and fortitude was ſuch,
That I was able thereby conquer all:
High kingdomes ſeat encreaſt my pompe ſo much,
My pride me thought impoſſible to fall.
But God confounds our proud deuices all,
And brings that thing wherein we moſt do truſt,
To our deſtruction, by his iudgement iuſt.

For

For when three yeares I ruled had this Ile
Without all law, as was my lawleſſe life,
The rumour ran abroad within a while,
And chiefly in the Norweſt countrie riſe,
A monſter came from Th'iriſh ſeas, brought griefe
To all my ſubiects in thoſe coaſts did dwell,
Deuouring man and beaſt, a monſter fell.

Which when I knew for truth, I ſtraight prepar'd
In warlike wiſe my ſelfe to trie the caſe:
My haſte thereto a courage bold declar'd,
For I alone would enter in the place.
At which, with ſpeare on horſe I ſet my race,
But on his ſcales it enter could no more,
Then might a bulruſh on a braſen dore.

Againe I prou'd, yet nought at all preuail'd
To breake my ſpeare, and not to pierce his ſide:
With that the roring monſter me aſſail'd,
So terrifi'd my horſe I could not ride.
Wherewith I lighted, and with ſword I tri'd
By ſtrokes to find a paſſage to his life,
But now I found in vaine was all my ſtrife.

And when I wearied was, and ſpent with fight,
That kept my ſelfe with heed his danger fro:
At laſt almoſt aſham'd I wanted might
And skill, to worke the beaſtly monſter wo,
I gate me neerer with my ſword him to,
And thought his flanckes or vnder parts to wound,
If there, for ſcales, might any place be found.

But fruſtrate of my purpoſe, finding none,
And eke within his danger cutting quite:
The grizely beaſt ſtraight ſeazed me vpon,
And let his talants on my corps to light.
He gript my ſhoulders, not reſiſt I might:
And eating with a greedie rauening looke,
At once in iawes my bodie whole he tooke.

The

The way was large, and downe he drew me in,
A monſtrous paunch for roomth and wondrous wide:
But (for I felt more ſofter there the skin)
At once I drew a dagger by my ſide.
I knew my life no longer could abide
For rammiſh ſtench, bloud, poiſon, ſlimy glere
That in his body ſo aboundant were.

Wherefore I labouring to procure his death,
While firſt my dagger digde about his hart,
His force to caſt me welnigh drewe my breath,
But as he felt within, his woundes to ſmart,
I ioyed to ſeele the mighty monſter ſtart,
That roard, and belcht, and groande, and plungde, and cride,
And toſt me vp and downe, from ſide to ſide.

Long ſo in pangs hee plungde, and panting lay,
And drew his winde ſo faſt with ſuch a powere,
That quite and cleane he drew my breath away,
Wee both were dead well nigh within an houre.
Lo thus one beaſtly monſter did deuoure
Another monſter moodles, to vs paine:
At once the realme was rid of monſters twaine.

Here maiſt thou ſee of fortitude the hap,
Where prudence, iuſtice, temperance hath no place:
How ſuddenly we taken are in trap,
When we deſpiſe good vertues to embrace.
Intemperance doth all our deeds deface,
And lets vs heedles headlong run ſo faſt,
We ſeeke our owne deſtruction at the laſt.

For he that hath of fortitude and might,
And thereto hath a kingdome ioind withall:
Except he alſo guide himſelfe aright,
His powre and ſtrength prewaileth him but ſmall,
He can not ſcape at length an haples fall.
You may perceiue a myrrour plaine by me,
Which may with wiſdome well ſufficient be.

HOW KING EMERIANVS FOR HIS TYRANNIE WAS DEPOSED, ABOVT THE yeare before Christ, 225.

THe wofull wight that fell from throne to thrall,
The wretch that woue the web wherin he goes:
A doleſull blacke bad weede ſtill weare hee ſhall
In woefull ſort, and nothing blame his foes.
What neede ſuch one at all his name diſcloſe?
Except the reſt of Britaine princes ſhould,
Not here for ſhame reſite his name he would.

I am *Emerians* King that raign'd a ſpace,
Scarce all one yeare, in Britaine Iſle long ſence,
But for I was in maners voide of grace,
Fierce, tyrannous, and full of negligence,
Bloud thirſty, cruell, vaine, deuoide of ſence,
The Britaines me depoſed, from ſeate and crowne,
And reau'd me quite, of riches and renowne.

I was deſpiſde and baniſht from my bliſſe,
Diſcountnanſt, faine to hide my ſelfe for ſhame:
What neede I longer ſtand to tell thee this?
My ſelfe was for my woefull fall too blame.
My raigne was ſhort in few my fall I frame.
My life was lothſome, ſoone like death that ſound,
Let this ſuffice a warning blaſt to ſound.

HOW

HOW KING CHIRINVS GIVEN TO DRVNKENNES raigned but one yeare. He died about the *yeare before Christ*, 137.

THough I my surfets haue not yet out slept,
Nor scarce with quiet browes begin my tale,
Let not my drowsy talke bee ouer leapt,
For though my belching sent of wine or ale,
Although my face be fallo, puft, and pale,
And legs with dropsy swell, and panch resound:
Yet let me tell what vice did me confound.

Perhaps thou thinkst so grosse a blockhead blunt,
A sleepy swinish head can nothing say:
The greatest heads and smallest eke were wont
To beare in them the finest wits away.
This thing is true, thou canst it not denay,
And *Bacchus* eke ensharps the wits of some,
Facundi calices quem non fecere disertum?

Yet sith long since both braines and all were spent,
And this in place amongst my mates I speake:
I trust thou wilt be herewithall content,
Although indeed my wits of talke are weake.
So old a vessell cannot chuse but leake.
A drunken sot whose faltering feete do slip.
Must pardon craue, his tongue in talke will trip.

Chirinnus was my name a Britaine King,
But rulde short time: Sir *Bacchus* was my let:
Erinnys eke my senses so did swing,
That reason could no seat amongst them get.
Wherefore the truth I pray thee plainely set.
I gaue my selfe to surfets swilling wine,
And led my life much like a dronken swine.

Diseases

Diſeaſes grew, diſtemperance made me ſwell,
My parched liues luſted ſtill for baſte:
My tympane ſounded like a taber well,
And nought but wine did like my greedie taſte.
This vice and moe my life and me defaſte,
My face was blowne and blubd with dropſie wan,
And legs more like a monſter then a man.

So not in ſhape I onely altered was,
My diſpoſitions chang'd in me likewiſe:
For vices make a man, a goate, an aſſe,
A ſwine or horſe, (as Poets can compriſe)
Transforming into beaſts by ſundry wiſe
Such men as keepe not onely ſhape of men,
But them miſhapeth alſo now and then.

Wherefore let who ſo loues to liue long daies
Without diſeaſes, ſtrong, in youthfull ſtate,
Beware of *Bacchus* booth which all betraies,
The vaile of vices vaine, the hauen of hate,
The well of weake delights, the brand of bate,
By which I loſt my health, life, Realme and fame,
And onely wonne the ſhrouding ſheete of ſhame.

HOW KING VARIANVS GAVE HIMSELFE TO THE luſtes of the fleſh, and dyed about the *yeare before Chriſt*, 136.

WHere no good gifts haue place, nor beare the ſway,
What are the men, but wilful caſtaway?
Where gifts of grace doe garniſh well the King,
There is no want, the land can lacke nothing.
The Court is ſtill well ſtor'd with noble men,
In Townes and Cities Gouernours are graue:
The common wealth doth alſo proſper then,
And wealth at will the Prince and people haue.

Perhaps

Perhaps you aske, what Prince is this appeares?
What meanes his talke in theſe our golden yeares?
A Britaine Prince that *Varianus* hight,
Iheld ſometime the Scepter here by right.
And though no need there be in theſe your daies
Of ſtates to tell, or vertues good diſcriue,
Good counſaile yet doth ſtand in ſtead alwaies,
When time againe may vices olde reuiue.

If not: yet giue me leaue amongſt the reſt
Which felt their fall, or had their deaths addreſt:
My cauſe of fall let me likewiſe declare,
For * falles the deaths of vicious Princes are.
They fall, when all good men reioice or ſee
That they ſhort time enioide their places hie.
For Princes which for vertues praiſed be,
By death ariſe, extold they ſcale the skie.

I will be ſhort, becauſe it may ſuffice
That ſoone is ſaid, to warne the ſage and wiſe.
Or if that they no warning need to haue,
This may perchance ſomewhat their labour ſaue
With thoſe, that will not heare their faults them told,
By ſuch as would admoniſh them for loue:
When they my words and warnings here behold,
They may regard and ſee their owne behoue.

About my time the Princes liu'd not long,
For all were giuen almoſt to vice and wrong:
My ſelfe voluptuous was abandond quite,
To take in fleſhly luſt my whole delite:
A pleaſure vile, that drawes a man from thrift and grace,
Doth iuſt deſires, and heauenly thoughts expell:
Doth ſpoile the corps, defiles the ſoule, and fame deface,
And brings him downe to *Plutoes* paines of hell.

For this my ſinne my ſubiects hated mee,
Repining ſtill my ſtained life to ſee.
As when the Prince is wholly giuen to vice,
And holdes the lewder ſort in greateſt price,
The land decaies, diſorder ſprings abroad,
The worſer ſort doe robbe, pill, pole, and ſpoile
The weaker force to beare the greateſt loade,
And leeſe the goods for which they earſt did toile.

How can *Iehoua* iuſt abide the wrong?
He will not ſuffer ſuch haue ſcepter long.
As he did ſtrike for ſinfull life my ſeate,
And did me downe from royall kingdome beate:
The like examples are in ſtories rife,
No wicked wight can gouerne long in reſt:
For either ſome bereaues him of his life,
Or downe his throne and kingdome is depreſt.
Bid Princes then and noble Peeres the like delights deteſt.
There is no way the wrath of *Ioue* to wreſt.

HOW THE WORTHIE Britaine Duke *Nennius* as a valiant Souldier and faithfull Subiect encountred with *Iulius Cæſar*, was by him *death-wounded: yet neuertheleſſe he gate* Cæſars *ſword, put him to* flight, ſlew therewith *Labienus* a Tribune of the Romans, endured fight till his countrie men wan the field, and now encourageth all good Subiects, to defend their countrey from the power of forraine and intruding enemies. He was ſlaine about the yeare before Chriſt, 52.

I May by right, ſome later writers blame,
Of ſtories olde, as rude or negligent:
Or elſe I may them well vnlearned name,
Or heedleſſe in thoſe things about they went.
Some time on me as well they might haue ſpent,
As on ſuch tyrants, who as bloodie foes,
Vnto their countrey wrought ſuch deadly woes.

As for my ſelfe I doe not this recite:
(Although I haue occaſion good thereto)
But ſure, me thinks it is too great deſpite
That to the dead theſe moderne writers doe,
For there are Britaines, neither one or two,
Whoſe names in ſtories ſcarcely once appeare:
And yet their liues examples worthy were.

T'is worthy praiſe (I graunt) to write the ends
Of vicious men, and teach the like beware:
For what hath he of vertue that commends
Such perſons lewde, as naught of vertues care?
But for to leaue out thoſe praiſe worthy are,
Is like as if a man had not the skill
To praiſe the good, but diſcommend the ill.

I craue no praiſe, although my ſelfe deſeru'd
As great a laude as any one of yore:
But I would haue it tolde how well I ſeru'd
My Prince and Countrey. Faith to both I bore.
All noble hearts, hereby with courage more
May both tall forraine force in fight withſtand,
And of their foes may haue the vpper hand.

Againe, to ſhew how valiant then we were
(You Britaines good) to mooue your hearts thereby
All other nations leſſe in fight to feare,
And for your countrey rather ſo to die
With valiant hauty courage as did I,
Then liue in bondage, ſeruice, ſlauery, thrall
Of forraine powers, which hate your manhood all.

Doe giue me leaue to ſpeake but euen a while,
And marke, and write the ſtory I thee tell.
By North from London more then fifty mile,
There lies the Iſle of Ely, knowne full well,
Wherein my Father built a place to dwell:
And for becauſe he liked well the ſame,
He gaue the place height Ely of his name.

He raigned forty yeares as ſtories tell,
And fame did beare his name both wide and far.
By Iuſtice guided he his ſubiects well,
And liu'd in peace, without the broiles of war.
His childrens noble acts in ſtories are,
In vulgar tongue: but nought is ſaid of mee,
And yet I worthy was the yongſt of three.

His eldeſt ſonne and heire was after King,
A noble Prince, and he was named *Lud:*
Full polliticke and wiſe in euery thing.
And one that wiſh'd his Countrey alwaies good.
Such vſes, cuſtomes, ſtatutes he withſtood
As ſeem'd to bring the publique weales decay,
And them aboliſht, brake, repeald away.

So he the walles of Troy the new renewde,
Them fortified with fortie Towers about:
And at the weſt ſide of the wall he vewde
The Towers ſtrong gate to keepe the foemen out,
That made he priſons for the poore bankrout,
Nam'd Ludgate yet, for free men debters, free
From hurt, till with their creditours they gree.

Some ſay the City alſo tooke the name
Of *Lud* my brother: for he it reparde:
And I muſt needs as true confeſſe the ſame,
For why, that time no coſt on it he ſparde,
He ſtill increaſt and peopled euery warde,
And bad them aie Kaerlud the City call,
Or Ludſtone, now you name it London all.

At length he dide, his children vnder age,
The elder named was *Androgeus*,
Committing both vnto my brothers charge,
The younger of them hight *Tenancius*.
The Britaines wanting aged rulers thus,
Choſe for that time *Caſſibellane* their King
My brother, Iuſtice ment in euery thing.

The Romane then the mighty *Cæsar* fought
Against the Galles, and conquerd them by might:
Which done, he ſtood on ſhores where ſee hee mought
The Ocean Seas, and Britaine cliues full bright.
(Quoth hee) what region lies there in my ſight?
Mee thinkes ſome Iland in the Seas I ſee,
Not yet ſubdued, nor vanquiſt yet by mee.

With that they told him we the Britaines were,
A people ſtout, and fearce in feates of warre.
(Quoth he) the Romanes neuer yet with feare
Of nation rude, were daunted of ſo farre:
We therefore mind to proue them what they are.
And therewithall theſe letters he did frame,
Brought by ambaſſadours which hither came.

C. IVLIVS CÆSAR CONſull of Rome, to *Caſſibellane*, King of Britaine, ſendeth greeting.

SIth that the Gods haue giuen vs all the Weſt
As ſubiects to our Romane *Empire hie*
By warre, or as it ſeemed Ioue *the beſt,*
Of whom wee Romanes *came, and chiefly I:*

Therefore to you which in the Ocean *dwell,*
(As yet not vnderneath ſubiection dne)
Wee ſend our letters greeting: wete yee well,
In warlike caſes thus we deale with you.

Firſt, that you, as the other regions, pay
Vs tribute yearely, Romanes *we require:*
Then, that you will with all the force you may
Withſtand our foes, as yours, with ſword and fire:

And thirdly, that by theſe you hoſtage ſend
T'aſſure the couenants once agreed by you:
So with your daunger leſſe, our warres may end:
Elſe bid we warre. Caſſibellane *adieu.*

Cæſar.

No sooner were this *Cæsar* letters seene,
But straight the King for all his nobles sent:
He shew'd them what their ancestors had beene,
And prai'd them tell in this their whole intent.
He told them whereabout the Romans wene,
And what subiection was, how seruile they
Should be, if *Cæsar* bare their pompe away.

And all the Britaines euen as set on fire
(My selfe not least enflamed was to fight)
Did humblie him in ioyfull wise desire,
That he his letters would to *Cæsar* write,
And tell him plaine we past not of his spire:
We past as little of the Romans, we,
And lesse, then they of vs, if lesse might be.

Wherefore the ioyfull King againe repli'd,
Through counsell wise of all the nobles had:
By letters he the Romans hests denide,
Which made the Britaines hautie hearts full glad:
And eke the Romane Consul proud as mad
To heare these letters written: thus they went,
Which he againe to mightie *Cæsar* sent.

CASSIBELLANE KING OF BRITAINE TO C. IVLIVS *Cæsar* Consull of Rome.

AS thou, O Cæsar, writ'st the Gods haue giuen to thee
The West: so I replie, they gaue this Ile to mee.
Thou sai'st you Romans, and thy selfe of Gods descend:
And dar'st thou then, to spoile our Troian blood pretend?
Againe, though Gods haue giu'n thee all the world as thine,
That's parted from the world, thou get'st no land of mine.
And sith likewise of Gods we came a Nation free:
We owe no tribute, aide, or pledge to Rome or thee.

Retract thy will, or wage thy warre: as likes thee beſt,
We are to fight, and rather then to friendſhip, preſt.
To ſaue our countrey from the force of forren ſtrife,
Each Britaine heere, is well content to venter life.
We feare not of the end, or dangers thou daſt tell:
But vſe thy pleaſure if thou maiſt: thou fare thou well.

Caſſibellane.

When *Caſar* had receiu'd his anſwere ſo,
It vext him much: he thereupon decreed
To wage vs warre, and worke vs Britaines woe.
Wherefore he haſted hitherward with ſpeed.
The Britaines eke, prepar'd themſelues with heed
To meete the Romans all, in warlike guiſe,
With all the force, and ſpeed they might deuiſe.

And heere the wiſer deem'd it meeter much
T'aſſaile them firſt at th'entry on this land,
Then for to giue arriuall heere to ſuch,
Might with our victuals aide, our ſelues withſtand.
T'is better far the enemies t'aband
Quite from thy borders, to a forren ſoile,
Then he at home, thee and thy countrie ſpoile.

Wherefore we met him at his entrie in,
And pitcht our camps directly in his way:
We minded ſure to loſe, or elſe to win
The praiſe, before we paſt from thence away.
So when that both the armies were in ray,
And trumpets blaſt on euery ſide was blowne,
Our minds to either each, were quickly knowne.

We ioyned battaile, fiercely both we fought,
The Romanes to enlarge their Empires fame:
And we with all the force and might we mought,
To ſaue our countrie, and to keepe our name.
O worthie Britaines! learne to do the ſame.
We brake the rayes of all the Romane hoaſt,
And made the mightie *Caſar* leaue his boaſt.

Yet he the worthiest Captaine euer was,
Brought all in ray, and fought againe a new.
His skilfull souldiers he could bring to passe
At once, for why his traynings all they knew.
No sooner I his noble corps did view,
But in I brake amongst the captaines band,
And there I fought with *Cesar* hand to hand.

O God thou might'st haue giuen a Britaine grace,
T'haue slaine the Roman *Cesar* noble then:
Which sought the noble Britaines to deface,
And bring in bondage valiant worthie men.
He neuer should haue gone to Rome agen,
To fight with *Pompey*, or his peeres to slay,
Or else to bring his countrie in decay.

It ioy'd my heart, to strike on *Cesars* creste.
O *Cesar* that there had been none but wee,
I often made my sword to trie thy brest:
But Ladie fortune did not fauour mee.
I able was me thought with *Cesars* three
To trie the case: I made thy heart to quake,
When on thy creste, with mightie stroke I strake.

The strokes thou strook'st me, hurt me nought at all:
For why, thy strength was nothing in respect.
But thou had'st bath'd thy sword in poyson all,
Which did my wound, not deadly else, infect.
Yet was I or I parted thence bewreckt.
I gate thy sword from thee, for all thy fame:
And made thee flie, for feare to eate the same.

For when thy sword was in my target fast,
I made thee flie, and quickly leaue thy hold:
Thou neuer wast in all thy life so gast,
Nor durst againe be euer halfe so bold.
I made a number Romans hearts ful cold.
Fight, fight, you noble Britaines now (quoth I)
We neuer all will vnreuenged die.

What *Caſar* though thy praiſe and mine bee od,
(The ancient ſtories ſcarce remember me)
Though Poets all of thee do make a God,
(Such ſimple fooles in making Gods they bee)
Yet if I had my quarell try'd with thee,
Thou neuer hadſt returnde to Rome againe,
Nor, of thy faithfull friends, bin beaſtly ſlaine.

A number Britaines might ſt thou there haue ſeene
Wounded in fight, and ſpoile their ſpiteſull foes.
My ſelfe maimde, ſlew and mangled mo (I weene)
When I was hurt, then twenty more of thoſe,
I made the Romanes ſtout their courage loſe.
In all the campe no Romane ſcarce I ſpide
Durſt halfe the combate gainſt a Britaine bide.

At length I met a noble man, they cald
Him *Labienus*, one of *Caſars* friends,
A Tribune erſt had many Britaines thrild,
Was one of *Caſars* Legats forth he ſends:
Well met (quoth I) I minde to make th'amends,
For all thy friendſhips to our Country crew.
And ſo with *Caſars* ſword, his friend I ſlew.

What neede I name you euery Britaine here,
As firſt the King, the nobles all beſide,
Full ſtout and worthy wights in warre that were,
As euer erſt the ſtately Romanes tride:
We fought ſo long they durſt no longer bide.
Proude *Caſar* he for all his bragges and boaſt
Flew backe to ſhips, with halfe his ſcattered hoaſt.

If he had bene a God (as fots him nam'd)
He could not of vs Britaines taken foile:
The Monarch *Caſar* might haue been aſham'd,
From ſuch an Iland with his ſhips recoile,
Or elſe to flie and leaue behind the ſpoile.
But life is ſweete, he thought it better flie,
Then bide amongſt vs Britaines, here to die.

I had his ſword, was named *Gracchiuer*,
With which he gaue me in the head a ſtroke:
The venime of the which had ſuch a force,
It able was to pierce the heart of oke:
No medcines might the poyſon out reuoke.
Wherefore though ſcarce he pierced had the skin,
In fifteene daies my braines it crackled in.

And then too ſoone (alas) therefore I dide.
Yet would to God he had returnde againe,
So that I might but once the daſtard ſpide:
Before he went, I had the ſerpent ſlaine.
He plaide the coward cutthroat all too plaine.
A beaſtly ſerpents heart that beaſts detects,
Which, or he fight, his ſword with bane infects.

Well, then my death brought *Ceſar* no renowne,
For both I gate thereby eternall fame,
And eke his ſword to ſtrike his friends adowne,
I ſlew therewith his *Labienus* by name:
With Prince, againſt my Countrey foes I came,
Was wounded, yet did neuer faint nor yeild,
Till *Ceſar* with his ſouldiers fled the field.

Who would not venture life in ſuch a caſe?
Who would not fight, at Countries whole requeſt?
Who would not meeting *Ceſar* in the place,
Fight for life, Prince, and Countrey, with the beſt?
The greateſt courage is by facts expreſt:
Then for thy Prince, with fortitude, as I,
And Realmes defence, in praiſe to liue or dy.

Now write my life when thou haſt leaſure, and
Will all thy countrymen to learne by me,
Both for their Prince and for their natiue land
As valiant, bold, and feareleſſe for to be,
A paterne plaine of fortitude they ſee:
To which directly if themſelues they frame,
They ſhall preſerue their Countrey, faith, and fame.

HOW THE LORD IRENGLAS COSIN TO KING CASSIBELLANE, was slaine by the Lord *Elimine*, *cosin to* Androgeus *Earle of London*, *about the yeare before Christ*.

5 1.

AMongst the rest that whilome sate aloft,
Amongst the rest, that once had happie chance,
Amongst the rest, that had good fortune oft,
Amongst the rest, that could themselues aduance,
Amongst the rest, that led in warres the dance,
And wan the palme, the praise, renowme, and fame,
Leaue in thy booke a place to put my name.

I will be briefe and truly tell thee all
The cause why I from graue do now appeare,
I will recite to thee my sudden fall,
And what in life mine exercises were.
To which since I do see thee set thine eare,
Marke now my tale, and beare it well away,
Marke what me brought so sudden in decay.

Let who so stands trust to a stedfast hold,
If stedfast hold he thinke that he may find,
Presume not on thy strength, nay yet be bold
On Fortunes gifts, nay let her guide thy mind
In hope of hap, for she is counted blind:
To praise her prankes occasion giues no cause,
Do wisely, or you praise her take the pause:

Some loue to boast what fortune they haue had,
Some other blame misfortune theirs as fast:
Some tell of fortunes there be good and bad,
Some fooles of fortune make themselues agast.
Some shew of fortune comming, present, past,
And say there is a fate that ruleth all:
But sure it seemes their wisdome is but small,

No.

No fortune is so bad but we it frame,
There is no chaunce at all hath vs preseru'd:
There is no fate whom we haue need to blame,
There is no destiny but is deseru'd,
No lucke that leaues vs safe or vnpreseru'd,
Let vs not then complaine of Fortunes skill:
For all our good descends from Gods good will.



If so a man might stay on Fortunes holde,
Or else on Prince as pillar of defence:
Then might my selfe haue done the same be holde,
In euery perill purpose or pretence,
Cassibellane as much as any Prince
Lou'd me his Cosin *Irenglas* by name,
For feates in armes, for fauour and for fame.

I came (by parents) of his regall race,
Liu'd happie daies (if happy mortall be)
Had (as I said) his fauour, bare the grace,
I was his loyall seruant franke and free,
But what of this at all preuailed mee?
Yet furthermore the feates of armes I knew,
I fought in field, when mighty *Cæsar* flew.

Shall I for this praise Fortune ought at all?
Did Fortune ought in this? no whit be sure,
Or shall I blame her afres for my fall,
That neuer could me any hurt procure?
T'was glory vaine did sweetely me allure,
Wherefore giue eare, and then with pen disclose
How seeming friends did prooue my chiefest foes,

Full happy were our Country men that dide,
(As noble *Nennius*) in the field that fought:
When first both Britaines, and the Romanes tride
With dint of sword, if sicles theirs were ought,
They dide in their defence; no pompe they sought:
They liu'd to see their Country conquer still:
They dide before they felt of priuate ill.

When

When *Cæſar* ſo with ſhamefull flight recoil'd,
And left our Britaine land vnconquer'd firſt:
Which only thought our Realme and vs t'haue ſpoil'd,
We came to ſee (of all our field the worſt)
Our ſouldiers ſlaine. O cruell *Cæſar* curſt,
(Quoth we) by thee did all theſe Britaines die,
That durſt not bide, but like a daſtard flie.

But then to ſee them in array to lie,
And for to ſee them wounded all before,
Not one but in his place his life did trie:
To ſee the Romans bloodie backes that bore
Their wounds in flight all ſcattered on the ſhore,
What thouſand tongues our ioy to light could bring,
This made our hearts reuiue, this pleaſde our King.

With trompets mourning tune, and wayling cries,
And drums, and fluits, and ſhawmes we ſound adieu:
And for our friends we watred all our eyes,
As loth to loſe the liues of ſuch a crew.
To th'earth we bare them all in order dew,
According vnto each mans noble name,
And as their birth requir'd and worthie fame.

Of noble triumphes after was no ſpare,
We Britaines erſt were neuer halfe ſo glad:
That ſo we made the Romans hence to fare,
No tongue can tell the heartie ioyes we had.
We were therewith for battaile bent as mad,
Our fingers tickled ſtill, which came from fight:
We had before our eyes our foes foule flight.

So fares it when the meaner giue the ſpoile,
And make the mightie all their force reuoke:
So fares it when great victours feele the foile,
And men leſſe deem'd do giue the conquering ſtroke,
That pierceth euen the hardeſt heart of oke.
For where the weaker win the wage of fame,
The victours hearts a thouſand ioyes enflame.

A ſolemne Iuſts proclaimed was for thoſe
Who would to win renowne their valour trie,
Where th'Earle of Londons coſin did expoſe
Himſelfe to purchaſe praiſe, againſt whom I
To win the prize did all my powers applie:
But fatall was the ſcope I did intend,
Th'effects bewray'd my folly in the end.

For why, when glorie vaine ſtirres men to ſtriſe,
When hope of praiſe prouokes them once to ire:
Then they at all regard no goods nor life,
From faithfull friendſhip rudely they retire:
They are ſo ſet with glories gloſe on fire,
That quite they rule and reaſon wreſt awrie,
They turne away their former friendly eie.

O God that worke ſt all the wonder wrought,
(And haſt the power to turne the hearts aliue)
Grant grace to thoſe that labour ſo for nought
But flitting fame, and titles hautie ſtriue.
Let not ambition ſo the earth depriue
Of worthie wights, giue them ſome better grace,
That they may run for countries weale their race.

Let them not breake the bond of friendly loue
In broiles of bate, but friendly faults redreſſe:
Let not them ſo their manhood ſeeke to proue
By priuate hate, to worke their owne diſtreſſe:
So ſhall they need their foes to feare the leſſe.
Friends worſe then forren foes themſelues do make,
That fall at oddes for fond vaine glories ſake.

But what need I on thoſe aliue to ſtay?
They haue examples good before their eyes:
By which (if they haue grace) beware they may,
*The happieſt men by others harmes are wiſe.
Let them not then our warning words deſpiſe,
Do will them wiſely of theſe things debate:
For why, the fooliſh aye the warning hate,

We ſpent the day in iuſting (as I ſaid)
Appointed erſt among our ſelues before:
And all the feats of armes in field we plaid
Æneas taught our anceſtors of yore.
What need I fill thine eares with talking more?
My men and I had put thoſe feats in vre,
And he likewiſe (but nothing yet ſo ſure)

For as with fortune ſtill I gaue the foile,
To him that thought the glorie all to haue,
When he perceiu'd he could not keepe the coile,
Nor yet with equall match himſelfe to ſaue:
Occaſion of diſſenſion great he gaue.
In ſtead of ieſt he offered earneſt play,
In lieu of ſport he ſpite did ſtill diſplay:

The traytour vile, the tyrant (ſo he prou'd)
With coward, canker'd, hatefull, haſtie ire
And caytife dealing, ſhew'd how me he lou'd.
When as he could not to his hope aſpire,
To win the praiſe of triumph, his deſire,
He challeng'd me: and heere began the broile:
He thought with banding braue to keep the coile,

And that becauſe mens iudgement fauour'd me.
Report almoſt of all the common rout
Ran ſtill that I was worthie praiſde to be,
And often times they gaue me all a ſhout.
This made my foes to ſtare and looke about,
And often wiſh them ill aloude that cride:
*Such is the nature ſtill of naughtie pride.

We twaine (quoth he) betweene our ſelues will trie
Alone our manhoods both, if thou conſent.
We ought not breake the Prince his peace (quoth I)
His grace would not therewith be well content.
And ſith no hurt was heere, nor malice ment,
You ought not ſo on choler take it ill,
Though I to win the prize put forth my skill:

With

With that quoth *Elewine* (for ſo he hight)
That was the Earle his coſin, then my ſoe,
I meane (quoth he) to trie the caſe in fight,
Before thou paſſe againe my preſence froe:
And euen with that he raught to me a bloe.
My friends nor I could not this wrong abide:
We drew, and ſo did thoſe on th'other ſide.

But I was all the marke whereat he ſhot,
The malice ſtill he meant to none but me:
At me he caſt, and drew me for the lot
Which ſhould of all reuenge the ranſome bee.
Wherefore he ſet them at me franke and free
Till me they tooke, ſo compaſt round about,
As I could not ſcape from among them out.

To make it ſhort: I ſingled was therefore,
Euen as the Deere to find his fatall ſtroke:
I could not ſcape, in number they were more,
My pageant was in preſence there beſpoke.
A pillow they prepared me of oke,
My hands they bound, along my corps they led,
From off my ſhoulders quite they ſtroke my head.

If euer man that ſeru'd his Prince with paine,
And well deſerued of his publique weale:
If euer Knight eſteem'd it greateſt gaine,
For Prince and Countrey in the warres to deale:
My ſelfe was ſuch, which venter'd life and heale
At all aſſayes, to ſaue my natiue ſoile,
With all my labour, trauell, paine and toile.

Yet heere you ſee, at home I had my fall,
Not by my fierceſt foes that came in warre:
But by my friend I gate this griping thrall,
When folly fram'd vs both at home to iarre,
Oh that my friend of yore ſhould range ſo farre
From wiſdomes way, to wed himſelfe to will,
From reaſons rule, to wreſt his wits to ill.

Well,

Well, bid the reſt beware of triumphes ſuch,
Bid them beware for titles vaine to ſtriue:
Bid them not truſt ſuch ſullen friends too much,
Bid them not ſo their honours high atchieue.
For if they will preſerue their names aliue,
There is no better way to worke the ſame
Then to eſchew of tyranny defame.

HOW CAIVS IVLIVS CÆSAR, which firſt made this Realme tributarie to the Romanes, was ſlaine in the *Senate houſe, about the yeare before Chriſt*, 42.

ALthough by *Bocas* I haue whilom told my mind,
And *Lydgate* haue likewiſe tranſlated well the ſame;
Yet ſith my place in order here againe I finde,
And that my facts deſeru'd in Britaine worthy fame;
Let me againe renue to memory my name:
Recite my minde; which if thou graunt to mee,
Thou ſhalt therefore receiue a friendly fee.

If euer erſt the fame of ancient Romane facts
Haue come to pierce thine eares before this preſent time,
I thinke amongſt the reſt, likewiſe my noble acts
Haue ſhew'd themſelues in fight, as *Phœbus* faire in prime.
When firſt the Romane ſtate began aloft to clime,
And wanne the wealth of all the world beſide,
When firſt their force in warlike feates were tride.

I *Caius Iulius Cæſar* Conſull had to name,
That worthy Romane borne, renownd with noble deeds.
What neede I here recite the linage whence I came,
Or elſe my greate exploites? ſurely t's more then needs:
But onely this to tell, of purpoſe now proceedes:
Why I a Romane Prince, no Britaine, here
Amongſt theſe Britaine Princes now appeere.

And yet becauſe thou maiſt perceiue the ſtorie all
Of all my life, and ſo deeme better of the end:
I will againe the ſame to mind yet briefly call,
To tell thee how thou maiſt me praiſe or diſcommend.
Which when thou haſt, in briefe, as I recite it, pend,
Thou ſhalt confeſſe that I deſerued well,
Amongſt them heere my tragedie to tell.

What need I firſt recite my pedigree well knowne?
No noble author writes that can forget the ſame:
My praiſe I know in print through all the world is blowne,
Ther's no man ſcarce that writes, but he recites my fame.
My worthie father *Lucius Cæſar* had to name,
Aurelia faire my mother alſo hight,
Of *Caius Cotta* daughter borne by right.

How I was trained vp in youth what need I tell?
Sith that my noble Aunt (that *Iulia* hight) me taught,
Who could with morall diſcipline inſtruct me well,
And ſaw the frame in me that natures skill had wrought,
By her inſtructions aye I wit and fauour ſought.
I was accounted comely of my grace,
I had by natures gift a Princely face.

Of ſtature high and tall, of colour faire and white,
Of bodie ſpare and leane, yet comely made to ſee:
What need I more of theſe impertinent recite,
Sith *Plutarch* hath at large deſcrib'd it all to thee,
And eke thy ſelfe that think'ſt thou ſeeſt and heareſt me,
Maiſt well ſuppoſe the reſt, and write the truth,
Of all my noble actions from my youth.

In iourney ſwift I was, and prompt and quicke of wit,
My eloquence was like of all that heard me pleade,
I had the grace to vſe my tearmes, and place them fit,
My roling Rhetoricke ſtood my Clients oft in ſtead:
No fine conueyance paſt the compaſſe of my head.
I wan the ſpurres, I had the laud and praiſe,
I paſt them all that pleaded in thoſe daies.

At seuenteene yeares of age a Flamin was I chose,
An office great in Rome of Priesthood Princely hie,
I married eke *Cossutia*, whereof much mischiefe rose,
Because I was diuorc'ft from her so speedilie.
Diuorcement breeds despite, defame is got thereby.
For such as fancies fond by chance fulfill,
Although they thinke it cannot come to ill.

Of these the stories tell, what need I more recite,
Or of the warres I waged Consul with the Galles?
The worthiest writers had desire of me to write,
They plac'ft my life amongst the worthies and their falles.
So Fame me thinkes likewise amids the Britaines calles
For *Cæsar* with his sword, that bare the sway,
And for the cause that wrought his swift decay.

When I in France had brought the valiant Galles to bend,
And made them subiect and obeysant vnto mee:
I then did thinke I had vnto the world his end
By West subdued the Nations which were whilome free.
There of my famous warres I wrote an historie,
I did describe each places and sequels of my warre,
The Commentaries cal'd of *Cæsars* acts that are.

At length I did perceiue there was an Island yet
By West of France, which in the Ocean sea did lie:
And that there was likewise no cause or time to let,
But that I might with them the chance of fortune trie.
I sent to them for hostage of assurance, I,
And wil'd them tribute pay vnto the Romane stout,
Or else I would both put their liues and goods in doubt.

But they a people fierce and reckelesse of my powers,
Abused those which brought th'ambassage that I sent:
Now sith (quoth they) the land and region heere is ours,
We will not *Cæsar* to thy rightlesse hestes assent.
By doome of friendly Gods this Iland first we hent,
Of *Priames* blood we are, from Greece we Troians came,
As *Brutus* brought vs thence, and gaue this land his name.

This land reported was full fertile for the ſoile,
The wealthie warlike ſort of Britaines ſtout within,
Were rather able well to giue, then take the ſoile,
To thoſe which came by warres, their freedome for to win.
My ſelfe made firſt aſſaule, with them I did begin,
Of all the Romanes firſt I waged with them warre:
And this I can report, they valiant people are.

It was reported eke that in my warres in France
Some Britaines thither came amongſt the Galles to fighe,
And that for pleaſure ſake, to try of *Mars* the chance,
And for to haue in field of Romane warres the ſighe:
That they no labour ſparde by day nor yet by night,
In campe, in ſcoute, for hunger, heate, or colde:
But were in all attempts of armes both ſtout and bolde.

This fame enflamed me, diſpleaſure eke I tooke,
That glory hopte to get ſo doughtie hearts to daunt:
On which, with winds at wil, I Gallia ſhores forſooke,
Full minded for to make the Britaines tribute graunt,
Sith at my meſſage ſent, they ſeemed ſo to raunt.
With armour, ſouldiers good, and of munition ſtore,
I went appointed wel, with fiftie ſailes or more.

But ſo the noble Britaines plaide the valiaunt men
By policies, and force to hurt my ſhippes and me,
That I was forced after my returne agen,
To rigge my ſhipppes: againe a wondrous thing to ſee:
For in the ſtrands and in the ſeas, where hauens be,
Sharpe poſtes they pight, whereon our ſhippes we ron:
When many din'd the deepe before the land wee won.

Being hardly come to land, at length we met the hoaſt,
And ſharpely fought with them, whoſe praiſes earſt we hard:
I haue no cauſe of Britane conqueſt for to boaſt,
Of all the Regions firſt and laſt with whom I ward.
A people ſtout and ſtrong, enduring chances hard,
And deſperate, wilde and fearce, and reckleſſe found I ther,
Not ſoone agaſt with dint, or fright with fall of men.

For when our armies met, no dangers they forsooke,
But so behau'd themselues in euery place of fight,
As though to Martiall feates they onely had betooke
Themselues, and for the palme did all their dealings dight.
Though with my Romanes I wag'd all my warlike might,
I was not able there, to cause them yeeld or flee,
Or for a space to take a time of truce with me:

The toiles wee tooke to enter at the first on land,
And for to saue our shattered ships and armour brought,
To wey them our shat else had bulg'd themselues in sand,
Hereon before the fielde with might and maine we wrought,
Beside at skirmish oft, vpon the shore we fought.
These labours tired so my men and me that tide,
That we could not endure the battailes brunt t'abide,

They followed hard the chace, with scath and losse we shapte,
And shipt, we hoised sailes, to Fraunce we made retire:
Where for an armie new, another roade we shapte,
If winter colde were past, to come the following yeare:
And so we did indeed, and bought our comming deere:
For they prouided had so well to fight, that I
With all mine armies stout could finde no victorie.

Againe to shippe my mates I bad my Captaines stur,
Eke from this people fearce with speede to shift away:
The chance of warre is hard and doubtfull for t'assure,
Where th'enemies neither dint of death nor dangers fray.
They reckt not of their wealth nor losse of goods decay,
But for their freedome fought, on Princes case they stood,
With ioyfull hearts they waged warlike life and blood:

Almost I had no hope at all to make returne,
The people were so fearce, so stubburne, stout, and bold:
No time of rest I wrought amongst them to soiurne,
They could not by our power bee ruled nor controld.
They said they would vs pay no siluer, brasse, nor gold.
To our indictions sent, they would not set their hand,
But for to trie the case, with all their power to stand.

When to the coaſts of Gallia againe with loſſe we come,
That neuer erſt with ſuch repulſe to foes did turne the backe,
The Britaines they reioyce with triumphes all and ſome,
And fame doth ſound report, they make the Romanes packe.
Where we no men, no coine, nor no munition lacke,
No captaines good, no art, no victuall, hearte to fight,
A goodly ſpoile, the land a pray before our ſight.

Now marke the hap we had: while I in Gallia lay,
The Britaines paſt the time in triumphes and in feaſts,
And for our ſecond flight with ſports they ſpend the day,
Accounting vs in their reſpect but coward beaſts.
Amongſt their other ſport of luſts and pleaſant ieſts,
A ciuill diſcord fell betweene two worthy peeres,
Of courage both ſo good, that neither beſt appeares.

The one hight *Ivenglas*, of kinred to the king,
A worthy wight in warre, and prudent, wiſe and ſage:
The other *Elenine*, whoſe praiſe no ſtories bring,
But ſtoutneſſe in his fight, as ruled all by rage.
Yet both againſt the Romanes with the king did wage
The Britiſh warre full well, and ſerued as they ought,
Till time at home the praiſe of triumphes vaine they fought.

This *Elenine* was ſtout, for he was neere of kin
Vnto *Androgeus* which was th'Earle of London then,
And claimed eke the palme (they ſay) that he did win
In triumphs at the iuſts amongſt the noble men.
But as they went about to trie the line agen,
They fell from words to ſharpe, and laide on loade amaine,
Vntill at length in fight hight *Ivenglas* was ſlaine.

The King did ſend for *Elenine*, but he was fled
Vnto the Earle his coſin, whence he would not come:
He feared leſt he ſhould haue loſt his hated head.
The guilty heart conceaues before the Iudge doe doome.
He wiſt if once he went, there needed him no toome.
Wherefore he it refuſed, and th'Earle was diſcontent:
Who meſſage ſharpe againe vnto the King had ſent.

Caſſibelane diſpleaſed much that ſubiects ſhould
Both ſlay his friend, and eke refuſe to bide the lawe,
And alſo in rebellious wiſe, endeuour what they could,
To out themſelues vniuſtly from the Princes awe,
Though it him greeu'd to ſee at home ſo foule a flawe,
He could not yet abide the iniuries were ſhowne,
But armde himſelfe and his, gainſt ſubiects once his owne.

When th'Earle of *Androgeus* ſaw that he was far too weake,
Againſt his Prince to wage rebellious wars begon,
He ſent to me in France, deſiring helpe to wreake
The iniuries and wrong *Caſſibelane* had don.
He alſo *Scena* ſent, for pledge, his onely ſonne,
And thirtie youths beſide, of honour great well borne:
I would not truſt his talke, nor meſſage ſent beforne.

On this I expedition made the third and laſt,
(For he did warrant me my purpoſe to obtaine)
I ſhipt my men, and hide me thitherward full faſt,
Had winde at will, and came to ſee the ſhining ſhores againe:
And of my comming ſo the Earle was glad and faine.
We ioined hands and league and armies for the fight:
And fought, and put *Caſſibelane* the noble King to flight.

Yet he repaird his hoſte againe, that fiercely faught,
And oft aſſaid to ſlay or take the Earle or mee:
And when hee ſaw at length his labour vailed naught,
And Britaines with the Romanes linked ſo to bee,
Great griefe he had in them ſuch treaſon for to ſee.
His loſſe in doubtfull war not grieu'd him halfe ſo ſore,
His peoples baſe reuolt he chiefely did deplore.

To make it ſhort: the King was faine at length to yeeld,
The tribute granted was three thouſand pound a yeere:
We bare away the price, we wan the worthy field,
And made them friends againe that bought our fauour deere.
I need no longer ſtay to tell the ſtory heere,
Nor yet to giue my friend the Earle of London blame,
Sith by his meanes I wan to Rome eternall fame.

From France I after sent to Rome, reporting how
Amongst the warlike Galles and Britaines I had sped:
I made request; by friends, I might be *Consull* now
On my returne againe: but *Pompeyes* hautie hed
Did ioyne himselfe with Peeres and armies which he led,
Alledging plaine I meant the publique weale t'invade:
They would represse my pride with might and dint of blade.

With speed I came and force, which made them all to flie
To Greece from Rome in haste, where they prepared war:
For in Epyrus then with souldiers they did lie.
This *Pompey* proud that made the Romans with me iar,
He at Dyrrachium staid, to which (though it were far)
I led my conquering host: I skirmisht often there:
But from the fight to flie we soone contented were.

On this he followed fast, in hope to win the field,
To Thessalie he came, where I did stay therefore:
Our armies met and fiercely faught, not bent to yeeld,
Till fifteene hundred men were slaine in fight, or more.
But in the end they fled, we tooke of prisoners store,
They durst not dare t'abide the chance of *Mars* to trie,
But either fell in fight or from the field did flie.

Thence *Pompey* fled the field, and into Egypt came
To *Ptolomie* the King as then but yong of age,
Where of his slaughter foule *Septimius* hath the blame,
He was his end that did these warres against me wage.
Euen so by course we come to play vpon the stage,
Our trauels haue an end when we do feele the fall:
For all our life is but a race of miserie and thrall.

But *Pompeyes* friends and sonnes by might did oft assay
When he was done to death, to take reuenge on me,
And I by dint of sword repel'd their force away,
Gate offices of rule, and gouern'd each degree,
At *Cæsars* beck and call obeysant all they bee:
Enacted lawes, directed each estate,
Emperially the helm aloft I sate.

But glorie won, the way to hold and keepe the fame,
To hold good fortune faſt, a worke of cunning skill:
Who ſo with prudent art can ſtay that ſtately dame,
Which ſets vs vp ſo high vpon her hautie hill,
And conſtant aye can keepe her loue and fauour ſtill,
He wins immortall fame, thrice bleſſed is the crowne:
If once misfortune kicke and caſt the ſcepter downe.

For when in Rome I was alone *Dictator* choſe,
And Emperour or Captaine ſole to be for ay:
My glorie did procure me many ſecret foes,
Becauſe aboue the reſt I bare the ſoueraigne ſway.
By ſundrie meanes they ſought my ruine and decay.
For why, there could no thing in ſtate determin'd be,
Vnleſſe it likte me firſt, and were approu'd by me.

This they enui'd at me that ſu'd aloft to clime,
As hautie *Caſſius*, which the *Prætorſhip* did craue,
And *Brutus* eke his friend which bare the chiefeſt crime
Of my diſpatch and death, for they did firſt depraue
My life, mine acts, my raigne, and ſought my blood to haue,
Full ſecretly amongſt themſelues conſpir'd, decreed
To be attemptors of that cruell bloodie deed.

Yet I forewarned was by *Capis* fatall tombe
His Epitaph my death did long before foreſhow:
Cornelius Balbus ſaw mine horſes headleſſe roame
Without the guide of man, forſaking food for woe.
Spurina warned me that ſooth of things did know,
A little wren in beake with Laurell greene that flew,
Foreſhew'd my doleſull death, as after all men knew.

The night before my fall in ſlumber I did dreame
I caried was, from earth and flew the clouds aboue,
And ſomtime hand in hād I thought I walkt with *Ioue* ſupreame,
My wife *Calphurnia*, *Cæſars* only loue,
Did dreame ſhe ſaw her creſt of houſe to fall,
Her husband thruſt through breaſt a ſword withall,
Eke that ſame night her chamber dores themſelues flew open all.

Theſe

Theſe things did make me much that morning to miſſike,
And I ſeruyced was and thought at home to ſtay:
But who is he can void deaths dart when he doth ſtrike,
Where ſo great number ſeekes his life for to betray?
The traytor bloodie *Brutus* had me not delay,
Nor yet to haſtiate there ſo great aſſemblie fate,
At laſt I went and there did meet vntimely fate.

To Senate as I went, behold a Roman flood,
Preſenting me a ſcrole of many traytors name:
And all their whole deuice that ſought to ſpill my blood,
That preſently decreed to execute the ſame.
But I blind wretch ſuppoſde that for ſome ſuite he came,
I heedleſſe bare this ſcrole in my vnhappie hand,
For which I loſt my life, as you ſhall vnderſtand.

Spurina as I came at ſacrifices was,
Neere to the place where I was after ſlaine:
Of whoſe diuinings true I then did litle paſſe,
To warne me of my death the Prieſt did ſeeke in vaine,
My haurie heart growne proud theſe warnings all diſdaine.
(Quoth I) the Ides of March be come, yet harme is none,
(Quoth he) the Ides of March be come, yet th'are not gone.

Aſſoone as I was ſet, the traytors all roſe,
And one approched neere, as to demand ſome thing:
To whom as I gaue eare, at once my cruell foes
Beſet me round about, their weapons hid they bring.
Then I too late perceiu'd my deaths approching fling.
O this (quoth I) is violence: then *Caſſius* pierſt my breſt:
And *Brutus* thou my ſonne (quoth I) whom erſt I loued beſt!

Yee Princes all, and noble men beware of pride,
Wracke not the Commonwealth for wealthie kingdomes ſake:
Be warn'd by me, that ſet my ſelfe the world to guide,
Beware what bloodie warres for rule you vndertake.
Ere three and twentie wounds had made my heart to quake,
How many thouſands fell for *Pompeys* pride and mine?
How many valiant Knights did loſe their life reſigne?

Full many noble men, to rule alone, I slew,
And some themselues againe for griefe of heart did slay:
For they would neuer yeeld though I did them subdue:
Some I did force to yeeld, some rauish'd from away,
As loth to stay and see their countries swift decay.
The world on Aphrike coasts, and Asia distant farre,
And Europe also knew my bloodsheds great in warre.

But sith my whole pretence was nought but glorie vaine,
To haue renowne and rule 'mongst men aboue the rest,
Without remorce in mind of many thousands slaine,
Which, for their owne defence, their warres so oft addrest:
I iustly deeme therefore my stonie heart and brest
Receiu'd so many wounds this sentence long hath stood
That who so slayes, he paies the price of blood for blood.

HOW CLAVDIVS TIBERIVS NERO EMPEROVR OF Rome, was poisoned by *Caius Caligula*, the yeare of Christ, 39.

WHat bootes it hautie hearts depend so much
On high estate, auailes it ought thinke yee?
The gold is tri'd when it is brought to touch:
So trialles tells what worldly triumphs bee.
When glorie shines, no dangers deepe we see,
Till we at aft find true the prouerbe old:
"Not all th at shines is pure and perfect gold.

While valiant men so burne with hot desire
Of royall rule, and thirst so sore for fear,
No springs of Pernasse mount can quench the fire,
Nor Boreas blast allay the hautie heate.
On high renowne so much their braines they beate,
And toyle so much for fading flickering fame,
On earth for aye to leaue behind a name,

Hee

But if they would marke Fortunes double face,
And how she turnes about the tottering wheele:
How she doth change her mintle and turne her grace,
How blinde of sight she is, how light of heele:
They would not sue the fond all fates they feele,
They would not after blame her blindnesse so,
But looke before, and leape her lightnesse fro.

All men that in affaires themselues imploy,
Doe praise Dame Fortune first if they speede well:
But if thereby fall after some annoy,
They curse her then, as hatefull bagge of hell:
If Fortune firme had stoode, they had not fell.
They ban her then, and yet themselues were curst,
Which tooke her baite so freely at the first.

For while her idle impes doe bathe in blisse,
They count her gifts and pleasures all good hap:
But if at last she frowne (as custome is)
And let them slip againe beside her lap,
They then confesse her baites did boad some trap.
As I haue prou'd, what Fortune giues to men,
For pleasure each, she brings displeasures ten.

Augustus great that good *Octauius* highte,
The Emperour which in peace did rule so long,
In whose good raigne was borne the Lord of light
Nam'd *Iesus Christ*, in power and works so strong,
Whom in my daies the Iewes oppresst with wrong,
Of which good *Christ* anon I haue to tell:
But first vnto *Augustus* what befell.

This noble Emprour did my mother wed
Which *Liuia* highte, a faire and noble dame:
His daughter *Iulia* likewise did bed,
And put away my wife of better fame
Agrippa great with child, the more my blame:
I was through this and th'Empresse *Liuias* skill,
Adopted Emprour by *Augustus* will.

When

When he was dead, then I *Tiberius* raign'd
Adopted thus, and for my noble acts,
I was both vnto warre and peace well train'd,
Th'Illyrians muſt confeſſe my famous facts:
In three yeares ſpace my power their pride ſubacts.
On them and Germanes triumpht neare and farre,
Saue Punike fight the greateſt Roman warre.

Now (for it was my hap a victour ſo
To Rome returne a yeare before his end)
Throughout the world the fame of me did go,
The Romans all to fauour me did bend.
To them *Auguſtus* did my warres commend,
Adopted me, and (as I ſaid) for this
The Romanes heapt on me all worldly bliſſe.

So when I had obtained my deſire,
Who then but *Ceſar*? I did rule alone:
By nature proud, preſuming to aſpire,
Diſſembling that which afterward was knowne.
For when the fathers mind to me was ſhowne,
Of their electing mine Emperiall place,
I ſeem'd to ſtay, refuſing it a ſpace.

And thus to proue my friends before I did,
And eke to heare what euery one would ſay,
Which was the cauſe why ſome I after rid,
The beſt'mongſt them I made as foes away.
By ſlaughter ſo I thought my throne to ſtay,
But otherwiſe then I had thought it fell,
As time doth trie the fruit of things full well.

Another griefe conceiu'd I will recite,
Which made me with the *Senate* diſcontent:
About that time did *Pontius Pilate* write
His letters how the *Iewes*, to maliee bent,
Had put to death one *Chriſt* full innocent,
The Sonne of God, of might, of power no leſſe,
Which roſe from death, as Chriſtians all confeſſe.
Thus wiſe he wrote:

PONTIVS

PONTIVS PILATE TO HIS LORD CLAVDIVS, wisheth health.

OF late it chanc'd, which I have proued well,
The Iewes through wrath by cruell enuie haue fell
Themselues, and all their offspring that ensue.
For when their fathers promise had that God
Would send to them from heauen the holy one,
That might deseruingly be nam'd their King,
And by a virgin him to th' earth to send.
Loe now when as the Hebrewes God was come,
And they him saw restore the blind to sight,
To cleanse the leapers, cure the palsies eke,
To cast fiends out of men, and raise the dead,
Command the winds, on sea with drie foote walke,
And many maruels great beside to do,
When all men called him the Sonne of God,
The Priests in enuie brought him vnto me,
And bringing many forged fained faults
Nam'd him a wisard, gainst their lawes to do:
Which I beleeuing whips him for the cause,
And gaue him vp to vse as they thought best.
They crucifi'd him, buried him, his tombe,
They kept three daies with souldiers stout: yet he
The third day rose againe, and came to life.
Which when they heard, they brib'd the souldiers all,
And bad them say, his corpes was stolne away.
The souldiers yet, when they the money had,
Could not the truth keepe silent of the fact:
For they did witnesse he did rise againe,
And of the Iewes, that they money taken had.
I write the truth; if any otherwise
Do bring report, account it but vaine lies.

The letters read, I did thereon conferre,
Both with the Fathers graue in high degree,
And with the nobles whereof Senate were
That chriſt in Rome as God might counted bee,
To which they only did not diſagree,
(Becauſe the letters came not firſt to them)
My edict did puniſh Chriſtens then.

To their accuſers threaten death I did,
Although *Seianus* from my pittie fell:
The Senate which the Chriſtians ſought to rid,
By me were after ſeru'd in order well.
For as Chriſts Godhead they would Rome expell,
And would not ſerue the God of meekeneſſe ſent,
To pot apace their hautie heads were pent.

I baniſht ſome, and ſome to death I put,
And foure and twentie Fathers graue I choſe:
From ſhoulders eke moſt of their heads I cut,
And left likewiſe aliue but twaine of thoſe.
Seianus I did ſlay, all *Druſus* deadly foes.
Ieke *Germanicus* with poyſon ſlew,
His ſonnes likewiſe, my poyſons force well knew.

The men that did *Iehouaes* ſonne refuſe,
The King of Iewes, the Lord of life and health,
Were gouern'd thus; *Tiberius* thus did vſe
The men that were the Gods in Commonwealth,
Forſaking ſo their heauenly ſauing health.
The Emprour I which ſhould their liues defend,
Sought all the meanes to bring their liues to end.

Yet to religion I was nothing bent,
Diſſembled things that leaſt I fauour'd ſtill:
I neuer vſde to ſpeake the things I ment,
But bare in mind the waies to worke men ill.
I ſeem'd to ſome to beare them great good will,
And thoſe I tooke away as time did ſerue,
Inconſtant vnto each, yet ſeldome ſeem'd to ſwerue.

To drunkennesse and riot, sports and play,
And pleasure all I gaue my youthe then vnto,
Nought more then subtill shiftings did me please,
With bloodshed, crueltie, vnder-mining wiles.
My Court was like a Lions lurking denne,
The lesters nam'd me *Caligula Biberius Mero*,
In stead of this my name, *Claudius Tiberius Nero*.

I will no more my life describe this time,
For why, my facts at last deserv'd defame,
Infected with so many a filthie crime,
As may not heere repeated be for shame:
I haue no cause the Cradle blame to blame,
But mine owne selfe, who did abuse my place,
Which might full well haue vs'de the gifts of grace.

Three things in fine I tell, that wrought my fall,
First vile dissembling both with God and man,
For bloodshed then, which stucke to me of all,
Blood cries to him that well reuenge it can.
For filthie life I much offended than,
Wherefore aliue thus poysoned with these three,
Caligula at last did poyson me.

To Princes this I say, and worthie Peeres,
I wish them wisely weigh that heare me shall,
And poise my first exploits with latter yeeres,
And well consider one thing in my fall:
'Abuse of power abaseth Princes all.
In throne on earth, a Prince as God doth sit,
And as a God no iniustice should omit.

HOW

HOW CAIVS CÆSAR CALIGVLA EMPEROVR OF Rome was slaine by *Cheres* and others, *the yeare of Christ*, 42.

VNhappie Princes haue in wealth no grace,
To see how soone their vices bring them vnder,
But run vnruly, reckelesse of their race,
Till at the length they make themselues a wonder,
When from aloft their traces fall asonder,
There is no hope to hold aright the trace:
They cannot keepe aloft th'Emperiall place.

Beholde my hap, on whom the Romane rout
With ioy did gaze, when bloudy slaine I lay.
Here lies (quoth they) thrust thirtie times throughout,
The monster vile, that beast *Caligula*,
Which did so many guiltlesse Romanes slay.
The nobles now the matrons need not doubt,
The worthy writers may their works set out.

I was (I grant) full leaudly led by lust,
I forced nought of vertue, faith, nor law:
In power I put my confidence and trust,
Regarding right nor Iustice strict a straw.
My facts infarst my life with many a flawe,
Did me to deedes of soule lust incest draw:
Which had of God nor natures hests the awe.

To make my selfe a God I did deuise,
That *Iupiter* to name my selfe did dare,
For incests vile, which all good wights despise,
Nam'd *Bacchus* eke a drunken shrine I bare.
To all me God some flatterers did not spare,
By message I commanded them likewise
My statue in the Temple to comprise.

I would not haue my slaughters here enrolde,
And murdrous mischiefues mingled with the rest,
Without regard of sexe, of yong or olde,
For which the Romanes did my life detest.
To vices vile my deedes were all addrest:
Which mine owne seruants loathing at the last
With their owne hands my timelesse death did hast.

My life was naught, and thus at last I dide,
My life procur'd both Gods and men my foes:
Let Princes then beware of pompe and pride,
And not themselues to vices such dispose.
The throne will soone a Princely minde disclose,
The tyrants heart at once in throne is tride:
The Princely robe no tyrant thoughts can hide.

HOW GVIDERIVS KING of Britaine, and the elder son of *Cimbalin* was slaine in battaile by a Romane, the yeare of Christ, 44. or as some write, 46.

TAke, *Higgins*, now in hand thy pen for me,
Let not my death and story lie forgotten:
Good cause there is I should remembred be,
If thou the falles of Britaine Princes note.
Aloft I sate in Princely place aloote,
I had the sword, I bare the scepter right:
I was accounted aye a worthy wight.

Guiderius was my name, the sonne of yore
Of noble *Cimbalius*, and after King:
The Romane tribute I would pay no more,
Me thought it was too base a seruile thing.
No Romane should me in subiection bring,
I stoutly did deny what they did claime,
Though many counseld me to yeeld the same.

When *Claudius* ſent this tribute for to haue,
I ſent him word againe, I would not pay:
I would not graunt, vniuſtly he did craue,
That might in time procure my Realmes decay:
He ſhould not beare our freedome ſo away:
By force and fraude proud *Cæſar* heere did raigne,
But now by might my right I would maintaine.

On this addreſt himſelfe in warlike ſort,
The noble *Claudius* came to trie the caſe:
Which had before receiued high report,
Both of my wealth, my force, and noble grace.
So thinking well he might my fame deface,
From Rome he came to Britaine with his hoaſt,
And landed here vpon my Southerne coaſt.

Now marke my tale, and hereby ſhalt thou know
The ſubtill ſleights of Romanes in their war:
The ſlie deceits of ſuch doe make a ſhow,
Whereby to trie the people what they are.
Note well ſuch foes in dealing neere and far,
Amidſt the field, in ſcoue, or fight alone:
Of all the reſt example take by one.

Amongſt his men, a Captaine ſtout he had,
With whom in fight I made my party good:
Hamonius men him cal'd, who for his blade
In ſingle fight ſo often I withſtood:
At laſt did worke a wile to ſhed my blood,
He clad himſelfe as he a Britaine weare,
Like armour, ſword, and target did he beare.

He marcht with vs as he a friend had been,
And when we came to fight he ſhew'd a face
Of comfort and bold courage gainſt his men:
And when they fled, and we purſu'd the chace,
Purſue (quoth he) the Romans flie apace,
In Britiſh tongue he cride, they flie, they flie,
Our hoſtages had taught him ſo to crie.

As we perfude, in me he thrust his blade,
Betweene my armour splints he gaue the wound;
And fast away for life to shift he made,
Thus by deceits my life hee did confound.
Of my decay this was the fatall ground:
Which thou must pen, that I a miror be
For men to shun the slights of trecherie.

HOW LÆLIVS HAMO THE ROMANE CAPTAINE was slaine, after the slaughter of Guiderius, *about the yeare of Christ, 46.*

A Romane Captaine I in Britaine armour clad,
Disguisde therfore, in field did slay their noble King.
I ventred in their host, and I my purpose had;
To venture so for Countries sake a worthy thing.
But whoso weenes to win by slaughter high renowne,
Hath often times the fate, to fall by slaughter downe.

Euen so my selfe that slew, short time my ioyes did last,
In flight I taken was, and hewde in pieces small,
Which downe the cleeues they did into the waters cast,
And by my name as yet the hauen and harbor call.
Who thinkes by slaughters praise, to winne immortall fame
By treason vile, defames: & shrowding sheete of shame.

HOW CLAVDIVS TIBERIVS DRVSVS EMPEROVR of Rome, was poiſoned by his wife *Agrippina*, *The yeare of Chriſt*, 56.

MAy not the people well, that fortune fauours fooles?
So well they ſay, I thinke, which name her beetle blind.
I need not tell thee heere what I haue learn'd at ſchooles,
But may by proofe expreſſe the madneſſe of my mind.
My mother by her prouerbs me a foole defin'd,
Which often ſaid when any fooliſhly had done:
In faith you are as wiſe as *Claudius* my ſonne.

It pleaſed her not only ſo to name me ſot,
But alſo me in ire a monſter oft ſhe nam'd,
Vnperfect all, begun by nature, but begot
Not abſolute, not well, nor fully compleat fram'd.
Sith thus my mother oft in anger me defam'd,
What meant the men of Rome, which ſo elected me,
A foole, a monſter ſoule, their gouernour to be?

Th'Emperiall blood and high deſcent was partly cauſe,
That I (vnfit therefore) attain'd the ſupreame throne:
And yet the bloodie Senate tooke a while the pauſe,
Determining in mind t'aboliſh euery one
Of *Cæſars* ancient linage, as their mortall fone.
For why they could, they thought, receiue no quiet reſt,
But ſtill by our proud raigne were cruelly oppreſt.

The ſouldiers which me found where I my ſelfe had hid,
Loe from a place obſcure, vnfit for *Cæſars* grace,
They brought me forth by force, there me proclaime they did,
Becauſe I ſeem'd in heart much meekeneſſe to embrace,
And could diſſemble eke t'obtaine th'Emperiall place,
Whereby the warriers ſtout were vnto me inclinde,
Suppoſing I was meeke, and of a gentle minde.

The wilie wolfe that seekes to slay the silly sheepe,
Doth faine himselfe oft times to beare a simple eye:
The craftie fox likewise would take of lambes the keepe,
If that he do perceiue the mastiue lying by:
The Crocodile in Nile will faine to weepe and crie:
But if the sheepe, her yong, or wandring man be caught:
Wolfe, Foxe, and Crocodile, haue euen the prey they sought.

So I could wisely faine, as though I did refuse
To take the Empires sway, a charge for me too great,
But well in mind I wist, if th'armie did me chuse,
The Senate could not me by force thereof defeate:
They had no power to stay me from the hautie seate.
Thus though I seem'd at first so simple, meeke and plaine:
Yet was I subtill, slie, and glad of glorie vaine.

But after I was thron'd, I gaue my selfe to ease,
To wine, to women eke, to sport, and bellie chere,
And fooliſh fearefull was, my wife for to displease
Who *Messalina* hight, whose manners homely were.
She made not only me the cuckolds horne to beare,
But also did allure good matrons vnto vice,
And virgins chast to sinne, or made them pay the price.

For if that either they did seeme t'abhor the fact,
Or if that men with her adulterate would not be,
Some famous crime was faln'd or else some hainous act,
For which not they nor theirs from slaughter could be free.
My houshold seruants were prefer'd in place by me,
Their wealth was more then mine: the prouerbe went as tho,
"I need no treasure want, if I would please my men.

On this I caused her for to be made away,
And made a vow no more with women for to wed,
Because my vicious wiues sought either me to slay,
Or else with whoredome vile to violate my bed.
But blind at length with folly from my vow I fled,
And *Agrippina* hight my brothers daughter braue
Incestuously I chose, for spoused wife to haue.

So leading then my life in ſloth and [illegible]
I gaue my ſelfe to riot, drinking, cards and dice:
And I ſo skilfull was by practiſe growne therein,
That I of dicing arte did write a worke of Price.
This may full well declare if I were graue and wiſe.
Growne old in all my deeds ſo credulous was I,
That in each doubtfull place I had ſome ſecret ſpie.

So bloodie was I growne, that euery light offence
Was cauſe enough to take away th'offenders life:
I ſo forgetfull was, and ſuch my negligence,
I would enquire for thoſe that cauſde my former griefe
For *Meſſalina* faire, of late my wanton wife:
Eke for ſuch others dead I would enquire againe,
As I in rage before commanded to be ſlaine.

I fondly did extoll the meaner ſort of men,
Adorning their degrees with titles of eſtate,
Euen ſuch as ſeruants were and ſeru'd my diet then,
Amongſt the ancient men in Senate often ſate,
For which the Romans me vnto the death did hate.
And for the cruell deeds and beaſtly life I lead,
Full often times they wiſht that I their Prince were dead.

My *Agrippine* perſwaded me t'adopt her hopefull ſonne,
That after my deceaſe the Empire he might haue:
Which when too ſoone at length I had vnwiſely donne
At her vniuſt requeſt, as ſhe the ſame did craue:
In recompence to me ſhe deadly poyſon gaue,
Whereof at laſt I di'd: this was my life and end:
Which as a mirour heere to thee I do commend.

HOW THE EMPEROVR DOMITIVS NERO LIVED

wickedly and tyrannously, and in the end *miserablie slew himselfe, the yeare of Christ*, 70.

MVst I that lead so loose a life speake heere,
Amongst the wreckes whom Fortunes tempests tost?
Well, then I see I must, the case is cleere,
But blame I must my onely selfe therefore.
I am that *Nero* rule in Rome that bore,
My mother *Agrippine* so wrought for me,
Her husband poisned, I might Emprour be.

A while I gaue my selfe to gouerne well,
As *Senec* graue instructed me thereto:
But after, I to shameleſſe dealings fell,
At randome liu'd in lust as Lechers doe,
To slaughters fell, of friends and kinred too,
Not sparing those in fleshly lusts desire,
Whom natures impes dumb beasts will not require.

A shame it were to tell my hatefull life:
But he that wanted shame, whose face was brasse,
That spared neither men, maide, virgine, wife,
Not mother, sister, kind, nor kin that was:
Whose facts both care and shame did alwaies passe:
What should he shame to do, speake, think, or say,
Which all his life cast bashfull shame away?

For wantonneſſe, I past the filthie flues:
For gluttonie, I had no where my peere:
No kind of crueltie but I did vse,
No wickednesse from which my life was cleere,
My pride did passe them all, both far and neere,
Against the trade of kinde in shameleſſe life,
One man had me for bride and for bride-wife.

With golden nets in riot I would fish.
And purple lines to draw my nets I had:
I vsed eke for pleasures many a dish,
And was with nought but lust and mischiefe glad.
Though these things made the Romans hearts full sad,
They durst not speake: for whoso did complaine,
Without respect or sentence more, was slaine.

For pleasures sake to see the flames arise,
I causde that Rome should then on fire be set:
And for to feede therewith my gazing eyes,
On high Mæcenas Tower to stand I get.
So, sixe daies fire and seuen nights waste I let,
And sang there while, beholding it with ioy,
The Iliades sweet of Grecians burning Troy.

Then I restrain'd that no man should resort
To the ruines great, when as the fire was past:
Nor should therefrom the reliques left transport,
But to my selfe reseru'd them all at last.
The Merchants causeless from their goods I cast,
And Senatours depriu'd of all they had,
Some slaine, the rest with life to scape were glad.

Still out the sword to slay all sorts I drew,
My mother could not scape amongst them free:
My brother deare, and sisters eke I slew,
And of my wiues likewise a two or three.
My kinsmen eke I kil'd of each degree,
Reioycing in so heinous bloodshed still,
Nought else with *Nero* then but, kill, them kill.

And for that *Seneca* me counsaile gaue
(My tutour good in youth) to leaue my vice,
I bad him choose what death him lik'd to haue,
Which now should pay, for then, my stripes the price.
In water warme to stand was his deuice,
And there to bleede a milde and gentle death:
Euen so I causde them reaue his vitall breath.

So

So with almightie *Iesu* I gat no waire,
The Christians good I did torment and slay:
Commanding all my subiects neere and farre,
Their liues and goods to spoile and take away.
Which they accomplisht straight without delay:
Both *Paul* and *Peter* Christs disciples twaine,
Th'Apostles, both by mine edict were slaine.

But what endureth long that's violent?
The thunder seemes some time to teare the skies,
At seas full oft the stormes are vehement,
To cloudes aloft the waues and waters rise,
Soone after th'aire is cleare, the water lies:
Experience and the prouerbs olde doe showe,
'Each storme will haue his calme, each tide his flowe.

For when I went for to destroy the state,
And all the Romanes noble fame t'obscure:
The Senate all, and people did me hate,
And sought which way they might my death procure.
Mine outrage they no longer could endure,
They me proclaimd a foe to publique weale,
To saue my selfe away by night I steale.

The iudgement was, such foes should pillered be
By necke, in forke made fast full sure to bide:
And should with rods so long there beaten be,
Vntill therewith the wofull caytiues dide:
From this correction therefore fast I hide,
From *Galba* then proclaimed Emprour new,
For feare of death, by deeds deserued due.

By night (I say) forsaken quite, I fled,
And *Sporus* th'Eunuch most impure likewise,
With others three, like filthy life that led.
To slay my selfe I desperate then deuise,
Whom all the world did so for sinne despise:
And thirsting sore in flight, full faine I dranke
The waters foule, which in the ditches stanke.

At my requeſt my friends would me not kill:
Haue I (quoth I) no foe, nor yet no friend,
To reaue me from this feare of conſcience ill?
Will no man make of *Nero* yet an end?
With that my breſt to point of ſword I bend,
With trembling hand, which *Sporus* holpe to ſtay,
And on the ſame my ſelfe aſſai'd to ſlay.

With that, of *Galbaes* ſeruants one drew nie
With fained cheere, as though he helpe me would:
Too late you come, call you this helpe (quoth I)?
Is this the friendſhip firme and faith you hold?
My life was filthie, vile for to behold,
My death more vile, more filthie I depare:
So mine owne ſword I ran quite through my hare.

HOW SERGIVS GALBA THE EMPEROVR OF ROME (giuen to ſlaughter, ambition, and gluttonie) *was ſlaine by the ſouldiers, the yeare of Chriſt, 71.*

AMongſt the hautie Emprours downe that fell,
I *Sergius Galba* may be placed heere:
Where who ſo ſees and markes my dealings well,
To him may ſoone the fruits of fraud appeare.
All murders great are bought with price full deare,
Foule ſlaughters done, procure as foule a fall,
As he deſerues that workes the wofull thrall.

In Rome ſometime I Pretour choſen was,
And then obtain'd of Spaine the Prouince faire:
To gouerne there, I brought by friends to paſſe,
In hope to be the Emprour *Neroes* heire,
For when the Romans did of him deſpaire,
So bent at home to ſlaughter, luſt and vice,
By warres abroad I wan the praiſe and price.

To

To get the ſouldiers fauour I tooke paine,
For in the Empriure choice they gaue the ſtroke:
I therefore ſought ſome ſpoiles for them to gaine,
Though thereby oft the Lawes of armes I broke.
But who may words or actions done reuoke?
The ſtaine abides, where euill ſtrikes the good,
And vengeance wrecks the waſte of guiltleſſe bloud.

In Luſitania while that time I lay,
I cauſde the people there aſſemble ſhould,
Reporting I had ſomwhat for to ſay,
Which in effect procure them profit would:
To which they came as many neere as could,
Full thirtie thouſand, thinking nought of ill:
All which I cauſde the ſouldiers there to kill.

I ſought by death to poſt proud *Nero* hence,
Not for his vicious life, but for his place:
Although his vice, were made the chiefe pretence,
Whom all good men accounted void of grace.
But yet I could not ſtay ſo long a ſpace:
I cauſde in Spaine the ſouldiers me proclame,
Which ſtraight they did, and gaue me *Cæſars* name.

To Rome I hide, and *Nero* gate him thence,
He ſtole away for feare of ſentence paſt,
A publique foe proclaim'd for negligence,
For ſlaughters done, for fire of Rome the waſte:
Eke for becauſe he was of me agaſt
He ſlew himſelfe, before my man could take,
Which ſlaughter elſe my ſeruants ſhame had done.

When I my maſter thus ſubuerted had,
The Romanes eke began miſlike with mee,
They ſaid I was ambitious, nigh ſo bad
And cruell, giuen to pride and gluttony.
How I was ruled all by Eunuches three,
Cornelius, Iulius, Celius, for the Scare
My ſchoolemaſters, for which they did me hate.

And Sluttish *Otho* fought the Empire then,
That vicious beast, and coward varlet vile:
He dealt by gifts so with mine armed men,
That factions rose in campe within a while,
Which when I came them for to reconcile,
To Curtius lake, neere which the same lay,
Of *Silvius* friends the Souldiers did me slay.

Smoke off my head, and bare it to my foe,
Who causde it should be set vpon a speare:
So through the campe they bare it to and fro,
Saluting it, now dead, a sort there were,
Which late thereof, aliue, did doubt and feare.
O *Galba*, to full dales the Gods thee giue,
God send thee *Galba* well long time to liue.

This was the guerdon of my hautie pride,
To haue mine head thus wife emold aloft:
Thus I the gaines of hasty climing tride,
To lese mine head, and after haue it scoft:
A thing indeed that chaunceth wonders oft.
Who thinkes that gorie is sweet by sheading blood,
In purple gore oft yeelds like gainfull good.

HOW THE VICIOVS SILVIVS OTHO EMPEROVR OF Rome slew himselfe, the yeare of *Christ*, 71.

Like will to like (for so the Prouerbe sales)
Such are the men, as those with whom they vse:
The Goate with Goate together is alwaies,
The Wolfe to Wolfe no friendship doth refuse,
The crafty Fox the Fox for friend doth chuse,
And euery liuing creature holds his kinde,
As well the shapeus qualities of minde.

And yet all men that come in company,
Are not indu'd with qualities alike:
One loues soft musick and sweet melodie,
Another is perhaps Melancholike,
Another sumish is and Cholerike,
Another dull and sottish in his sence,
And all (in some what) full of negligence.

Now then Complexion is somewhat in case,
Concerning chiefe the disposition:
But yet the learned writers haue a place,
That manners alter our Complexion.
So some say also of correction.
And sure I thinke if that they say be true,
I after was the worse for *Neroes* crue.

His Courtisane brought me in fauour first,
Into his Court and fellowship I came:
To me recount his villanies he dirst,
Not fit to tell, he thought which had no shame.
I will no more recite of his defame:
The day was curst to me which brought me in,
At *Neroes* house, such infamy to win.

But yet another did me more infect,
Seleucus scene in Mathematiques well:
He of my birth a figure did erect,
Of many haps and chaunces he did tell:
Incited me gainst *Galba* to rebell,
With warrant if I would inuade the throne,
I might aloft with Scepter sit alone.

To seeke reuenge for *Neroes* death likewise,
Incited me his enemy to kill:
Then with my Souldiers all I did deuise,
The way t'accomplish mine endeuour still,
Whom well I might perswade almost to any ill.
Eke so indeed the Souldiers did him slay,
And brought to me his head with them away.

I ranſed them to ſet it on a ſpeare,
About the Campe to beare it as a ſhowe,
To put the reſt mine enemies in feare:
So they before their puniſhment might know.
Great gifts amongſt the Souldiers I beſtow,
Wherewith they all in campe with one aſſent,
To chuſe me for their *Cæſar*, were content.

But now to holde it faſt a worke of skill,
I caſt about and many waies did trie
With prudent forecaſt to preuent all ill:
Nec minor eſt virtus, quàm quærere, parta tueri.
The hautie ſeate hath many a greedy eye.
The election was miſlikte, and in ſhort ſpace,
Vitellius ſought to vndermine my grace.

In armes we were, and he me battaile gaue,
Firſt at Placentia, where I had the foile:
From Bebriacke by force he next me draue,
And did mine army vanquiſh quite, and ſpoile.
There I not able farder to recoile,
Deſpairing quite, I wiſt to flie no way,
As *Nero* earſt, with ſword my ſelfe I ſlay.

HOW AVLVS VITEL-LIVS EMPEROVR OF ROME, came to an infortunate end: the yeare of Chriſt, 71.

TO tread the ſtaire to ſtate, who takes in hand,
And thereon enters firſt, by bribes or blood:
On ſlippery ground he cannot firmely ſtand,
Ne firſt is he, his hold is nothing good.
Though hee knew earſt, how firme on ground he ſtood,
And thinke to fixe his ſeate with better hold:
He cannot ſcape yet ſcotfree vncontrold.

To

To see before his face, the fall of [illegible]
As climbe vp so, and cannot yet take heed,
But muſt of force th'imperiall title ſeek,
Wherein ſo many dangers of danger breed:
A point of peeuiſh pride, a rage indeed
By blindneſſe blunt, a fottiſh ſweame he ſeeles:
With ioyes bereft, when death is hard at heeles.

Hence Fortune well tooke name, accounted blind,
Becauſe men fortunat, vnſtidy ſee:
To pleaſures ſweet, and honors all enclin'd,
Without reſpect the moſt addicted bee,
Regarding nought but titles of degree,
Whereby miſhaps, infortunes of their race,
In high proſpects, of view can take no place.

This blindneſſe is not of the eyes alone,
But of the mind, a dimneſſe and a miſt:
For when they ſhift to ſit in hautie throne
With hope to rule the ſeptre as they liſt,
Ther's no regard nor feare of had-I-wiſt,
The preſent pleaſure, glorie, wealth, and ioy
Bereaues their gaze, the feare of all annoy.

The trade of men is ſuch, too late th'are wiſe,
Too late they know which way miſhappes fell.
At firſt the Phrygians counſell did deſpiſe,
At laſt they knew the way t'haue holpe it well,
When Grecians did their noble Princes quell,
Had ſhe'd and ſlackt their towne of worthie fame,
Then they too late knew how t'haue ſau'd the ſame.

Our *Ceſar* ſaw too late his cauſe of fall,
And *Druſus* poiſned, had a fortune ill:
Domitius Nero knew moſt of all,
Like *Galba*, when his mother ſlaughter'd ſtill:
[illegible]
And *Vitellius* may affirme with theſe,
I had verum, Sed ſapiens Phrygas.

We all aſſaild, and gate the throne by ſword,
So each wee ſaw how they before vs ſped:
The only fruite which treaſon hath t'afford,
Is loſſe of pleaſures, goods, lands, life or head.
The gaine we get, ſtands vs ſmall time in ſtead:
The Fame we craue, becomes defame and ſhame,
And ruſts for aie, deuouring our good name.

Of ſlaughters mine what neede I here deſcry,
Or how the Romanes reſt away my life?
When I ſeuen monthes had raigned wickedly,
Which entred in by bloud and ciuill ſtrife.
But this I find too late a ſequell rife,
Who takes by ſword from Prince the ſcepters guide,
By ſword from him the ſcepter ſo ſhall ſlide.

LONDRICVS THE Pict, ſlaine by King *Marius* of Britaine, about the 80. yeare of *Chriſt*.

FOrtune was wont in ſtate to lift her children high,
And giue thē kingdomes great, & conqueſts at her will,
And place thē, as they thought, aboue ỹ gods welnigh.
She blindly leades them forth, as is her cuſtome ſtill,
With pleaſures all a while, ſhe doth their fancies fill,
And at the laſt doth let them fall adowne againe.
Shee ſets aloft, and pulles them downe with might and maine.

When we the glory ſee of thoſe that haue renowne,
We are enflamed ſtraight, the like attempts to make:
But when we ſee miſchance againe to driue them downe,
We are not able yet example there to take.
The ſtormes of enuie blacke the hautieſt houſen ſhake,
The baſeſt ſort contend, with all their force t'aſpire:
The meaner perſons eke, the loftie roomes require.

Amongſt the ſtates of men beſt is the meaner ſort,
And golden meane is beſt in euery trade of life:
For though a mightie man doe keepe a ſtately port,
And yet with men as great doe daily liue in ſtrife,
His pleaſure is but paine, and all his ioy but griefe,
When we not with our own contented can abide,
With auarice we clime, but fall againe with pride.

So though a noble borne could get an higher ſeate
By conqueſt, or by weale, by fauour or by fight,
And would from mightie *Ioue* his petegree repeate,
Yet ought he not aduance himſelfe aboue his height,
He ought not make a claime to that he hath no right,
Or truſt to Fortune ſo (although ſhe ſeeme to ſmile)
As though ſhe did not turne her ſelfe within a while.

When with my Picts I came firſt to the Scotiſh ſhore,
I bare my ſelfe in hand that I could Britaine win,
Becauſe that Scythes of whom I came had won before
Right many noble Realmes, which they had entred in:
Yet I no ſooner could my conqueſt here begin,
But ſtraight King *Maurus* came with all his warlike band,
And met with me and mine in fruitfull Weſtmerland.

I truſted ſure that Fortune would me guide ſo well
As ſhe before had done, in battailes whilome fought:
But proofe doth teach me now the certaine truth to tell,
What I by Fortune falſe with death ſo dearely bought.
Whom ſhe ſometimes ſets vp, ſhe bringeth ſoone to nought.
As I that thought this land from Britaines to regaine,
In field with all my Picts were vanquiſhed and ſlaine.

T'is folly or the end, for men to praiſe their chaunce,
Or brag what luck they haue, or tell their happie fate,
Or boaſt how Lady Fortune doth their deedes aduance:
For vnto change of chaunce ſubiected is their ſtate:
Whom firſt ſhe loues, ſhe afterward doth hate,
She flings them headlong downe, whom erſt ſhe made excell,
She makes them bare and poore, whom ſhe enriched well.

HOW SEVERVS THE EMPEROR

of Rome and gouernour of Britaine was slaine at Yorke, *fighting against the Picts, about the yeare after Christ,* 206. *after others,* 213.

THe stay of stately throne is nothing sure,
Where great estates on bribes or bloodshed build;
As *Didius Iulian* put for proofe in vre,
Th'Emperiall seate he bought, and soone was kild.
So *Niger* after him assaide the same,
Albinus then, from Britaine armed came.

These three stood in my way to high estate,
Which I sore thirsted for, but yet at last
I made therto, by bloudshed bold, a gate,
And vnresisted to the throne I past.
The souldiers *Iulian* slew, for insufficient pay;
My seruants eke at Antioch *Niger* slay.

Then was my seate, me thought, assur'd to bide,
There could no tempest teare my sailes adowne:
No shower could cause my fixed foote to slide,
Nor vndercreeper take from me the Crowne,
Which had the guide of all Europaes might,
He needed not to feare the force of fight.

Encouraged with loue of lasting fame,
I entred with an armie into th'East,
Armenia can full well report the same,
Whereas my warlike glory first increast.
Anguras I subdue by fight the noble King,
And did his sonnes to Rome for hostage bring.

Arabia fœlix felt my force likewise,
Although those warres had not so good successe:
Yet made I them with bowes (goood archers) rise,
Or else they had ben driuen to greate distresse.
Their shafts from Arras shot, made vs to smart,
They poysoned of my men by policie and art.

To Parthia thence, against the law of armes,
We gate, forgot the truce before was plight:
And when occasion fit we found to worke our harmes,
King *Artabane* we did subdue in fight.
With fire and sword we brent, and spoil'd his land,
Tooke captiues, slew his men that did withstand.

To Rome I came, and caused mappes be drawne
Of iournies mine, by land and seas the plats:
Not erst before such expedition sawne,
Nor of those Countries seene so perfect maps.
The world did wonder at my heapes of haps,
Rome honourd mee with triumphs when I came,
They vnto me of Parthique gaue to name.

But when can princes best assure themselues?
What state without the stormes of strife doth stand?
What barke beares saile in tempest on the shelues?
What blisse abides and lasts, by sea or land?
Who takes to raigne the scepter in his hand,
Islike to him, in sterne to stirre that sits,
Commanding all the rest, their race he sits.

For while that I abroad for glorie hunt,
My sonnes at home in pleasures spent the time:
And as their father erst before was wont,
Endeuourd how aloft they both might clime.
The elder fierce and cruell *Antonine*,
The yonger *Geta* far more milde then hee,
Could not at any time in peace agree.

So I endeuoured to appeaze the strife,
But nought at all I could therein preuaile:
This made me woe and weary of my life,
Which erst so many Kingdomes did assaile.
I had the hap vnto mine enmies force to quaile,
To rule the Romanes well, and all the rest:
But for to rule my sonnes, I was vnblest.

Perce

Perceiuing then ſome perſons leaud there were,
Which counſell'd oft my ſonnes embracing vice,
(As ſtill is ſeene in Court enueiglers are,
Procurers of deſpite, and auarice,
That flattery hold for gaine a gift of price)
I cauſde be put to death thoſe Thraſoes vile,
And ſome were ſent or baniſht to exile.

My elder ſonne did thinke my life too long,
The yonger lou'd the elders life as ill:
They ſtudied both to make their parties ſtrong,
Which griefe my griped heart well neere did kill.
Such are the miſchiefes of the ſtately ſtill.
In Britaine eke the Picts rebelling roſe,
Some Britaines there became our ſecret foes.

Firſt to be abſent from the force at home,
And partly greater glorie to attaine,
My wicked children ſought my death in Rome,
But chiefely *Antonine* tooke herein paine,
I ſhould by guard or Phyſicke drugs be ſlaine,
That by my death the Empire he might ſway,
T'obtaine the ſame he often gaue th aſſay.

Yet no man would accompliſh his intent,
For my Phyſitions bare me loyall hearts:
My ſeruants eke full true no treaſon ment,
But plai'd in each reſpect their faithfull parts.
They knew themſelues ſo bound by due deſerts,
They ought not, ſeruants, ſuch a Lord betray,
That gaue ſo great rewards and gifts alway.

To Britaine ouer ſeas from Rome went I,
To quaſſe the Picts that ruffled in that Ile:
And tame the ſtout that tribute did denie,
Which were withheld from Romans there a while,
And to be abſent from my ſonnes ſo vile.
But ſee what haps befall vs in the end,
Which ſo in throne to raigne alone contend:

For when I was to Britaine come a land,
Where people float, vnsetled vnmanurde dwelt:
Although once *Cæsar* Fortunes fauour fand,
That erst before their valiant valour felt:
I found the people nothing prest to pelf,
To yeeld, or hostage giue, or tributes pay,
Or couenants to accept, or featefully to stay.

They said that we did tributes sore exact,
Whereby their Isle impouerisht greatly was:
The Picts likewise them rob'd, and spoil'd, and sackt,
Whereof the Romans seemed nought to pas.
We ought (they said) to tame the Galloglasse,
The ranging Scythian Pict that them did spoile,
If we would reape our tribute of their toile.

On which at length, I did conclude a peace,
And ioyn'd in league with them against the Pict:
But yet the wilfull people did not cease,
My Britaines good by inroads to afflict:
Whereon to wall them out I made edict,
Long fix score miles and twelue, the banke I made
From sea to sea, that Picts should not inuade.

By helpe of this, I chaste the Picts away,
And drawe them into Albany to dwell:
Whereon *Fulgentius* stoue without delay
To Scythia sail'd, and there his chance did tell:
And with an host of Picts appointed well,
He did returne with speed to Britaine strand:
(That time I lay by North to guide the land)

At length to Yorke with all his host he came,
Besieging it full sharpe assaults he gaue:
Where I likewise for to defend the same,
And from our foes the castell good to saue
Came with my power, as destinies ordaine:
But in that field it was my chance to fall,
I tooke my deadly wound, there ended all.

The Scythian eke receiu'd a deadly wound,
Which came to conquer vs, and left his feeld:
Thus fortune fares her children to confound,
Which on her wheele their baſiles brauely beeld.
Let noble Princes then to reaſon yeeld,
The dainefull Ladie daintie and demure,
Dame Fortunes fauour fickle and vnſure.

Some ſay that I return'd to Rome againe,
Sore troubled with the gout, deſiring death:
And that I would haue taken poiſon faine,
Which me deni'd, to reaue my vitall breath.
I tooke a ſurfet great, which wrought my death.
The Britaines ſay, at Yorke my bones do lie,
The Romans ſay at Rome in Italie.

But this I wiſh, all noble wights to view
How I by ſlaughter gate the throne at firſt,
My ſouldiers noble men for Empire ſlew,
This way to riſe, of all I proued worſt:
For why, his hand of gods and men is curſt,
To riſe aloft that layes the ground with blood:
The ſtates of ſuch vnſtable ſtill haue ſtood.

HOW FVLGENTIVS A SCYTHIAN, OR PICT, WAS ſlaine at the ſeige of Yorke, about the yeare of Chriſt, 206. or 213.

I Am that valiant Scythian Prince the Pict,
That vanquiſht oft the Britaines in this Ile:
Againſt the noble Romans power I kickt,
And kept them play in Britaine both long while,
I forſt them make a wall an hundred mile,
From ſea to ſea, with towers to keepe me out,
Which of vs Picts did daily ſtand in doubt.

Our ancient race (as I can ſhew with skill)
Had right by due deſcent to claime this land,
Of which repeate ſome proofe therefore I will,
That ſo thou maiſt our title vnderſtand.
When all mankind felt *Ioues* almightie hand,
That drencht all nations quite, for their foule ſin,
Then ſtraight in Scythia did the world begin.

Th'Egyptians hold forſooth that they reſtord
The world againe; but, how vnlikely, ſoe?
For Scythiaes ſite is high as all accord,
From vs the fountaines great'ſt deriued bee.
The ancient writers all likewiſe agree
That on Armenia mount the Arke did reſt,
Till *Ioue* againe the earth with drowth addreſt.

But they alledge againe their Zone is milde,
And fertill, temperate, meete to foſter men:
Our Scythian hilles (they ſay) are frоſtie, wilde,
Which cannot breed but rider people then.
To which I may well anſwere make agen,
As God did make the Zones hot, milde, and cold,
So did he make like men the ſame to hold.

They ſay we are nigh neighbours to the Pole,
Or frozen point: more neere the fire are they:
Whatpoyſons breed with them, and Lybians ſole
In parching ſands the writers wiſe diſplay.
Can nature frame mankind more deepe decay?
Where parching heat, where ſerpents vglie breed,
Is no fit clime, whence man ſhould firſt proceed.

But now Ile tell why Scythians ſhould poſſeſſe
This noble Ile: firſt, Lord *Neptune* gaue
The Iſlands to his ſonnes, both more and leſſe,
Eke *Albion* firſt of all this Ile ſhould haue:
He not with this content, the Firme did craue.
Wherefore in France him *Hercules* diſpatcht,
When as he would a Kingdome there haue catcht.

Now as from *Noah* (of Scythia) by deſcent,
Downe vnto *Albions* time they held the land:
From Scythe to Scythian as of right it went,
And after him no Scythian Prince it fand,
When as vſurpers tooke the raigne in hand,
Was it not reaſon we ſhould vndertake,
This noble Realme our owne againe to make?

The Romans this deny, but euen themſelues likewiſe
(If they from vertue ſtray, as they do vſe,
And do *Iehouaes* lawes and heſts deſpiſe,
And right, and truth, and iuſtice ſo refuſe)
Shall find how much their Scepter they miſuſe.
The Scythian ſhall their loftie ſeate aſſaile,
The Prince of Picts againſt them ſhall preuaile.

But of Proud Romes *Seuerus* now I tell,
When he the wall had made to keepe me out,
To Scythia hence I fail'd, and ſtor'd me well
With men, munition good, a warlike rout,
Of youthfull Picts full ſtrong in armour ſtout
A Nauie good I brought, and taking land,
Of ſtately Yorke I tooke the ſiege in hand.

The Emperour great *Seuerus Parthique* proud,
With Romans, Galles, and Britaine ſouldiers came:
To make me raiſe the ſiege of Yorke he vow'd,
And I likewiſe to win and race the ſame.
To win the prize we both our armies frame:
But he was ſlie, his ſouldiers skilfull train'd,
My men to flie by ambuſh, he conſtrain'd.

Againe to fight we fell afreſh, the battell grew,
About I brought my wings, and now they ſound
Tantara teares alarme, the fluits fight, fight anew,
And there a while the Romans fell to ground.
The cries and ſhouts of men to skies reſound,
They fall, fall, flie, the fluits; downe downe the droms do crie:
Whereon the Romans ſound retraite, and faine to flie.

My

My ſouldiers all too raſh had broke aray,
The Romane rereward caſt about with ſpeed,
And both their wings encloſed vs each way,
Their maine likewiſe to keepe aray gaue heed.
Which when I ſaw, it made my heart to bleed,
And to *Severus* ſelfe I made my way,
Where with my Pi&s the Parthique I did ſlay.

So when the Emperour fell, a ſhout aroſe,
The Romans blancke, amazed, wofull were:
Fulgentius faſt recoil'd, death wounded goes,
And of my crew a troupe to aide me there.
I bought my Britiſh conqueſt all too deere.
No conqueſt yet: for as I conqueſt ſought,
With my life blood the conqueſt deare was bought.

You noble men, yee ſee what truſt there is
In Fortunes gifts, how miſchiefe makes the marte,
And how our hoped haps in warres do miſſe,
When backe the braue and blinded Ladie ſtarts.
High reaching heads ſwim oft in ſeas of ſmarts.
The man content, is bleſt, and beſt at eaſe,
Which in meane ſtate both God and man do pleaſe.

HOW GETA THE YONGER SONNE OF THE EMPERour *Severus* once Gouernour of Britaine, was ſlaine in his mothers armes by his brother ANTONINE, *Emperour of Rome, about the yeare of chriſt*, 214.

IF euer Prince had cauſe his ſtate to rue,
Or by his end might moue men mone his chance,
My wofull tale may ſhew the like to you,
Whom fortune erſt, and birth did high aduance.
In Rome, in Britaine, Germanie, and France
I fauour had, and liu'd belou'd alway,
I Emperour was, what need I more to ſay?

In Britaine while my father waged fight
By North against the Picts, I rul'd the South:
Severus so appointed it my right,
And Britaine Iustice had from *Getaes* mouth:
I gaue not then my selfe to idle slouth,
But gaue an end to causes great of strife,
With doome so iust, that men reioyst my life.

The Senate honor'd me for vertues sake,
Abroad the Britaines blest me for their blisse,
The souldiers stout of me account did make.
Let stories tell if I do faine in this:
Lest some suspect, that I report amisse.
For what is he, which is not counted vaine,
When for himselfe he speakes, though nere so plaine?

In peace I prudent was, and graue of grace,
In warres as stout, but not so fierce withall:
Not forst with feare to turne from foes my face,
Nor bought with bribes to let Dame Iustice fall,
I not oppresst the weaker sort with thrall,
But sought to pleasure all, both neare and farre:
More prone to peace I was, then bent to warre.

What heart so hard but will for pitie bleed,
To heare a Prince which meant to each so well,
Should haue such cause to liue in feare and dreed
Of sword, of bane, of force, or poison fell,
Not daring Emprour nere his brother dwell,
Whom Romans lou'd, and strangers honor'd still,
But brothers treason caused all our ill.

Hight *Antonine*, I hate his name and facts,
Sith he my butcher was, as may appeare:
The world detests his vile and viprous acts,
And subtill shifts to kill his father deare:
So void of grace, so void of honest feare,
He durst attempt the guard to bribe and fee,
That so by them his life might poisoned bee.

This

This when our Sire *Seuerus* wist and saw
How *Antonius* that bloodie beast was bent,
Against the order quite of natures law,
Eke how to take the Empire whole he ment:
For both of vs at Yorke he often sent,
Perswading vs true concord for to hold,
And of the fruits of discord oft he told.

Yet *Antonius* regarded nought his best,
Nay yet the charge of warres he had in hand:
T'enlarge his power for th'Empire he addrest,
Which when *Seuerus* old did vnderstand,
All pleasures quite and ioyes he did aband,
Pursuing warre: neere Yorke he tooke his end
By sword of Picts, or by some traytour friend.

Then *Antonius* made spoile of all his men,
Physitions nil'd before at his request
Dispatch their Lord, to death he put them then,
And so he seru'd of faithfull guard the rest.
What villanie was in this vipers brest?
Was not content with death of those he fought,
But after brings their friends likewise to nought.

I was foretold my life he thirsted sore,
And that the Empire sole he sought to haue,
As we to Rome did passe I feared more,
I from his courts and diets did me saue:
I knew my life and th'Empire he did craue,
Wherefore in Rome my court I kept likewise
Apart from his, that did my death deuise.

My seruants were allur'd by sundrie gifts
By poyson to procure my lifes decay:
He tri'd to cut me off a thousand shifts,
What maruell, since he sought his sire to slay?
He made his Fathers friends for spite away,
Because they would not to his will be wrought,
To bring them vnto death he daily sought.

His

His deights for me could take no ſure ſucceſſe,
For ſtill his traines and treaſons were deſcri'd:
To danger I was forſt to ſeeke redreſſe
By like attempts, but that likewiſe was ſpide,
Pretended murder no man cloſe can hide,
But out it flies, the rumor runnes apace,
The ſpot thereof all vertues elſe deface.

When this was knowne that I likewiſe aſſai'd
His life to reaue (though t'were my life to ſaue)
Not long to wrecke the ſame the butcher ſtai'd,
He had the thing ſo long he ſought to haue,
Cauſe of reuenge the rumor ſmall him gaue,
That in the euen he came to ſpill my blood,
As I vnarmed with my mother ſtood.

There ſhe perceiuing him with ſword approch,
In armes me caught to ſaue my life and blood,
But he deſeruing all the worlds reproch,
No whit in doubt to end my ſlaughter ſtood.
She him beſought (as ſeem'd an Empreſſe good)
While he without remorſe of her requeſt,
Betweene her armes did run me through the breſt.

Theſe were the acts of that vile monſter then
For Empire ſake, to raigne alone aloft:
Deſpiſde that was, abhor'd of Gods and men,
And curſt to hell by all good men ſo oft,
You ſee the fall of *Geta*, milde, and ſoft,
Whoſe line of life no longer fates could ſtretch,
Cut off by ſword of *Antonine* that wretch.

Now maiſt thou deeme of my deſerts and his,
He to his ſire of ſonnes was moſt vnkind:
His mothers ioyes he reau'd away her bliſſe,
That Dame which bare to both ſo milde a mind:
And let my dealings aye due fauour find,
Whoſe murder may giue plaine proſpect and ſhow
What monſter wrought his faithfull friends ſuch woe.

HOW

HOW AVRELIVS ANTONIVS BASSIANVS CARACALLA

Emperour of Rome, was slaine by one of his owne seruants, about the yeere of Christ, 209.



Who thirsts to throng vnto the highest throne,
Ne wisely windes Dame Fortunes subtile snare,
Or who in Court would rule the roste alone,
And sees not what he heapes himselfe of care,
Let him well weigh my case, and then beware:
Whom forth the stately seate did first allure,
Which after did my hastie death procure.

And, *Higgins*, here in purpose fith thou hast
The hapleſſe hauen where Fortunes impes arriue,
A mirour make likewise of me thou maist,
If thou my life and dealings wilt discriue.
It may perhaps much profit some allue:
Which when themselues plaine painted forth they see,
They may presage their fatall falles in me.

I am that *Antonine, Seuerus* sonne,
That once of mightie Rome did beare the sway,
Which in my fathers life a strife begonne
With *Geta*, thirsting often him to slay.
I sought to haue my father made away,
To raigne alone so great desire I had,
Nought but their deathes my wicked hart could glad.

My father oft exhorted both to peace,
Declar'd by stories olde what came by strife,
Dehorted both from ciuill discord cease,
But I sought meanes to rid him of his life.
I banisht to Sycilia Isle my wife,
Entreast mine host, reckt not my Britaine charge,
But how I might enioy the Empire large.

And first when as my father once was dead,
I gaue my selfe to all reuenge of foes,
The seruants late which stood mee not in stead,
And some who did my treacherie disclose,
Or such to saue their Prince themselues dispose,
Or reconcile vs brethren tooke sore paine,
I causde them all without respect be slaine.

The captaines all my friends I sought to make,
In Britaine then desiring them to chuse
Me Emprour sole, and *Geta* to forsake:
Which they to doe for duties sake refuse.
Our mother eke all meanes with vs did vse,
Perswading vs to loue and concord bend,
To which in shew I granted in the end.

We both in Empire like from Britaine passe,
A truce concluded there, and hostage take:
His reliques shrinde (as then the custome was)
To Rome therewith our voyage fast we make.
And yet the malice could not so aslake:
For in our iournies we durst neither trust,
But seuerall Courts and Diets keepe we must.

Both fearing poyson, force or treason wrought,
Both crauing all the Empire to enioy,
Both working all the waies that might be sought,
To worke to each some secret great annoy,
Both seeking how his partner to destroy,
The brother which to brother should be stay,
Endeuours how to make him quite away.

And those that bare of dignities degree,
The officers, were diuerslie distract:
Some fauour'd *Geta*, some did fauour mee,
In him no point of courtesie there lackt:
He was of maners milde, of doome exact,
To studies good addict, of comely grace,
In warres and peace discharging well the place.

But

But I was rough, and violent, and fierce,
Of ſterne *Mars* affected all to blood:
What need I more my qualities rehearſe,
Which were ſo far vnlike my brothers good?
On threatnings, force, and feare, my Empire ſtood,
Whereby indeed of fauning friends I had,
For feare or gaine were of my fauour glad.

Our mother long perſwading vs to peace,
And both perceiuing our attempts but vaine,
Did both agree our diſcords to ſurceaſe,
And for to part the Empire into twaine:
My ſelfe ſhould hold of Europe all the maine
With th'Iſles thereof, and *Getes* all the Eaſt,
Of Aſia all the Iſlands moſt and leaſt.

As thus we parle amongſt the Counſell all,
And ſo decree, full purpoſed thereto,
The Senate, which foreſaw miſhaps might fall,
Still ſadly ſate, durſt nothing ſay nor do:
But *Iulia* then the mother of vs two,
When ſhe perceiu'd the Senate pauſe for feare,
Aroſe to ſpeake, and ſaid as you ſhall heare.

" The ſea and land (quoth ſhe) my ſonnes you get,
" You find a way how you may them diuide:
" The Pontique flood betweene you both is ſet
" For bounds of both it buts on either ſide:
" But how will you your mother now diuide?
" How ſhall my hapleſſe corps be parted, put
" Betweene you both, ſhall I likewiſe be cut?

" If needs in twaine you part this Empire muſt,
" I ſee what diſcord after may betide:
" How Empire makes men guiltleſſe blood to thruſt,
" What noble Peeres for this betrai'd, haue dide.
" T'were better both the Romans well to guide,
" Then ſeparate farre, without ſo firme a ſtay,
" Your ſeuered force ſome treaſon ſhould decay.

" Our

" One man himſelfe may much by wit forſee,
" But twaine may more perceiue then one alone:
" One friendly man by fauour much may be,
" But two in friendſhip knit, need feare no fone.
" Two brethren then to rule the world alone
" As brethren ſhould, and liue in faithfull ſort,
" The world their loue and honors will report.

" But if diuide the Empire all you will,
" Firſt ere you go for to enioy your raigne,
" My wofull corps I pray you heere to kill,
" And it diuide betweene you both in twaine,
" That I may eke with both of you remaine.
" Do burie each apart ſo diſtant farre,
" Diuided as your ſeats, ſelues, Kingdomes are.

So when ſhe ſpoken had, with teares ſhe came,
And ſobs, beſeeching both, embracing vs,
And wiſ'd we ſhould our ſelues to friendſhip frame,
Not bearing hate in heart, and enuie thus:
On which the Senate nothing durſt diſcuſſe,
But all aroſe, departing did lament,
Which view'd our thirſting ſore, to bloodſhed bent.

Our hatred ſtill encreaſed more and more,
For when that Captaines new elected were,
Or officers in place we did reſtore,
In theſe, our minds to all men plaine appeare,
We diuerſly affected fauour beare
Of right in ſentences, of diuers minds,
As hate full oft the eyes of Iuſtice blinds.

Our owne we ſought, and not the publike weale,
Yet both the publike wealth alone to haue:
We nothing reckt the hap the publike heale,
But to enioy the publike wealth we ſtraue.
To Cookes and Butlers gifts of price we gaue,
To poiſon each: when yet no thing proceed,
I hired ſome by force to do the deed.

When this likewise had not the wished sight,
My selfe, to slay my brother, I addrest;
I rusht into his chamber euen or night,
While of my force I thinke he feared lest:
There with my sword I stroke him through the brest.
Eke while our mothers lap his wounds embrew,
Her *Geta* deare betweene her armes I slew.

Which done, I slew the place, and call'd the guard,
Cri'd treason, told I scarce escape vnslaine,
Commanding souldiers well to watch and ward,
And me conuey vnto the campe amaine,
Where I might safe from violence remaine:
I said I should by foes be sore'd to die,
If in the Court I longer time did lie.

So they supposing all was truth I told,
(Not weeting what was done to *Geta* than)
Made speed to runne with me vnto the hold:
The people hearing this, to flocke began,
Enquiring why the Prince and souldiers ran:
In tent I kneel'd encampt, the gods to praise
With promist vowes, which had prolong'd my dales.

The souldiers all resorted to my rene,
Where I the Gods with honor serued tho:
On which I forth amongst them boldly went,
Told them great dangers I had scaped fro,
And of mine ennmies fall and ouerthro.
By Fortunes gift (quoth I) our foe is slaine,
And th'Empire wholly doth to me remaine.

I promist if the souldiers me would sure,
My Empire stablish sure, and safe it see,
Each twentie hundred Attique groates should haue,
More corne then earst by halfe allow'd should be,
The temples wealth and treasures should be free
For them to vse at large, in that one day,
Seuerus treasure I did make away.

The souldiers all perceiuing well my mind,
(And slaughter blaz'd by those in house that fled)
I was by them the Emperour sole assign'd,
And he an enmie nam'd that now was dead.
All night in temple forth with vowes I led,
Next day to Senate house with th'host I gate,
And seruice done, thus wise in throne I spake:

I Know right well (quoth I) domestique slaughters hatefull seeme,
And euen the name thereof makes men full ill of parties deeme:
For why, th'vnhappie slaine moues milder men to mercy still,
And noble Peeres are enui'd when compell'd their foes they kill,
The vanquisht iniur'd seeme, and victours deem'd vniustly ill,
But whosoeuer shall this case it selfe with truth perpend
Not partially that deemes, vnsearching what he did pretend:
He shall perceiue and find it better farre and needfull more
To wracke the wrong, then wincke thereat, and after smart therefore.
For, to the slaine beside his woe, there comes a dastards name,
The victour hath beside his health, of fortitude the fame.
But certes how by poysons he, and all meanes sought my spoile,
You may right soone by tortures trie without of farther toile.
And therefore I commanded all his seruants present bee,
That you the truth may know, when their confessions plaine you see:
While I was at my mothers house, he brought with swords his traine.
Forwarn'd, so arm'd, by fight my foe, I haue mine enmie slaine.
Sith he about a mischiefe went, no brothers heart that bare,
To take reuenge on such, is due: as custome telles of yore.
The founder right of Rome, not with his brother flonting bare:
I leaue to speake what Germanique *and* Titus *erst did dare,*
And Marcus *wise and milde, his daughters husband did not spare.*
But I, for me when poysons weare and swords to slay me dreft,
Reueng'd my foe. (as first the same his workes assign'd him best)
Therefore thanke you the Gods, that they our Prince preserued you,
Behold the same, how loyall loue, to him be still and true:
For euen as Ioue *aboue, amongst the gods doth rule alone,*
So he in earth the Empire all, all arts and guest renowne.

Thus hauing said aloud, with irefull mood,
And bloodie countnance cast about the place,
Th'assemblie pale and trembling, fearefull stood,
And I return'd to'th Palace thence a space.
My brothers house and fame I did deface,
His friends, his seruants all, yong, old, and new,
And th'infants eke, without respect I slew:

The Wrastlers and the Waggeners likewise,
Musitians, players, which did please his mind:
Of th'order of the Senators full wise,
In whom was noble blood or wealth to find.
Not one of *Getaes* friends I left behind:
Also my wife whom I exil'd away
To Sicile Ile, I caused them to slay.

Lucilla eke that ancient noble Dame,
To *Marcus* wife the daughter sage and graue,
Of *Commodus* that sister great of fame,
Which honor much in Rome deseru'd to haue,
I say, she did my deeds therein deprave,
Because to *Getaes* mother she wept sore,
For *Getaes* death: I causde her die therefore.

Her sonne likewise, I caused should be slaine,
And of th'Imperiall blood (to make all sure)
I left not one aliue, that might remaine,
Or vnto whom they might my place procure.
By night likewise I put like acts in vre:
For day and night I ceased not to slay,
Of *Getaes* friends to roote the rest away.

I Vestall virgins buried eke aliue,
And made the souldiers multitudes to kill,
Because I deem'd they were in words too bliue,
Against my coach wherein I trauell'd still,
The souldiers slew the men that thought no ill,
Or made them buy their liues with all they had,
Which were, to scape with life alone, full glad.

This done, for feare from Rome with speede I gate
The towne like life at home misliked me,
For why the City did my murders hate,
Where souldiers held their slaughters franke and free,
And were enricht by spoile of each degree,
I gate therefore with all my Martiall crew
From Itayle land, Danubian shores to view.

Where, vnto hunting I applide my selfe,
To ride abroad in couch, and giue them lawes:
In few dispacht their pleas about but selfe,
Not giuen to heare long pleading plaints for strawes,
I counted such but cauilling caitiue dawes
As spent their substance, time, and goods in fitte,
About such things as could not yeeld them fruite.

I clad my selfe much like the Germans then,
So trimde my haire, chose them my guard to serue:
So framde my selfe to please these rude men,
As might them cause of me full well deserue,
From labour none with them I seem'd to swerue,
To digge, lift, beare, to grinde, mould, kneade or bake
In painfull sort, and simple fare to take.

The Germans much reioyc'd my kind of life,
My sufferance great in during labours long:
The name of mate with vs was holden rife,
I seem'd a fellow souldier them among:
Of stature small, yet was I wondrous strong,
So that few men which in mine armies were,
Could with like strength such weightie burdens beare.

When at Danubius I had placed strength,
To Thracia thence with speed apace I went:
There Monuments againe I made at length
To *Alexanders* fame: to Rome I sent
Likewise of statues for the same intent,
In Capitole and Temples them to place,
For honour great of *Alexanders* grace.

I made me garments eke of Thracian guise,
And Capetines me to *Alexander* call:
To Pergame thence in Asia great that lies
I gate, *Achilles* tombe with honours all
With eie to view, as stories witnesse shall:
Whence (order set) to Antioch I farde,
Where my receit with honour was prepardc.

To Alexandria then I fared fast,
For they had scoft full oft before at mee:
My mother they had named Queene *Iocaste*,
Achilles great and *Alexander* mee,
They smilde my folly great herein to see,
Which though I were a dwarfe of stature smalf,
Durst take the name of Captaines great and tall.

Ne *Getues* murder spared oft to spread,
As is their nature giuen to caunt and iest:
Wherefore as though Religion had me lead,
I offred sacrifice with solemne feast
At *Alexanders* tombe, where most and least
Of all the youth were present to beholde
The offerings great I brought, and gifts of gold.

This done, I wil'd the youth should all prepare
To shew themselues in field: for I would chuse
A band by *Alexanders* name to fare,
As erst in Thrace and Sparta I did vse.
They came reioicing all, to heare the newes:
Where I with souldiers come to take the view,
Them compast in, and all the people slew.

The valley all did swimme with streames of bloud,
So great that time a slaughter was there made:
It staínde the mightie mouthes of Nilus floud,
And on the shores you might bloud wetshod wade:
My piners eke were prest with showle and spade
To interre the dead, a monstrous trench that fill,
And on them dead, they reard a mightie hill.

But then desiring glorie more to get
By *Parthian* name, which erst my father had,
I sent to *Artabane*, without of let,
Ambassage great, with gifts his minde to glad:
And for his daughter them perswade I bad,
Desiring him to giue her me to wife,
The cause of lasting loue, and end of strife.

By this both ioind in one, we might for ay
Of all the world the Diademe possesse:
And might to each in all attempts be stay,
In fight our foes by firmer force suppresse.
When they my message thus did there expresse,
At first he feard deceit: againe I sent:
Wherewith he was at last full well content.

By gifts I wrought, and plight my faith withall
For truth to him, and for his daughters loue,
And he began me sonne in lawe to call.
Which new report, did all the Parthians moue
Vs to receiue, our friendships firme t'approue,
Reioycing now such league at last to see,
Whereby they might from Romane warres be free.

And so I entred Parthia as mine owne,
The Parthians me receiued with triumphs great:
When mine approch to *Artabane* was knowne,
In plaine before the City of his seat
He came to meete mee, with a number great
Ware garlands gay, in golden vestures clad,
With all the ioy, and triumphs might be had.

So when great multitudes assembled were,
Their horses left behind and bowes laid downe,
Amongst their cups deuoide of force the feare,
By numbers great the chiefe of all the towne,
Which came to see the bridegroome high renowne,
Disorderly vnarm'd as so they stand,
I gaue my souldiers signe, to vse their hand.

And downe by sword then fell, they could not flie,
The King scarse scap'd, mounted by horse away
Their solemne garments long their flighe did tie,
A slaughter great of Parthians was that day,
We sackte their Townes, and noblemen did slay.
From thence I past, Arbanis after this
To hunt, and gaue my selfe to bache in blisse.

Thus hauing runne my reckelesse race vnkinde,
And doubting both of treason and my thrall,
I sought by curious arts of spirites to finde
Who should procure in th'end my fatall fall:
Maternian at Rome should search for all,
He should enquire my fate, of all wise men,
And write hereof, what was their minde agen.

What he did write againe, I wote not I,
From Carras I to Lunaes Temple went,
And for because it neere the Campe did lie,
To sacrifice with few was mine intent:
For why to towne from thence returne I mene,
And so from thence to Campe likewise againe
I might resort, without a greater traine.

Amongst the which, one *Martialis* my garde,
Whose brother (not conuinst, accusde) I slew,
Thus wise my captiue corps did watch to warde,
(For when therefore conuenient time hee knew,
While I apart mee gaue for nature due,
And bad the rest a side a space depart)
He came and stabde me slily through the heart.

Seuerus seruants I corrupted oft,
Them see'd to make their Lord my fate away:
With *Getaes* men the like attempts I wrought,
To bane their Lord, and brother mine to slay.
How I the Alexandrians did betray,
And Parthians eke, before to you I told,
Deseruing death for those a thousand fold.

But such those faithfull seruants I did kill,
Which would not slay their noble Lords for gold,
I worthy was to haue a gard of ill,
As should to pierce my hatefull heart be bold:
The Iustice great of *Ioue* here behold:
Vniustly who so seekes to slay the good,
The sword at length shall iustly shed his bloud.

FINIS.

The following added
[illegible] edit. 1587

HOW CARASSVS A HVS-BANDMANS SONNE, AND AFTER King of Britaine, was slaine in battell by *Alectus* a Roman, *Anno Dom.* 293.

they were
in 92
printed
R. Wolfe
1578.

WIth men be borne by Nature naked all,
With their estates why are not men content?
Why doe they deeme the want of wealth a thrall?
Why should they loath the lot, which God hath sent?
Adam himselfe I finde, at first was sent,
As one who did disdaine his poore estate,
To disobey, with God to be a mate.

Thou maist be made a God, (quoth Satan than,)
If on the fruite forbidden thou wilt feede:
The senseleſſe wight the feeble forceleſſe man,
Did taste thereof, supposing that with speed
He should in hast haue beene a God indeed.
He not content, hoping for higher place,
Brought bitter bale to him and all his race.

And I the sonne of *Adam* by descent,
Did seeke to set my selfe in princely seate,
With mine estate I could not be content,
For which I felt the force of hatreds heat.
As at the first, my good successe was great,
So at the last, by fancies fond desires,
I groapt for grapes amidst the bramble briers.

Let

Let such as would by vertue their aduance,
Marke by what meanes I did my selfe addresse,
To slie at first my poore allotted chance
By honest meanes: let them from wickednesse
Which faine would slie, learne this by my distresse,
That he who doth from right and reason stray,
Destruction shall destroy him with decay.

For I by birth borne next to beggers dore,
Was stai'd aloft with staffe of high estate:
But whil'st that I so high a pitch did sore,
I left the meanes which made me rise of late,
I vices loui'd, I did all vertues hate.
For which, *Carassus* ran a race in vaine,
And nothing got, but death and deepe disdaine.

When ciuill strife had Britaine quite vndone,
So that her strength was now of none auaile,
The faithlesse Picts with ruth did ouerruine
That royall Realme: and did so far preuaile,
That sorrow did on euery side assaile
My native soile: and being thus dismai'd,
To Rome we sent for succour, helpe, and aid.

Severus then by *Bassianus* sent,
To bring this Realme vnto some quiet stay,
The Romans and the Britaines both were bent,
To bring the barbarous Picts to their decay,
Them to returne againe to Scythia.
And at the last, by good *Severus* aid,
We them destroi'd, when we were most afraid.

Whose force though twice the Romans felt too strong,
Yet at the last we got a goodly day,
Euen by my meanes, who thrust into the throng
Of th'armed Picts, I deperate there did play
The part of him, whom feare did neuer stay.
And at the last to end this mortall strife,
I did deprive King *Ludricke* of his life.

And when the Picts did see their king depriu'd
Of vitall life, Lord, how they fled the field!
They made me muse, to see how fast they striu'd,
With staileſſe ſteppes, eeh one his life to ſhield:
Who could not flie, he there with care was kilde.
So by my meanes, my countrey did obtaine
Her ancient ſtate, and liberty againe.

At my returne I to *Seuerus* ſaid,
See here how I with woundes am all beſtead?
I cannot liue, I feele how life doth fade,
Ladricke himſelfe did carue and cut my head,
For which my blade his lukewarme blood hath ſhed:
He cut my cap, and I haue got his crowne,
He loſt his life, and I haue found renowne.

Seuerus then vnto his Surgion ſaid,
Heale him, and bring him ſafe and ſound againe,
Thou for thy paines with poundes ſhalt wel be paid,
And he ſhall haue ſuch honour for his paine,
As vnto him for euer ſhal remaine:
For by the Gods which rule the ſkies aboue,
His noble acts deſerue eternall loue.

When by the ſkill of Surgions curious art,
My hurts were heal'd, and holeſome health enſude,
Seuerus then reioicing at the hart,
Made me a Lord, with wealth hee me indude,
Yea, he although my learning were but rude,
Sent me to Rome, as Legate of this land,
To make report how here our ſtate did ſtand.

My deedes at Rome, inricht me with renowne,
My talke abroad with proper filed phraſe,
Adornd my head euen with a *Laurell* crowne.
The Emperour did much commend my waies,
So that I was bedeckt with double praiſe.
I could not reade, my learning was but weake,
Yet they of Rome did muſe to heare me ſpeake.

As learned Art doth giue a goodly grace
To some: so some by nature gifts do get
Eternall fame, and purchase them a place
Aboue the place where learned men do sit.
We finde the fine dexteritie of wits
In them which be both wise and ful of skill:
Yet neuer striu'd to clime *Parnassus* hill.

So I with praise a time at Rome did stay,
And tract of time returnid mee backe againe,
The Emperour, he gaue my right away
Within a while, which made me sorrow amaine:
I had great cause me thought for to complaine,
Severus, he was made the king of all:
The gifts hee gaue to me were very small.

I was but made the Captaine of the coast,
From Forraine foes to keepe my realme in rest,
Severus, he was crowned king in post,
Which did so boile within my warrelike brest,
That I with griefe most strangely was distrest:
Shall hee (said I) thus reape the high renowne
Which I deserue? Shall he enioy the Crowne?

I wonne the wreath, and he will weare the fame:
I got the goale, and he will get the gaine.
For me in faith it were a deadly shame,
If I in this his regall royall raigne,
Without repulse should suffer him remaine.
Which if I do, then let the dreadfull dart
Of *Vulcans* wrath, torment in twaine my hart.

For why, I see what seruile seruitude
Shall then insue, if he may raigne in rest:
Shall *Brittane* braue by *Romanes* be subdude?
It shal no doubt, by *Romanes* bee distrest,
Except my might against his might be prest.
My might as yet cannot his strength constraine,
Yet may my might compell him to complaine.

The draining drops do make the Marble yeeld
In time: the seas the cragged rockes do rend:
And Courtly Kings by tearing time be kil'd.
For time doth make the mightie Okes to bend,
And time doth make the little twigs ascend:
So I in time, such power may prepare,
As shall constraine *Soterus* death, with care.

But whil'st I did endeuour to destroy
Soterus strength, the Picts were prickt with pride,
For their reuenge vs Britaines to annoy.
Which when I heard, in post I did prouide
A power great, then I in haste did ride,
And kept the coast so strong with men of warre,
That no man could arriue, to make or marre.

The Picts preuented of their wished pray,
In waltering waues did bouse their bitter baine,
They dig'd a ditch, and caught their owne decay,
On rocks their Barkes, in seas themselues were slaine:
The Westerne winds with woe did them constraine,
By Britaine bankes to make so long delay,
I, and the Seas, brought them to their decay.

By meanes whereof my credit did encrease:
Soterus did esteeme me as his stay,
I from my first deuices could not cease,
For aye I hop'd to haue a happie day,
To bring the Roman rule to their decay,
With fauning face good fortune smiled so,
I had my wish, what might I hope for mo?

For into Spaine the Roman souldiers sent,
I had at home the might him to deprive,
Then wisely I all perils to prevent,
Prouided so that no man could arriue,
No Pict, nor Scot, nor Roman then could striue
With me at home, thus I the Lords with speed
Of Britaine call'd, and thus I did proceed:

The

The Roman rule vs subiect & tributes hath made,
You see my Lords, a Roman heere doth raigne,
Whom to destroy my power shall inuade,
I do indeed this seruile life disdaine:
And you your selues do much thereof complaine,
If you with helpe will me assist, I sweare,
The Roman rule shall haue no power heere.

Then they most glad with one consent repli'd,
We will assist thee with what might we may,
And we our selues most willing will prouide,
No Britaine borne against thee shall display
His shield, but all at the appointed day,
As prest to please thy hest, shall thee assist:
Win thou the crowne, and weare it at thy list.

Which when I heard them say with one consent,
Blame not though pride did then possesse my heart
For Princely crowne: the dreadfull direry dent
Of wrackfull warre, who would not feele the smart:
Of griping griefe? who would not feele the dart
Of dreadfull death? or who regardeth paine?
If he a crowne and kingdome may obtaine?

For his gray grotes the countrie clowne doth care,
Restlesse with ruth, the Rustick gets his gaine:
The Merchant man for wealth doth send his ware
About the world, with perill and great paine,
And all the world for wealth doth not disdaine,
Amidst the surge of mightie mounting seas,
To cast themselues their owne delights to please.

If to obtaine such trifles they do toile,
And neuer cease to bring their drifts about:
Why should I feare the force of forren foile?
Why should I not assay with courage stout,
To wreake my wrath vpon the Romish rout
Which heere remaine? whom to the bale to bring,
Were me to crowne my native countries King.

One thing there is which greatly doth me grieue,
Seuerus, he who did inhance my state,
He did in my distresse with life relieue
My dying daies, he neuer did me hate:
Yet now with him I must be at debate,
Euen him with might I greatly must disgrace,
Ere I can set my selfe in Princely place.

Vntimely death shall not destroy his daies,
For if he will returne to Rome againe,
Or if he will resigne his crowne with praise,
Or if he will amongst vs still remaine,
If he can like of these, we will refraine
From sheading blood: which if he doth disdaine,
I then against my will, must worke his paine.

So forth I past with all my power prest,
Seuerus did at Durham then delay,
Whereas I ment his state to haue distrest:
But some I thinke my secrets did bewray,
For he to Yorke in haste did take his way,
Which when I had besieg'd on euery side,
With care and griefe of mind, *Seuerus* dide.

See heere the force of cruell fretting care?
See heere how sorow doth dismay the minde?
For when he heard *Carassus* did prepare
To reaue his crowne, he iudging me vnkind,
With sobbing sighes of sorowe, he resign'd
Before his time his mind from mortall breft:
Behold with care how sorow feates mans reft.

Thus he intomb'd in his vntimely chest,
It was decreed *Carassus* should be King,
The three estates of all my Realme were prest,
With one consent they all to me did bring
The kingly crowne, then there they all did sing
The due deserts of this renowned knight,
Deserues to be the Britaine King by right.

Marke

Marke by what steps I did this top obtaine,
With keeping sheepe my youthful yeares were spent
Then with the whip I plid the plow amaine,
In Mars his fields to fight my mind was bent,
As Legate then to Rome my selfe was sent,
I dubbed was a Knight of high renowne,
And now at last I haue obtain'd the Crowne.

The end of th'act (the Plaintiue) doth proue,
And all is well, whose ending is not ill:
Who sits aloft had neuer need to moue,
For feare left he should fall against his will,
Though creeping he did gaine the top with skill,
Yet at the last, by tumbling of his toe,
A sudden fall may worke his wretched woe.

Which fall I felt, and how I heere will shew,
When I as King did all the Realme controule,
I fearefull did suspect mine enemies mo,
The place (me thought) did shake where I did stand,
Then for my guard I did prouide a band
Of warlike wights, to guard my noble grace,
I lastly did my nobilmen displace.

From forth the fields I for my Souldiers drew
Him of a clowne a noble man I made,
My Brethren all euen for the same intent,
Like Courtiers there in Court maintained they had,
And all my flocke were glad and well apai'd
For they of late which tild the painfull plowye,
Of Britaine Iles they be the Rulers nowe.

From cart to Court, a countrie swaine I call,
With braue attire to decke and adorne his Dame,
Is like a painted Image of all my Realme,
Which doth deceiue, and falsifie the right,
Though workmanship and flattering colours make
Yet of a stone, a stone still will remaine,
A clowne cannot forget his former state.

As hard it is of quarried Marble stone,
For man to make a liuely mouuing wight,
As of a Lout, or elſe of ſuch a one
Who daily doth imploy his whole delight
To dig and delue, it paſſeth mortall mighe,
To make him ſerue the Court a Kings beheſt:
Turne him to plow, the cart for him is beſt.

For though thou canſt by cunning art compell
Nature a time to leaue her wonted place,
She will returne, in ſpight of heauen or hell:
No Alcumiſt Dame Nature can diſplace,
Except that God doth giue abundant grace,
The Caske will haue a taſte for euermore,
With that wherewith it ſeaſoned was before.

Why did I then my courtleſſe court maintaine
With *Hob* and *Iohn*, *Ralph Royſter*, and his mate?
Whoſe greedie iawes aye gaping after gaine,
Did pole, and pill, and bred ſuch ſterne debate:
Men much vnmeet to maintaine mine eſtate.
Why did I them ſo neere mine elbow place?
Becauſe my ſelfe by birth was borne but bace.

Like will to like, the Mule doth claw her mate,
With horned beaſts the Ienite cannot ieſt,
Thoſe bauling Hounds, the haughtie Hart doth hate,
With Beares the Beare in ſafetie counts her beſt:
So I amongſt my like did looke for reſt,
Their deeds by me were alwaies well allow'd,
By them likwiſe my doings were auow'd.

But as you ſee the Husbandman with care
From new ſowne fields the rauening rookes to driue,
So did the Geatrie of my Realme prepare,
My countrie Court and me for to deprriue.
But Gentlemen were then too weake to ſtriue
With me, and mine, for which they did prepare
A new found ſnach, which did my feet inſnare.

In fargeleſſe feat of quiet reſt when I
Seuen yeares had ſail'd, a perrie did ariſe,
The blaſts whereof abrig'd my libertie:
For whil'ſt I did with buſie braine deuiſe
Them to deſtroy, which did my Court deſpiſe,
The boiſtrous blaſts of hatred blew a gale,
My cables crakt, my Barke was bong'd with hale.

For they (I meane the Gentrie of my land)
Both me, and mine, theirs, and themſelues had ſold
Subiects to Rome, from whence a mightie band
They had conuey'd, to make my courage cold:
Into my Realme they could not be controld,
But when they were arriu'd, they quickly brought
Both me and mine, and all the reſt to nought.

Alectus then the Chiefetaine of the reſt,
Spoiling my friends, he forſt me to the field,
The day was come, we both in fight were preſt.
His truſtleſſe traine, did ſeeme to me to yeeld,
But all the fields with great ambuſhments fill'd,
I could not flee, *Alectus* had the day,
With his owne ſword for breath he made me bray.

As due deſert did force my ſhip to flote,
So vices vile me drencht in wanes of woes.
O falſe ſuſpect, why did'ſt thou make me dote?
Fearing my fall, my friends I deem'd my foes:
Fearing the worſt, the beſt I did depoſe,
And was depoſde: let other learne hereby,
The crooked Crab will alwaies walke awry.

And let them know which do not lothe to learne,
That Kings in Court, be combred moſt with care:
The Pilots charge, who ſitteth at the ſtearne,
Doth make him watch, when other do prepare
Themſelues to ſleepe: ſo Kings diſtreſſed are
With doubtfull dread, and many other things.
The ſheepheards life is better then the Kings.

HOW QVEENE HELENA OF BRITAINE MARried CONSTANTIVS the Emperour, and *much aduanced the Christian faith through the whole world, An. Dom.* 289.

MEns due deserts each Reader may recite,
For men of men do make a goodly show,
But womens workes can neuer come to light,
No mortall man their famous facts may know,
No writer will a little time bestow,
The worthy workes of women to repeat,
Though their renowne and due deserts be great.

For I by birth to *Coel* daughter deere,
King *Lucy* was my good Grand-mothers sonne,
My father dead, I rul'd his king dome heere,
And afterward, the World so wide I wonne,
I Empresse was of all vnder the Sunne,
I liued long, I di'd with perfect blisse,
Yet writers will repeate no word of this.

But now at last I haue obtained leaue,
My spotlesse life to paint in perfect white:
Though writers would all honor from me reaue,
Of all renowne they would depriue me quite,
Yet true report my deeds shall burnish bright,
And rub the rust which did me much disgrace,
And set my name in her deserued place.

From Roman rule who Britaine did redeeme?
Who planted first Gods word in Britaine land?
Who did so much virginitie esteeme?
Who did the force of forren foes withstand?
Who all the world subdu'd without a band
Of Martiall men? who did these noble acts?
I *Helena*, haue done these famous facts.

And now haue heere the storie of my state:
The Britaine Queene inheritage me crown'd,
Euen then when Romans had to great debate
Amongst themselues for *Caracalla* wound,
An Emperour, who highly was renown'd,
As then at Rome, whose deeds vndoubtedly,
Diminisht much the Roman Emperie.

The Romans then were stor'd with ciuill strife,
And many Realmes against them did rebell,
Their trouble turn'd me to a quiet life,
My Commonweale did prosper passing well,
When all the world agreed like diuels in hell,
Then I and mine becalm'd from hatreds blast
In happie hauen harboured were at last.

Then I a maid of tender youthfull yeares,
Report did say, of beautie fresh and faire,
Refusde the suite of many noble Peeres,
Which daily did vnto my court repaire,
What thought there were vnto my crowne no heire?
Yet I who did regard my Commons good,
Refusde to linke my selfe with forren blood.

On forren coasts, on kingdomes to incroch,
With wrath of wrackfull warres I did despise,
And fearing aye the ruth of rude reproch,
With earking care I daily did deuise,
How I with peace might make my kingdome rise,
And how by law of God and man, I might
Giue *Cæsar* his, and vnto God his right.

No God of heauen, no Christ my people knew,
Wherefore to Rome for learned men I sent,
King *Lucies* lawes decay'd I did renew,
Then preaching made my people to repent
Their former faults, that all inconstant
Were baptised, and so within a space,
The faith of Christ they firmely did embrace,

That nothing seemed currant in their sight,
But that which holie writers would allow:
And that they would imbrace with all their might,
To shed their bloud, the same for to auow,
They did not feare, at *Verolame* euen now,
Amidst the force of fiery flashing flame:
Albon the *Protomartyr* prou'd the same.

As carefull merchant men do much reioice,
When from those Iles Molocchi, they haue brought
Their fraighted ships, for then they haue great choice
Of Merchandize, which trafficke long hath sought,
To finde the ware, which trial true hath taught
Wil get most gaine, which being got they giue
And cast their care, how they thereby may liue:

So I, whom both Sir *Neptunes* surging Seas,
And *Eoles* windes, euen God himselfe aboue
Did fauour much, my labouring minde to please,
Giuing those things were best for my behoue,
Gods word I meane, which all my men did loue.
The Pearles which Christ commanded to be bought,
Must here be found, and no where els be sought.

Then they and I made haste, post hast, to leade
Our sinful liues as Scripture did allow.
We knowing God, him lou'd with feare and dreade,
Deuotion made vs crouch, and creepe, and bow
Our hearts, our heads; we sauage were but now,
Yet by and by such was the good successe,
In fiery flames the truth we did professe.

Then flitting Fame the truth to testifie,
Against my wil, at Rome made such report,
That *Constatious* thence did hither hie,
And being come vnto my Britaine Court,
With louers lookes he striu'd to scale the Fort
Of my good will: but when it would not bee,
He sighing, thus addrest his talke to me:

O Queene quoth he, thy deeds deserue great fame,
The goodly gifts that God hath giu'n to thee
Be such, as I cannot thee greatly blame,
Though thou without desert disdainest me,
Who for thy sake doth lothe all cruelties.
But for thy loue, with *Mars* his cruell knife,
I could command thy Realme, and reaue thy life.

But (out alas) whil'st breath doth lend me life,
My heart shall hate to thrall thy happie state,
What though thou dost refuse to be my wife,
Thy hatred thou shalt neuer cause me hate:
But whil'st I liue, I will thee loue, let Fate
And Fortune fell powre on me all their spight,
To die for thee shall greatly me delight.

Then I repli'd, O Duke, without desert
Thou dost me loue, a little Ilands Queene,
I know thou to the Emperour heire art,
Thy valiant acts I diuers waies haue seene,
I like thy deeds, most noble which haue been,
And thee I loue: yet priuate pleasures lust
May neuer make me throw my Realme to dust.

If thou (quoth he) wilt daine my Queene to be,
Thy Britaines shall to Rome no tribute yeeld,
You if you please, to Rome may go with me,
Your mightie mate the world so wide may wield,
Or if you please, I heere with you will bilde
My biding place, and in this little land,
I will remaine yours, heere at your command.

His comely grace, his friendly promise plight,
His famous actes, his Noble royall race,
Some other things which heere I could recite,
The Romans heart within my brest did place.
And when my wit had weighed well the case,
Then for the chiefe of all my Realme I sent,
And thus I spake to know the whole intent.

My louing Lords, and you my subiects, see
This Roman heire, whom I indeed do loue,
He will restore your ancient libertie,
If I will bend my heft to his behoue:
Which benefits they chiefely do me moue,
To loue at last; a man by whom you may,
Receiue a Shield to keepe you from decay.

Perhaps you thinke I loue, because I see
His comely shape, and seemely sanguine face,
You be deceiu'd, no outward brauery,
No personage, no gallant courtly grace.
What though he be by birth of royall race?
I recke it not, but this I do regard,
My Commonweale by him may be preseru'd.

For if he will from tribute set you free,
And end the worke which I haue well begonne,
That Christs Gospell preached still may bee,
God may by him send vnto me a sonne,
To you a King: what wealth then haue you wonne?
What great renowne? what honor will insue?
Speake you your minds, these things me thinke, be true.

O Queene, quoth they, the Lord preserue thy grace:
Do thou the thing that seemes to thee the best,
We do allow the match in euery case:
If by that meanes we may haue quiet rest,
With what great good shal this our Realme be blest?
Do thou therefore O noble Queene, we pray,
The thing which best may keepe vs from decay.

The Roman Duke he nothing would deny,
But granted more then I could aske or craue,
So that there was proclaimed by and by,
A famous feast, a banquet passing braue.
There to the Duke the Britaine crowne I gaue,
With sacred spousall rights, as man and wife
We wedded, liu'd in loue, for terme of life.

And whil'ſt we meant to rule this Ile,
A greater good vnlooked for befell,
Death did deſtroy his Sire with hateful hand:
For which we both at Rome muſt now go dwell,
And ſo we did: things proſpered paſſing well,
My Feere was made the Emperour, Lord and king
Of all: and I the Queene of euery thing.

His mightie Mace did rule the Monarchie,
My wit did rule (ſome writers ſay) his Mace,
And to increaſe with ioy our mertie glie,
I brought him forth a babe of Royall race,
The boy he had an amiable face.
O Rome thou maiſt reioyce, for this was he,
Which did at Rome erect Diuinitie.

Whil'ſt thus in bliſſe I did at Rome remaine,
A *Britaine* ſtill my mind her care did caſt,
For which I cauſ'd my husband to ordaine,
That euermore thoſe ancient Lawes ſhould laſt,
Which heretofore amongſt them there I paſt,
And that to Rome no *Britaine* borne, for aye,
Should taxe, or toll, or tenth, or tribute pay.

Though there at Rome an Empreſſe life I led,
And had at hand what I could wiſh or craue,
Yet ſtill me thought I was not wel beſtead,
Becauſe I was ſo farre from *Britaine* braue.
Which when my louing Lord did once perceiue,
He ſet a ſtay in all the Emperie,
To *Britaine* then he did returne with me.

We raign'd of yeeres thrice ſeuen with good ſucceſſe,
Then Dolor and Debilitie did driue
My louing Lord with fainting feebleneſſe,
For vitall life with braying breath to ſtriue:
He felt, how death of life would him depriue,
He cal'd his Lords, his child, and me his wife,
And thus he ſpake, euen at he left his life:

The haughtie Pines of loftie Libanus,
From earth, to earth, in tract of time returne:
So I whose spreading praise were marueilous,
Must now returne my flesh to filthie slime:
On Fortunes wheele I may no longer climbe,
Therefore my Lords, although my glasse be runne,
Yet take remorse on *Constantine* my sonne.

My Monarch, Court, my Kingdomes all,
(O stately Rome) farewell to them, and thee,
Farewell my Lords, which see my finall fall,
Farewell my child, my wife, more deare to mee
Then all the world, we must depart I see:
And must we needs depart? O Fortune fie,
We must depart, adue, farewell, I die.

Wherewith he sigh'd and senseleſſe did remaine,
Then I his death as women do, did waile:
But when I view'd, that weeping was but vaine,
I was content to beare that bitter bale,
As one who found no meanes for her auaile.
His corps at Yorke in Princely Tombe I laid,
When funerall sacred solemne rites were paid.

And when report his death about had blowne,
Maxentius then the triple crowne to weare,
Did challenge all the Empire as his owne,
And for a time that mightie Mace did beare:
Which when my sonne, my *Constantine* did heare,
The youthfull Lad, indeuour'd by and by,
To claime his right by *Mars* his cruelties.

I then his tender youthfull yeares to guide,
Went with my sonne to see his good ſucceſſe,
He being Campt by fruitfull Tybers side,
To spoile his foe he did himselfe addreſſe,
He knew that God did giue all happineſſe,
Therefore to God, euen then the youth did pray,
With mightie hand to keepe him from decay.

Behold

Behold how God doth godly matches send,
And marke how he doth beate Whipots downe.
Maxentius now he all his force doth bend,
For to defend his Diadem and Crowne.
But froward Fate vpon the Prince did frowne:
For why his men were scattered euery where,
In Tyber he did drowne himselfe for feare.

To Rome then we and all our host did hie,
The Romans they with ioy did vs receiue,
To *Constantine* they gaue the Empirie,
But he of them most earnestly did craue,
That I the rule of all the world might haue:
It is (quoth he) my mothers right to raigne,
Till dreadfull death hath seuered her twixt twaine.

I grant my sonne, this Monarchie is thine,
For at his death thy father gaue it me:
For terme of life: but let it now be thine,
I aged must go pay the earth her fee,
I am content to liue with lesse degree.
O louing sonne, giue eare vnto my heft,
I will not rule, that charge for thee is best.

And when he might not rule his mothers mind,
Against his will he willing did assent,
That all should be as I had then assign'd,
To rule the world, he grieued was content,
And whil'st that there my happie daies I spent,
Reioycing much to see my sonnes successe,
I di'd and had a heauenly happinesse.

Thrice happie I who ran this mortall race,
And in the end my wished Goale did get:
For by my meanes all people did embrace
The faith of Christ, the orders I did set
They were obey'd with ioy, which made me iet.
Euen in this blisse a better blisse befell vs,
I di'd, and now my soule in heauen doth dwell vs.

So now you see the happie hap I had
Learne then thereby to do as I haue done,
To praise Gods name let euery Prince be glad:
To persecute the truth let all men shunne,
By vertuous waies great honor may be wonne,
But he who doth to vices vile incline,
May be compar'd vnto a filthie swine,

Who doth not loue the plaine nor pleasant way,
He cannot feare to sleepe amidst the greene,
But in the mire he doth delight to lay:
So Princes such as vile and vitious beene,
Do tumble aye amidst a filthe of sinne,
Whose names on earth, whose soules in hel remaine
In infamie, the other pincht with paine.

Let them that seeke for euerlasting fame,
Tread in the steps that I before haue trod,
And he who would auoid reprochfull shame,
And flee the smart of *Plutos* rushfull rod,
Let him not cease to learne the law of God,
Which only law mans stumbling steps doth guide:
Who walkes therein, his feete can neuer slide.

HOW VORTIGER DESTROYED THE YONG KING CONSTANTINE, and how hee obtained the Crowne: and how after many miseries, he was *miserable burnt in his Castle, by the brethren of Constantine, Anno Dom. 446.*

BY quiet peace of *Iaues* iollitie,
Their happie hauens some with forewinds haue,
By wrackfull warre of *Mars* his crueltie,
With much adoe some get the Goale they craue,
But subtill sleights and fetches bolstred braue,
My hapleſſe hand did hit with leuelled line,
The aimed marke, the more mishap was mine.

By

By gifts of grace some men haue happy hap,
By blessed birth to Kingdomes borne some be:
Succession sets some men in Fortunes lap,
By wisedome, wit, and prudent policie:
Some clime aloft by craftlesse treacheries:
And courage doth a multitude aduance,
Drifts finely filde they did my state inhance.

I *Vortiger* by birth was borne a Lord,
King *Constantine* his Cosin did me call,
I cride amaine, and clapt his crowne abord,
And for a time til Fortune forst my fall,
With restlesse blisse I sate in stately stall:
But men of warre of much more might then I,
For my desert my carefull corps did fry.

As furious force of fiery flashing flame,
With Cinders brought my body to decay,
So smuldering smokes of euerlasting shame
Choakt my renowne, and wipte my flame away.
What may I more of my misfortune say?
I sigh to see, I silent cease to tell
What me destroid, and drownd my soule in hel.

Here to repeat the parts that I haue plaid,
Were to vnrippe a trusse of trumpery,
For me to shew how I aloft was staid,
Were to erect a schoole of Trechery:
Silence is best, let no man learne by me
Nor by my meanes, how they by wicked waies,
From low estate, aloft themselues may raise.

As good men can by wicked workes beware,
So wicked men by wicked workes be wise,
If ill men read my deedes which wicked were,
They by my meanes will compasse their surmise:
For wicked workers daily doe deuise,
To make examples vile and vitious,
To stand in stead, to serue their lawlesse lust.

The Serpent thence his venim vile doth draw,
From whence the Bee her hony sweet doth get,
Lewd liuers learne to breake the written law,
By that, whereby good men do learne much wit,
For wicked men each speech is thought most fit,
To serue their turne: therefore I count it best,
To leaue my faults and follies vnconfest.

Giue leaue therefore good Memory, I say
Not heere repeate my tedious Tragedie,
Inquirie, let me now depart away.
My Commonweale subuerted was by me,
I leaudly liu'd, and di'd in miserie,
And for my faults I felt disdainfull smart,
Let this suffice, and let me now depart.

With that he seem'd as one that would away,
But Memory (stay stay thy steps, quoth she)
Let wicked men procure their owne decay,
We recke it not, if warned once they be.
Let that suffice, and let thy miserie
Make iust report, how vaine, and vile a thing
It is, to liue as a vsurping King.

Sith needs I must repented faults foretunne
Repeat, and tell the fall and foile I felt,
Patience perforce, to speake shame bids me shunne,
To thinke thereof doth make my heart to melt.
But sith I needs must shew how heere I delt,
I am content to tell the truth of all,
Let wise men learne to stand, which reade my fall.

For first I cauſde the yong King *Conſtantine*,
Of faithleſſe Scots and Picts to make his guard,
They by my meanes did kill their King in fine,
For which, with ſpeed I ſent them all to ward,
And hang'd them all, their cauſe was neuer heard:
So I who firſt did cauſe them kill their King,
To ſtop their mouthes, them all to death did bring.

Where

Where Rancor rules, where hatreds heate is hot,
The hurtleſſe men with trouble be turmoil'd:
Where malice may ſend forth her Cannon ſhot,
There might is right, there reaſons rules are foil'd.
For ruthfull Rancor euermore hath boyl'd
With griping griefe her ſmuldring ſmokes of ſpite
Would gladly choke all iuſtice, law, and right.

So might, not right, did thruſt me to the Throne,
I ſixteene yeares did weare the royall Crowne,
In all which time with griefe I aye did grone,
As one who felt the fall from high renowne.
My Noble men deuiſde to thruſt me downe
In all this time, and many did proteſt,
I laid the King in his vntimely cheſt.

At laſt, my foes my friends were made, and I
Had quiet peace, and liu'd a happie King:
Yea, God who rules the haughtie heauen a high,
Inricht my Realme with foyſon of each thing,
Abundant ſtore did make my people ſing.
As they of yore were preſt with penurie,
So now they hate their great fertilitie.

My people had of corne and oyle ſuch ſtore,
That countrie men of tillage left the toile,
The rich man fed no better then the poore,
For all did reape the fatneſſe of the ſoile,
No man for meate nor money then did toile,
But all reioyce with ioyfull Iubilie,
And all were ſouſt with ſinfull gluttonie.

As clouds diſſolu'd faire *Phebus* doth deface,
So plague my plentie dim'd with darke diſeaſe:
For whil'ſt my Realme in riot ran her race,
They plai'd, nor prayed, and did their God diſpleaſe.
For which they drown'd in ſorowes ſurging ſeas,
Like rotten ſheepe by thouſands di'd ſo thicke,
The dead could not be buried by the quicke.

When thus the plague my people did oppreſſe,
That few were left aliue within my land,
The barbarons Picts, with ſpeede themſelues addreſt,
Knowing their time, they raiſde a mightie band,
They knew right ſoone, how here my ſtate did ſtand,
And to reuenge the wrong that earſt I wrought,
They ment to bring both me and mine to nought.

See how abuſe breeds blake and bitter bale,
Miſuſe doth make of plenty, lothſome lacke,
Amidſt his bliſſe with wo it makes man wale,
Onely abuſe doth worke mans wretched wracke:
Amidſt my ioyes, from ioy it beat me backe.
For I and mine miſuſde our preſent bleſſe,
Which brought both me and mine to wretchedneſſe.

We firſt miſuſde our preſent pleaſant plentie,
For which we whipt in thrall with ſcourges three,
Had Peſtilence, which made my kingdome emptie,
It did deſtroy my men of ech degree,
Then fainting Famine plaide her Tragedy,
Bellona then that beaſtly bloody Queene,
Did blow her Trumpe to daſh my courage cleane.

When ſickneſſe had conſumde my ſubiects quite,
The *Picts* with pride did haſte to ſpoile my land,
I had no men, nor meanes with them to fight,
For which I ſent and did obtaine a band
Of *Saxons*, ſuch as did the *Picts* withſtand.
Whoſe helpe that I when need requir'd might haue,
I gaue them Kent, a countrey paſſing braue.

Theſe *Saxons* were a crew of warrelike wights,
They liu'd by ſpoile, and had no biding place,
They were of truth a troupe of Martial knights,
Which ſeru'd for pay where *Mars* extold his Mace.
Saxons indeed they were of royal race,
They *Angli* hight, a ſtocke of worthy fame,
Of them this realme of England tooke her name.

Theſe

These *Angli* brought the *Britaines* to the bay,
We *Welchmen* call'd, to Wales they did vs driue,
They brought fixe forts of Saxons to decay,
And got the Goale for which they long did striue.
Of other stockes they left not one aliue,
They all this Realme did plant with *Angli* then,
And term'd themselues of *Angli*, Englishmen.

But how they brought this enterprise about,
Marke well the sequell which I shall recite:
Hengestus he the Chiefetaine of the rout,
A suttle Sir, an vndermining wight,
To feed my vaines he tooke a great delight.
His craftie head did deeme it the best way,
With pleasant baits to make my crowne his pray.

He me his King inuited to a feast,
A feast in faith, which forst my finall fall:
Where *Cupids* curse constrain'd me like a beast,
From Pallas Prince to giue the golden Ball.
For *Venus* vants to *Helens* threw my thrall,
Whose heauenly hue, whose beauty fresh and faire
Was burnisht bright like *Phœbus* in the aire.

I being set at *Bacchus* banquetting,
His daughter deckt with Natures Tapistrie,
And trimly trickt with euery other thing,
Which might delight a louers fantasie:
Why should mans mind to loue thus subiect be?
I had a wife, a passing princely peece,
Which far did passe that gallant Girle of Greece.

Yet from my wife (the worthiest Queene aliue,)
My fancies fell, I loth'd her louely bed:
How I *Hengestus* daughter might atchieue
Was all my care, I did this Damsell wed,
My wife diuorst, I had her in the sted.
Her louely lookes, her pretie pleasant cheare,
Made me esteeme her only loue most deare.

I wore the crowne, her will did rule the rest,
And her demaund I neuer did denye:
What she allow'd I did esteeme the best,
Which when her Father *Hengest* did espie,
He had the pray for which he long did prie:
He made his hay whilst weather faire was,
And by her meanes he brought it thus to passe:

That Britaines we with toile should till the grounde,
They Saxons would defend our wealth with warre:
Which granted once, they did inhabit rounde
About my realme, and might both make and marre,
New Saxons in my realme arriued were,
By meanes whereof my Britaines did suspect
The Saxons sleights, and did their deedes detect.

Then they good men to me their king complaind,
These men, quoth they, from vs our realme wil win,
Except they from our frontiers be refraind.
Which when they told, my wife she was within,
O husband deare, they be (saide she) my kin,
Cease of thy force thy faithful dreades to feare,
They meane no hurt, by *Isse* the isle I sweare.

So I esteemed not my subiects health,
That I might still my Ladies loue enioy,
They view'd me careles of my common wealth,
To saue themselues they meant me to annoy,
Mine eldest sonne a proper peere of boyes,
They made their king, and me for my desers,
They did depriue: with paine which pincht my hart.

Then *Vortiger* my sonne and king pursude
The Saxons sore, and did annoy them much,
For which my wife his mother Isse indude
With diuelish spite, against the youth did grutch,
She him destroi'd, her good successe was such,
When he seuen yeares had raigned with great renowme,
With poyson she deprau'd him of his crowne.

I to obtaine the feare from hence I left,
With sacred oath I solemnely did sweare,
To end the worke, which was begun so well,
And to subdue the Saxons every where.
The Britaines to my Kingly crowne did cleare
Me quickly then, for the first, by might
Defaste my foes in every fray and fight.

Then lothsome Euck did ruine her whirling wheele,
With treason must unsaps did me betray,
Hatefull Mishap she had me by the heele,
And clapt me close in dungeon of decay,
To *Hengest* now I must a ransome pay.
And if I lou'd my life and liberty,
I needs must grant all he doth aske of me.

For changed chance of *Mars* his warres, hath made
Me of a King a Captaines prisoner,
To whom there must now fower Shires be paide,
Northfolke, Southfolk, Souchsex and Kent they were,
Me to release from out my case of care:
Which being done, I led my life in doubt,
And fled for feare to Wales with all my rout.

Whereas I found a place that pleasde me much,
The situation seem'd so passing strong,
The world me thought might not annoy it much,
A castle there I built (it were too long
Heere to repeate, silence shall do no wrong)
To *Merlin*, he who wonders there hath wrought,
If ancient wits to ye the truth hath taught.

When I had built my Princely bower there,
In bloodie fields I meant no more to striue:
But true report did daile my present cheere:
In Totnesse hauen two brethren did arriue,
Which quickly would from thence my fortune driue,
The brethren both of *Castamus* the King,
Pereus they did manage to make me fling.

From worse to worse, felde[illegible]

Our present ioyes hereafter [illegible]

And he who now doth flourish fresh and greene,
Must fade and fall as *Hyems* frosts do fret
Dame *Floraes* fields, or as the raine with wet
In dropping daies the pleasant plains doth drowne,
So ruthfull men bereaue vs of renowne.

Men may therefore like Marmaids euer mourne,
The shining Sunne who do so much delight,
That aye they waile like Furies quite forlorne,
When *Sol* doth shine, when *Titans* beames be bright,
They feare the stormes that may hereafter light,
They weepe because they must the Sunne forgo,
When stormes do fall, they waile their present wo.

So mortall man with malice all befied,
When good successe doth sound a blessed blast,
With brinish teares then may they ease their bread.
For happie daies from man doth flee as fast
As powders force from peece doth pellet cast,
And troubles tedious time with paseleſſe stay,
Once wonne (alas) will neuer walke away.

How I in maze of trouble heere did toile,
Iudge you which see me trauise in the same,
And how I was inforst to finall soile,
Not now, for now although it doth me shame,
I will declare, how I was fri'd with flame.
For *Ambrose* he and *Vter Pendragon*,
My castle burnt, me and my men each one.



Then *Ambrose* with his brothers crowne was crown'd,
Which I from him had reaft against all right.
So now you see vpon what slipperie ground
They stand, which do extoll themselues by might,
Their wandring feete do walke as in the night,
Their stumbling steps their guiltie minds do feare,
They daily see the blocke of bale appeare.

With scalding sighes they do themselues consume,
For feare to fall doth yeeld none other fruit,
They rage with wrath, they daily fret and fume,
Ruthfull reuenge them alwaies hath in lure,
And right in time makes might both mum and mute:
For that which might by secret meanes hath wrought,
By tract of time to open shew is brought.

Vsurpers then do reape their right reward,
The folle once felt, they feele how vile and vaine
It is, to be to high degrees preferd
By lawlesse meanes: yeelds had what pinching paine,
Amid'st the minds of such men do remaine,
They alwaies thronged with cruell threatning thrall,
Do feed vpon none other food but gall.

A proofe whereof a plat, a patterne plaine,
The ruthfull race I *Vter* shall haue run,
Desciphers so, that man may see how vaine
A thing it is his former Fate to shun:
Honor obtain'd (alas) what hope we won?
A hidious heape of cruell carking care,
Which to consume mans life doth neuer spare.

Thomas Blener Hasse.

HOW VTER PENDRAGON WAS INAMOVRED ON the wife of *Gerolus* Duke of Cornewall, whom he slew, and after was poysoned by the Saxons. *Anno Dom.* 500.

WE leade our liues by fancies fond delight,
For kingdomes some, do busie much their braine,
But *Cupids* curse that wretched little wight,
That blinded boy vnto my pinching paine,
Dub'd me a Knight of daintie *Venus* traine,
Where beames of Beautie brought me by and by,
To cast my care to please my Ladies eye.

O Beautie braue, thy gladsome glittering gleames,
With smiling cheare and wildie winking eyes,
Doth drowne with dole amidst the furging streames
Of deepe despaire, the wights which be most wise.
Aye me, my wit, my pen cannot deuise
Of Beautie braue to make a true discourse,
To thinke thereof I feele my selfe the worse.

I *Pendragon* of Britaine crowned King,
The fretting force of Beauties hatefull hew,
Those frying flames I felt, that hatefull sting,
That wounds my fame, which now too late I rew,
Whil'st with delight I did thy vanting view,
I like the Hauke which soares in good estate,
Did spie a Stale, I stoopt, and tooke a Mate.

For at what time the Saxons did assaile
My Britaine state, and tooke each man a share,
My kingdome they euen for their best auaile,
Did then diuide: for which with carking care
Them thence to driue, I did my powre prepare.
And being come to Cornewall with my band,
I ment to haue Duke *Gorolus* helping hand.

There in the Church I set to sacrifice,
Those holy vowes, which victories require:
Euen whil'st I did with all my heart deuise,
How to subdue my foes with sword and speare,
Euen then there did this peereleesse Pearle appeare,
Duke *Gorolus* wife, whose gallant gate and grace,
Stealing mine heart, my honor did deface.

When *Vortiger* my brother did oppresse,
In exile then my youthfull yeares were spent,
At my returne his fault he did confesse,
And from his crowne the crowne in haste I sent.
Then my delight was in the dierie dent
Of wrackfull warre, but now transform'd I stand,
The ancient Oke must grow now like a wand.

I maruail'd much how *Syrens* songs might please,
But now I muse that *Circes* sorcerie,
Doth not from euery man bereaue his ease.
Calipsoes cups with poisoned treacherie,
Cannot so much abridge mans libertie,
As *Syrens* songs, and *Circes* suttle art,
Whose chaunting charmes inwrapt with woo my heart.

Vlysses sayling by the perillous place,
Where these to please the passers by, did play,
Where Lady *Loue* doth vaunt with garish grace,
Her daintie Damsels gallant Girles, and gay,
Inticing trulles, they cauide the Greeke to say,
With cables come and tie me to this Mast,
Least I my selfe to pleasures Court me cast.

Muse not therefore though feature fine of face,
Though comely corps, and trim inticing cheere,
Made me obey Sir *Cupids* mightie Mace:
The force whereof *Vlysses* wife did feare,
He sail'd aloofe, he from these bankes did beare
His shaking ship, but other many moe
Did there arriue, and wean'd the web of woe.

There *Salomon* did reape the crop of care,
There *Dauid* lou'd as I, *Vrias* wife,
There *Samson* strong was snarled in the snare,
There *Paris* liu'd, euen there he lost his life,
There *Helens* hate, brought Troy her finall strife,
Alcides he the mightie *Hercules*
There to arriue, did find it dangerous.

I learn'd with losse of my renowne at last,
That he who doth delight in lawlesse loue,
Must play the foole ere all the parts be past,
And taste the sauce prepar'd for his behoue.
Let men take heed how they their fancies moue,
Let man beware where he doth cast his eie,
The limed bird doth proue in vaine to flie.

O ancient Rome, thou did'ſt diſdaine of yore,
That women ſhould vnto banqueting reſoort,
At Rome ſhe was eſteem'd a harlot whore,
If from her houſe without her veile ſhe went,
Which lawes no doubt were made to good intent,
For why the beames of beauties ſanguin'd ſight,
Like *Baſiliske* doth ſpoile the gazing wight.

Therefore the maids, and Roman matrons all,
A ſhadowing veile before their face did weare,
Their heauenly hue did throw no man to thrall,
They were content with plaine and decent geare,
They huſt it not with painted friſſled heare,
The married wife, the matron, and the maid,
They of their veiles were glad and well apaid.

If women thus had walked in my time,
I had not ſtoopt vnto that painted lure,
Which did intice me to commit the crime,
Which to the pearch of leaudneſſe ti'd me ſure,
For her diſport my Ladie could procure
The wretched wings of this my muting mind,
Reſtleſſe to ſeeke her emptie fiſt to find.

I thus arriu'd in Pleaſures curſed court,
I lothed *Mars*, I hated *Mercurie*,
It was me thought a paſſing pleaſant ſport,
Leauing the fields at *Bacchus* brauerie,
Sometime to ſit vpon my miſtreſſe knee,
Where that I might be at my pleaſure plaſte,
I ſent the Duke away to warres in haſte.

You which haue plaid with pleaſures banding balles,
You know the life which lingring louers lead,
You know how ſweet it is to ſcale the walles
Of her good will, who liu'd in feare and dread,
You know right well how well thoſe wights haue ſped,
Who haue at laſt by drifts of long delay,
Their hoped meed, and wiſhed pleaſant pray.

Vnconquered beautie whence hadſt thou that power
To make ſtout *Vter* ſtoope to his owne ſhame,
That neuer ſtoopt to foes? why for that flower
Of ſweete delight in *Igren* that faire Dame
Did I forgoe the golden flower of fame?
Victorious beautie and baſe yeelding luſt
Did caſt great *Vters* conqueſts in the duſt.

Yet no ſuch blame as writers do record
Do I deſerue for this vnhappie deed:
Proud *Gorolus* the bright-cheekt *Igrens* Lord
Receiu'd no wrong but his owne merits meed,
When in the field I made his heart to bleed,
If thoughts of treaſon merit death and ſhame,
His trecherous deeds did well deſerue the ſame.

His graceleſſe treaſon he in act did ſhow
For when I ſent him to *Nathalied* highe
In bloodie field againſt the Saxon foe,
He ſwolne in heart with enuie and deſpighe
Of his aſſociates good did leaue the fight,
And leauing ſtout *Nathalied* for a pray
Vnto the foes, from field he fled away.

By which enforc'd I was with *Mars* to riſe
From *Venus* bed, and arme me for the field,
Where like a ſtorme in thunder clad from skies
Vpon my foes I fell, they could not ſhield
Themſelues from death, few ſcap't that did not yeeld.
Occa and *Oſſa* both I downe did bring,
And led them captiue like a conquering King.

Againe I then gan thinke vpon my loue
Vpon mine *Igren* deare, againſt whoſe Lord
I finding cauſe, for that he late did proue
Faithleſſe to me, did with my luſt accord
Gainſt him, as 'gainſt my foe to draw my ſword,
Whom by his caſtle called Dunilioc,
I ſlew with blade in battailes bloodie ſtroke.

Then did I take mine *Igren* as mine owne
And crown'd her Queene in my Emperiall chaire,
On whom great *Arthur* I begot anone.
And after him my *Anne* hight the faire,
In seeming bliſſe I long liu'd void of care,
For thrice nine yeares with *Igren* I did raigne,
And 'gainſt the Saxons did my ſtate maintaine.

But for the rape of *Gorlois* his wife
The heauens did powre downe vengeance on my head,
I by vntimely death did end my life,
My ſad ſoule hence enforc'd by poiſon fled,
By Saxons wrought, who often wiſh'd me dead,
And left behind for all my deeds of fame
Iuſt cauſe for writers pens to ſpeake my ſhame.

Learne they which liue in high or low degree,
To flee the foile which I by folly felt:
Let them refraine thoſe loftie Dames to ſee,
They know how loftie lookes with me haue delt,
You ſee how ſight did make my honor melt.
Let all men know, mans heart did neuer rue
The thing which he with ſighs did neuer view.

But how may men the ſight of Beautie ſhun
In England, at this preſent diſmall day?
All void of veiles (like Layes) where Ladies run
And rome about at euery feaſt and play,
They wandring walke in euery ſtreete and way:
With loftie luring lookes they bounſing braue,
The higheſt place in all mens ſight muſt haue.

With pride they pranke to pleaſe the wandring eye,
With gariſh grace they ſmile, they iet, they ieſt:
O Engliſh Dames, your lightneſſe verily,
The Curtizans of Rome do much deteſt,
In cloſets cloſe to liue they count it beſt.
They giue not grace to euery wandring wight,
Your ſmiling cheere doth euery man delight.

The

The Poets gods *Saturne*, and *Iupiter*,
To Beauties becke their highnesse did obay,
Pluto of hell did plead at Beauties bar,
And *Phillis* cauſde *Demophoon* to ſtay:
Paſiphae a Bull brought to the bay:
So gods and diuels, both men and beaſts, they all
By womens wiles are ſlaues to Beauties thrall.

What gaine is got by light and wanton waies?
You reape reproch, a guerdon got thereby:
Men by your meanes do cauſe their owne decay,
And you your ſelues all ſouſt in ſinne muſt die.
Refraine therefore to pleaſe mans gazing eie,
Let men likewiſe the baited hookes reſraine
Of luring lookes, their vanting vowes be vaine.

Thomas Blenerhaſet.

HOW CADWALLADER THE LAST KING OF THE Britaines was expelled by the Saxons, went to Rome, and there lived in a religious house.

YOumourning Muſes all, where euer you remaine,
Aſſiſt my ſobbing ſoule this driery tale to tell:
You furious Furies fierce of Lymbo Lake below,
Helpe to vnlade my breſt of all the bale it beates:
And you who felt the fall from honors high renowne:
From graues you grizlie ghoſts ſend forth, to helpe me mourne.
O *Pallas*, giue thou place, that mourning *Clio* may
On Lute lamenting, ſound and ſing my dolefull dumps,
Let riming meetered lines and pleaſant muſike ceaſe:
Let Satyres ſolemne ſound ſend forth the fall I felt:
And when the truth of all my Tragedie is knowne,
Let them that liue then learne, all things muſt haue an end,
The Perſian Monarch and the Medes it downe did fall,
That of Aſſyria, in tract of time did end:

Yea *Alexanders* force in fight ſubdu'd them both,
And brought the world ſo wide into one Monarchie.
What though the fretting force of Fate did him diſmay?
He felt at laſt the foile, his vanting was in vaine,
He dead, the world it was diuided as before.
The Roman Emperie came tumbling downe at laſt.
And where is Troy, and Greece, and mightie Macedon?
They flouriſht for a time like this my little Ile:
The Soldion brought them downe, and did their ſtates deſtroy:
Euen ſo the Saxons brought the Britaines to the bay,
Euen theſe mine eyes did ſee, that hatefull hidious ſight,
Theſe feeble hands, when long they labour'd had in vaine,
Did yeeld their intereſt: then thus I did complaine:
Who can refraine the force of mightie mounting ſeas?
When billowes make a breach and beate the bankes adowne,
Doth not the ſaltiſh ſurge then beat the bankes adowne?
Then man may not withſtand the rigor of their rage.
But wiſdome would haue kept the waues within their bounds:
Counſell doth come too late, when hope of helpe is paſt.
Such was my filthie fate, my leaud and lothſome lucke:
I ſought a ſalue to cure and helpe the helpeleſſe wound.
For long before my time, ſeuen Kings were ſetled heere,
The Saxons ſuch as dwelt by Eaſt, *Sibertus* rul'd,
The Angles in the Eaſt, *Redwallus* rul'd as King,
Then *Ethelbert* was King of all the coaſt of Kent,
In Southſex *Ethelwolfus* wore the regall crowne:
Then *Quincillinus* was a Saxon King by Weſt,
Of *Martia* in the mid'ſt King *Penda* was the Prince,
And *Edwin* in Northumberland did rule and raigne,
How did my Grandſire grand renowned *Arthur* he
Theſe ſeuen deſtroy with deadly field of wrackfull warre?
But *Mordred* made the meane, that brought them in againe:
Vortiporus with warre almoſt conſum'd them all.
Then *Malgo* he with peace reſtor'd againe their ſtate,
Caritieus the ſinne of ciuill ſtrife did loue,
For which *Gurmundus* did the Britaines much annoy.
Then *Cadwin* out of Wales King *Etheldred* did ſpoile,
Cadwallins then did force King *Penda* to a foile,

And

And I *Cadwallader* at laſt did preſſe in place,
Then *Lothar* king of Kent in warre that wretch I ſlue.
And *Ethiwolue* the king of Southſaxons I ſpoilde,
The other fiue did me inuade with cruel fight,
With whom in diuers warres, I diuerſly did ſpeed.
Somtime *Bellona* bleu a bleſſed blaſt for me,
And changed chance ſomtime did force my men to flee.
Whilſt thus I wag'd my warres in ſecret ſilent night,
The very voice of God, it thus to me did ſpeake:
Thou ſtriu'ſt againſt the ſtreame, the tide doth beate thee back,
Strike thou thy ſailes, take ancor hold, els muſt thou feele a wrack.
Which ſaying did in deed amaze me more by much,
Then all the force that man againſt my will might bend:
For who the will of God with weapons may reſiſt?
And when as ſinne hath ſold a countrey to decay,
Then praier muſt preuaile, for weapons will not help.
And when the end is come, when all the glaſſe is runne,
Who can reſiſt the force of Fate and deſtinies?
Who things foretun to fall from falling can refraine?
It paſſeth mortall might to bring ſuch things about.
Let man content himſelfe to do what beſt he may,
By trying too too much, no man his God may tempt,
But mortall man muſt thinke that God the beſt doth know,
Who can depreſſe to duſt and raiſe when beſt him pleaſe.
And as I thus amidſt my muſings did remaine,
I did reſigne my crowne, and deem'd al honours vaine.
And though it greeu'd me much to feele the fall I felt,
Yet was I well content, I could not as I would:
For which I left my land, my people, and my place.
The Saxons they obtain'd the wage for which they war'd.
When I three yeares had raign'd, without one day of reſt,
Euen then in mourning robes at Rome I did arriue,
And there contemning all the world, and worldly things,
I made my ſelfe a Monke, (ceaſe Memory to muſe)
A Monke I made my ſelfe, thou knoweſt it paſſing plaine:
Amongſt the Friers there, I led my lingring life.
And til my dying day I daily did deuiſe,
How by my meanes it might to all the world be knowne.

That

That mortall flesh is fraile, and euery thing muſt fade:
And euen amongſt thoſe things which Nature doth create,
Nothing ſo vile as man amongſt the reſt is found,
Which made *Heraclitus* with ceaſleſſe ſighes to waile,
He to his dying day did nothing els but weepe,
Affirming all the world vnder the heauen, to be
A path of penitence, a maze of miſery.
What is the life of man but care and daily toile,
Bearing alwaies about a burthen of miſhappes?
All his delights repentance daily doth purſue:
Nothing but death doth bring him peace and quiet reſt.
Yet that which bringeth him bliſſe, he moſt of all doth hate,
Which made *Democritus* with mirth to ſpend his daies;
He laughing aie, did mocke the madneſſe of mankinde,
Whoſe loue is long to liue, and feareth much to die:
Death reaues vs from diſeaſe, Death ends the feare of death.
When *Midas* did demaund *Silenus*, what was beſt
For mortall man to wiſh, the Satyr thus did ſay,
Not to bee borne, if borne, not long our liues to lead,
For life I moſt doe lothe, and death I leaſt doe dread.
And how did *Timon* leade with ſauage beaſts his life?
How did that *Hermite* poore, his lothſome life deteſt?
Affirming with the wiſe *Aurelius* Emperour,
That if a man ſhould make a true diſcourſe of all
The wretched woes he felt, from birth to dying day,
The feeble fleſh would faint to feele ſo ſharpe a fight,
The hart would quake to heare Dame Fortunes ſharpe aſſaults.
And I *Cadwallader* a king, can make report,
That nothing may content the minde of mortall man:
The more my ſelfe did eate, the hungrier aye I was,
The more I dranke, the more thirſt did me ſtil diſtreſſe.
The more I ſlept, the more I ſluggiſh did remaine,
The more I reſted me, the more I wearied was,
The more of wealth I had, the more I did deſire,
The more I ſtill did ſeeke, the leſſe I aye did finde.
And to conclude, I found I neuer could obtaine
The thing, but in the end it cauſde me to complaine:
My preſent good ſucceſſe, did threaten thrall to come:

And changing chaunce did still with sorow me confound,
For which my royall robes, my crowne I laid aside,
Meaning to prove by proofe the paines of povertie,
Which povertie I felt all riches to excede,
It beareth much more blisse, then high and courtly state,
Cedrus and *Irus* poore for wealth did farre surpasse
Midas and *Croesus* king, for wealth who did surpasse.
And I amongst my mates the Romish Friers, felt
More ioy and lesse annoy, then erst in Britaine braue,
For there I doubted still, the *Saxons* subtile sleights,
I feared there the fall from royall regall fear:
But here at Rome I liu'd not fearing force of foe,
I had for mine estate, what I could wish or craue,
And this I there did finde, they of the Clergie be,
Of all the men that liue the least in misery.
For all men liue in care, they careles do remaine.
Like buzzing Drones they eate the hony of the Bee,
They only do excell for fine felicitie:
The king must wage his warres, he hath no quiet day,
The noble man must toile with care the common-weale,
The Countreyman must toile to till the barren soile,
With care the Merchant man the surging seas must saile,
With trickling droppes of sweat the handcrafts man doth thriue,
With hand as hard as boord the woorkeman eates his bread,
The souldier in the field with paine doth get his pay,
The seruing man must serue and crouch with cap and knee,
The Lawyer he must pleade and trudge from bench to barre,
Who Physicke doth professe, he is not void of care:
But Churchmen they be blest, they turne a leafe or two,
They sometime sing a Psalme, and for the people pray,
For which they honour haue, and sit in highest place,
What can they wish or seeke, that is not hard at hand?
They labour not at all, they know no kind of paine,
No danger doth with dread their happy liues distresse,
Cease you therefore to muse what madnesse made me leaue
The Court and courtly pompe of wearing royal crowne,
No madnesse did that deed, but wisedome wilde it so,
I gaind thereby the blisse which few before me felt.

Nine yeares led my life, and neuer felt annoy:
And certainely if now I might beeling a guise,
Refusing all that pompe, I would become a priest,
A Deacon, or a Deane, Prebend, or Minister.
For these men leade their lines with liuings two or three:
Some haue their substitutes in Vniuersities,
Some leade the bruest lines that any man may haue,
They seede vpon the fleece, they force not of the flocke:
Three houres in the yeere, with beastly bosomde stuffe
They spend, and that is all that law of them requires.
Muse not though many thrust and shoulder for degrees,
For haypy man is he, who hath a Preachers fees.
But let me now returne vnto my Romish rout,
Who fed like Bacon fat, did nought but play and pray.
With whom for nine yeares space, when I my life had led,
I long my *Requiem*, and paid the earth her fee:
Then in Saint *Peters* Church at Rome they did me lay,
Booted and spurd, euen as you see me here this day.
So now you haue the whole of all my Tragedie.
Of *Brutus* blood the last I liu'd that cal'd as king:
My Britaines driuen to Wales they Welchmen then were cal'd,
And I at Rome their king, a mumbling Monke instal'd.
The *Saxons* had the day, for which they longed long.
They England cal'd the Ile, of *Brute* which tooke her name.
Some men be borne to blisse, and some to hatefull hap:
Who would haue thought, that I in warre a raging king,
Should by the force of Fate, at Rome haue dide a Monke?
Let all the world then know, that nothing is so sure,
That can afford and say, I thus wil aye endure.
For that which seemeth best, is sooneste brought to naught,
Which plainly doth appeare by that which I haue taught.
The worthiest in the world, princes, philosophers,
Will teach that I haue taught, and proue it passing plaine.
Paulus Aemilius did die but wretchedly:
And was not *Scipio* euen to his dying day
Constraind, to helpe his need, the painfull plow to ply?
Cæsar and *Sylla* both, did not they taste the whippe?
And made not *Hannibal* a miserable end?

And

And how was *Socrates* before him done to death,
And *Anaxagoras* long imprisoned long with paine?
For cruell beastly coyne diuine *Plato* was sold,
And *Aristotle* sent to exile, where he di'di,
And so was *Solon* sage, and chast *Lycurgus* wise,
And many more, which heere I could at large depeint,
But let these few suffice to teach for certaine truth,
That all the men that liue, are subiects all to ruth:
And seeing so it is, then let them learne the meane,
That if the buike do breake, they safe may swimme to land.

Thomas Blener Ha.

HOW SIGEBERT FOR HIS WICKED LIFE was thrust from his Throne, and miserable *slaine by a Heardsman, Anno Dom. 755.*

TWo parts in one a Heardsman heere must play,
My tale must tend each Princes life to mend,
And this my talke most plainly must display,
How far a subiect may himselfe defend
Against his Liege, his Soueraigne Lord and King,
If his default his Commonweale doth bring
To miserie: therefore a little while
Attend, and know the tenour of my stile.

A subiect I of base and low degree,
This headlesse corps of life I did deprite,
(King *Sigebert* is wite) with cruelties,
Whose lust was law, whil'st he was heere aliue,
To seele my force it was his destinie:
Then cruell ire I wrackt with cruelties,
And to reuenge the wrong that earst he wrought,
With losse of life his lawlesse lust he bought.

This *Sigebert* the Saxons rulde by Weſt,
Their ancient lawes he at his liſt did change,
For which his Commons did him much deteſt.
The Duke of Cornwall would not lee him range
Thus at his will, but wiſhe him like a friend,
To mend his faults, or els his life to end.
Then he in rage this Duke my maſters life,
His cruel hands bereau'd with bloodie knife.

A lawleſſe life to lawleſſe death doth hale,
When witleſſe will, will paſſe the power of may:
Then ill miſhap doth drowne in dolours dale
The peruerſe Prince, whoſe wit doth beare the ſway.
Iuſt *Abels* blood to God for vengeance cald,
For blood with blood the Bloodſheader is thrald,
And him whom here before you I preſent,
For ſheading blood, my blade his life hath hent.

As he three yeares his people did oppreſſe,
Then they whoſe backe that burden could not beare,
With one conſent they did his ſtate diſtreſſe,
To reaue him of his Crowne they did not feare,
They him depoſde from honour and renowne:
His hateſull hap ſo frowardly did frowne,
That he who had a kingdome but of late,
Forlorne he now muſt beg from gate to gate.

Do nothing muſe at his deſerued hap,
For many more as he their liues haue led:
Iues vengeance iuſt ſuch wretches doth inwrap
With change moſt ſtrange, when he their blood will ſhed.
Of *Dionyſe* of Syracuſa,
Of *Neroes* death, of *Phalaris* decay,
Who liſt to reade, he paſſing plaine ſhall finde,
That he of heauen their ſorrow hath aſſignde.

And out of doubt God did ordaine the fall
Of him, whom here I headleſſe haue in hand,
Who wandring in a wood amidſt his thrall
I met by chance, of whom I did demand
His name, and place: who thus replide with feare:
O friend, I am for meate now ſtarued welneare,
Giue me therfore I thee beſeech and pray
Some meate, to keepe my carcaſe from decay.

Some Pilgrim poore, or waifaring man him ſtraight
Iudg'd, and gaue him what my ſcrippe would yeelds:
And whilſt we both thus on a banke did baite,
From ſighes and ſobbes himſelfe he could not wield,
Which made me aske againe his name and place,
But ſilent he did mourne with frowning face:
Yet at the laſt by vrging to and fro,
He thus declar'd the cauſe of all his woe.

O miſer I, more wretch then thee by much,
I neuer could compare with thine eſtate.
This heard of Swine againſt thee neuer grutch;
I kept a heard, which did their Heardſman hate,
A hateful heard of murmuring men I meane,
Which did depriue me of mine honour cleane.
And now I leade my lothſome life you ſee,
Impal'd amidſt a maze of miſery.

With changed chance (aye me) I chaſed am,
And frowning Fate ſuch ſorrow hath aſſignd,
That lothing life, moſt like a quiet Lambe,
My naked necke to blocke of bale I bind.
With cruell knife (O care) come ſhread my twiſt,
So ſhall my ſoule by corps decay be bliſt.
But ſith that Care nor Fate wil doe this deed,
Doe thou the ſame I thee beſeech, with ſpeed.

Firſt hatefull hope with flattering face did fawne,
With dread when deepe deſpaier would me haue drownd,
Then changed chance did checke me with the pawne
Of wofull want, when good ſucceſſe did ſound
A bleſſed blaſt: and now (to tell the truth)
I haue the mate, by raging Rooke of truth.
Lo thus I liue, which daily wiſh to die:
And life (alas) doth make my miſerie.

If lothſome life (of this my corps the king)
Doth moue one way, the Biſhop bids me backe:
If to that point, the Queene me backe doth bring,
On th'other ſide, the Knight doth work my wracke,
The other points with Pawnes be all poſſeſt,
And here the Rooke of ruth doth reaue my reſt.
And beeing brought into this ſtrange eſtate,
I do confeſſe my ſelfe to haue a mate.

Sith ſorow ſo hath ſeaſde vpon my bones,
That now too late I do lament my loſſe,
And ſith no meanes may turne my gaſtfull grones
To ioyfull glie, ſith trouble ſtill doth toſſe
Me to and fro, in waltring waues of woe:
Death is my friend, and life I count my foe:
Which death though once my feeble fleſh did feare,
Yet now I faine would feele his murdring ſpeare.

In gurging gulfe of theſe ſuch ſurging ſeas,
My poorer ſoule who drownd doth death requeſt,
Wretched wight haue ſought mine owne diſeaſe,
By mine owne meanes my ſtate it was diſtreſt.
For whilſt I meant to make my luſt a law,
Iuſtice me from my high eſtate did draw.
So that I find, and feele it now with paine,
All worldly pompe, al honour is but vaine.

Which honour I to fiery flames compare,
For when they flash and flourish most of all,
Then suddainely their flamings quenched are.
For proofe whereof, to minde now let vs call
Antigonus, and *Ptolomeus* Great,
Cæsar and *Mithridate*, we may repeat,
With *Darius*, and great *Antiochus*,
Cambises eke, and conquering *Pyrrhus*.

And I the last might first haue had my place,
They all as I with flaming fierie show
Were quenched quite: Dame Fortune did deface,
Yea hatefull hap, euen then did ouerthrow
Vs most, when most we had our hearts desire:
When most we flourisht like the flames of fire,
Euen then the seas of sorow did preuaile,
And made vs weare a blacke lamenting saile.

And heere before my death, I will repeate
To thee the thing which I of late did dreame,
That thou and all the world may see, how great
A care it is to rule a royall realme.
My dreame shal shew, that blisse doth not consist
In wealth nor want: but he alone is blest,
Who is content with his assigned fate,
And neuer striues to clime to higher state.

When seemely *Sol* had rest his glittering gleames,
And night the earth did with her darkenesse vaile,
Dame *Cinthia* then with her bright burnisht beames,
The shadowed shades of darkenesse did assaile,
Then *Somnus* cauſ'd my senses all to quaile.
On carefull couch then being laid to rest,
With doubtfull dreames I strangely was distrest.

In cottage cold where care me thought did keepe,
With naked need and want of wherewithall:
Where pouertie next beggers doore did creepe,
And where expenires were so passing small,
That all men deem'd that man forethrong'd with thrall,
Which there did dwell, euen there from bondage free,
I view'd a man all void of miserie.

And whil'st I muse how he in blisse of blisse
Could lead his life amid'st that caue of care,
From Princely Court proceeded ere I wist,
A man, with whom there might no man compare.
His wealth, his wit, his courage were so rare,
That none before nor since were like to him:
Yet he me thought in waues of woe did swim.

This man had all that men could wish or craue
For happie state, yet nought he had in deed:
The other, he had nought that men would haue,
Yet had he all, beleeue it as thy Creed.
This saying of that happie man I reade,
That hauing nought, yet all things so I haue,
That hauing nought, I nothing more do craue.

The King me thought with all his Courtly traine,
Past to the place where pouertie did dwell,
With frowning face and with a troubled braine,
With woe and want, his vexed veines did swell,
With mirth and ioy the poore man did excell.
And being come vnto his house ymade
Of one poore hogshead, thus to him he said:

Diogenes, thou lead'st a lothsome life,
Me thinke thou might'st much better spend thy time
Within my Court, both thou and eke thy wife:
Thou by that meanes to high estate maist clime:
I haue the wealth, and thou art void of crime,
And loe, before thy face I heere am prest
To giue thee that, which thou shalt now request.

Stand backe (Sir King) thy vaunting vowes be vaine,
I nothing recke thy promise, goods, nor land,
And *Tuans* stately streames would me sustaine
With heate, if thou from this my doore wouldst stand:
Thou takst away much more, then thy commaund
Can giue againe: thy gifts so vile I deeme,
That none but fooles such follies do esteeme.

With conquest thou hast wone the world so wide,
And yet thou canst not win thy wandring wil:
Thou wouldest winne other world beside:
But tush, that fact doth farre surpasse thy skill.
Thou neuer wilt of Conquest haue thy fill,
Til death with daunting dart hath conquer'd thee,
Then must thou leaue behind, thy Monarchie.

With great assaults my selfe I haue subdude,
In all respects, I haue my hearts desire,
With a contented minde I am endude,
To higher state I neuer wil aspire.
More like a Prince then any poore Esquire,
I leade my life: and sith my state is such,
Aske thou of me, for I can giue thee much.

All dasht with dread mee thought in fuming heate
He said, departing thence in hast with speede,
If I were not *Alexander* the Great,
I would become *Diogenes* indeed,
Who leades his life all void of wofull dread.
He hath the wealth which I cannot obtaine,
I haue the wealth which wise men do disdaine.

I liue in feare, I languish all in dread,
Wealth is my woe, the causer of my care,
With feare of death I am so ill bestead,
That restlesse I much like the hunted Hare,
Or as the canuist Kite, doth feare the snare.
Ten hundred cares haue brought me to the baie,
Ten thousand snares for this my life men laie.

When *Philip* he of *Macedon* the King,
One Realme me left, I could not be content,
Deſier prickt mee to an other thing,
To win the world it was my whole intent,
Which done, an other world to win I ment.
When leaſt I had, then moſt I had of bleſſe,
Now, all the world, and all vnquietneſſe.

No woe to want of contentation;
No wealth to want of riches and renowne,
For this is ſeene in euery nation,
The higheſt trees be ſooneſt blowen downe:
Ten kings do die before one clubbiſh Clowne.
Diogenes in quiet Tunne doth reſt,
When *Cæſar* is with carking care diſtreſt.

Wherewith me thought he was departed quite,
And *Morpheus* that ſluggiſh God of ſleepe,
Did leaue my limmes, wherewith I ſtood vpright,
Deuiſing long what profit I could reape
Of this my dreame, which plainly did expreſſe
That neither want nor wealth doth make mans bleſſe;
Who hath the meane with a contented minde,
Moſt perfect bliſſe his God hath him aſſignde.

But I, who liu'd a crowned King of late,
And now am forc'd of thee to beg my bread,
I cannot be content with this eſtate,
I lothe to liue, I would I wretch were dead:
Deſpaier ſhe doth feede me with decay,
And patience is fled and flowne away.
Doe thou therefore O Heardſman play thy part,
Take thou this blade, and thruſt it to my hart.

O Sir, I ſaid, the gods defend that I
Should cauſeleſſe kill a man in miſerie,
Tell me thy name and place, then by and by
I will prouide for thine aduerſitie,
Then he repli'd, my name is *Sigebert*,
Iam the man which wrought thy maſters ſmart:
I rul'd of late this Realme euen at my liſt,
Take thou reuenge with that thy friendly fiſt.

And well content: I will reuenge with ſpeed
The death of him whom cauſeleſſe thou did'ſt kill.
King *Sigebert*, and art thou he indeed?
Sith he thou art, diſpatch and make thy will;
For to my Lord this day I will preſent
Thy head: therefore thy former faults repent,
Thou ſeeſt the blocke on which thy life muſt end,
Call thou for grace that God may mercie ſend.

Wherewith he kneeling by the blocke of bale,
Diſpatch (quoth he) and do that friendly deed:
O welcome death, and farewell Fortune fraile,
Diſpatch good friend, diſpatch my life with ſpeed.
Wherewith, on blocke he ſtretcht his neck outright,
And ſaid no more, but praying me to ſmite,
I gaue the ſtroke which ended all his care,
A bloodie ſtroke, which did my death prepare.

For I who hopte to haue ſome great reward
For killing of my Maſters fathers foe:
Was hanged ſtraight, my cauſe was neuer heard,
Such was my chance and well deſerued woe.
For when my Lord had heard me tell the tale,
How I his King and mine did there aſſaile,
His frowning face did put me in great feare,
He ſigh'd and ſob'd, and ſaid as you ſhall heare.

Caitiffe vile, O Impe of Satans ſeed,
And haſt thou kill'd our Soueraigne Lord and King?
His due deſert deſerueth death indeed,
Yet what made thee to do ſo vile a thing?
What though he did my father cauſeleſſe kill?
What though he rul'd the Realme with lawleſſe will?
Shall we therefore, with cruell bloodie knife,
Depriue our Lord and King of vitall life?

O wicked deed, may ſubiects falſe ſumiſe,
With murthering minds their Gouernour reſiſt?
That may not be: for *Tully* wondrous wiſe,
Plato, in whom true knowledge doth conſiſt,
They both agreed that no man ought to kill
A Tyrant, though he hath him at his will.
Yet thou (thou wretch) this bloody deed haſt done,
The like was neuer ſeene vnder the Sun.

When God will plague the people for their ſin,
Them then to ſcourge he doth a Tyrant ſend:
We ſhould therefore that ſubiects be, begin
With earneſt mind our former faults t'amend:
Which if we do, it is to great auaile,
Mans force is fond, fighting cannot preuaile.
And he who doth reſiſt the Magiſtrate,
Reſiſteth God, repenting all too late.

If ſubiects be by peruerſe Prince oppreſt,
They then muſt pray that God the change may make:
Which God no doubt rebellion doth deteſt,
No ſubiect may his ſword of armour take
Againſt his Prince, whom God hath placed there.
Yet hath this wretch all void of ſubiects feare,
Deſtroy'd a King whom God did thruſt from throne:
Alas poore King, thy death I do bemone.

But he who hath thy lingring life destroi'd,
Shall be destroi'd, and find it falling plaine,
That no man may a Princes life annoy,
Although the Prince desiers to be slaine,
Yet subiects must from shedding blood refraine.
From which, seeing that this wretch could not abstaine,
Let him be hang'd as I before decreed,
A iust reward for his so vile a deed.

Then I forthwith to end my life was led,
I hopte to haue preferment for my deed,
I was prefer'd, and hang'd all saue the head:
Did euer man the like example read?
Not one I thinke: therefore good Memorie,
In register inrole thou this for me,
That they who liue and reade the fall I felt,
May find how fate most strangely with me delt.

Yet my desert no doubt did death deserue,
Though hatred did not make me kill my King,
Yet lucre leaud did force my feete to swerue,
That hatefull hap, me to this bale did bring.
Let them then learne that heedlesse liue by hope,
Her hatefull hests will bring them to the rope:
And happie he, who void of hope can leade
A quiet life, all void of Fortunes dreade.

Perillus he who made the Bull of brasse,
Like him I hopte to haue some great reward,
But he in brasen belly broyled was,
And to a skarfe of hemp I was prefer'd.
So they that meane by others harmes to rise,
Their dying day shall end with dolefull cries.
And heere I end, approuing that most true,
From wicked workes no goodnesse can ensue.

HOW LADIE EBBE DID FLEA HER NOSE AND VPPER lippe away, to saue her Virginitie, *Anno Dom.* 870.

DO nothing muse at my deformed face,
For Nature it in perfect mould did make:
And when your wits haue weighed well the case,
You will commend me much for vertues sake.
With these my hands which from my face did take
Mine ouer-lippe, and eke my seemely nose,
So to auoid the rage of all my foes.

For I by birth a Princes daughter borne,
An Abbiesse by my profession,
Of which estate I neuer thought it scorne,
It greatly did delight me to be one,
Which might erect diuine religion.
At Collingam I tooke this charge in hand,
And fiftie more of chaste *Diuines* band.

All Ladies borne by birth of high degree,
Which there did vow with me their liues to leade,
And to auoid carnall fragilitie,
We all did vow as you right well may reade,
With single liues to liue in feare and dread
Of God our Lord, so to refraine the vice
Of fleshly lust, which doth to sinne intice.

Then did the Danes the Saxon state inuade,
And they who did the Britaine state destroy,
To sue for grace were glad and well apaid,
So strangely did the Danes vs then annoy,
That Saxons like the men of broyling Troy,
Amaz'd, they gaz'd, not knowing what was best,
So straitly were the Saxons then distrest.

Then

Theſe dreadfull Danes they had no feare of God,
But lunge, they did make their luſt a law,
Whom God did ſend for a reuenging rod,
To make vs Saxons liue in feare and awe
Of him, who did from ſeruile bondage draw
Vs out, and made vs liue at libertie,
When as we ſeru'd with cruell flauerie.

Not much vnlike the murmuring Iſraelites,
Sometime we ſeru'd our Lord with feare and dread,
In trouble we implor'd our whole delights,
To faſt and pray: but when we quiet were,
We reſtleſſe led our liues, all void of care,
Forgetting him who did in each diſtreſſe,
With helping hand vs bleſſe with good ſucceſſe.

See heere the fruit of health and good ſucceſſe,
It maketh man both proud and inſolent;
In health we hate the God who hath vs bleſt,
Trouble doth make vs mortall men repent
Our former faults: in ſickneſſe we be bent
To faſt and pray, and in aduerſitie
To pray to God, is mans felicitie.

And for this fault abuſing this our bleſſe,
The Danes with ruth our Realme did ouerrunne,
Their wrath inwrapt vs all in wretchednеſſe,
There was no ſin from which thoſe men did ſhunne,
By them the Commonweale was quite vndone,
They did deſtroy the ſtate of euery towne,
They Churches burnt, they pluckt the Abbies downe.

Yet not content, vs Nunnes they did annoy,
O cruell deed, our belis they did vnbind,
With rapine they did raueſh and deſtroy,
Deflowring all that euer they could find,
I ſeeing then what ſorrow was aſſign'd
To me and mine, my vowed virgins I
Did call, then thus I ſpake with weeping eye.

Alas alas my louing Ladies all,
These hard mishaps do presse vs too too neere:
What shall we do, how may we scape the thrall
Which hath destroyd the Nunries euery where?
Alas, my feeble flesh doth quake for feare:
Alas, how shall we scape their cruelties,
Which thus be plaste amidst extremities?

For if we do their hatefull hests denie,
Then dreadfull death shall presentlie insue:
And if we grant vnto their villanie,
Our sinfull soules in hell that deed shall rue.
Beleeue me then my Ladies, this is true,
Much better 'twere for vs to die with fame,
Then long to liue, with euerlasting shame.

And for because the faces forme doth moue
With beauties beames and comely countenance,
The minde of man to lust and lawlesse loue,
I haue deuis'd, my honour to aduance,
With face deform'd to try my hard mischance;
For these my hands from this my face shall rip
Euen with this knife, my nose and ouerlip.

They which will flie reprochfull infamie,
To do the like will them beseeme the best,
You shall preserue your vow'd virginitie
Thereby, and liue perhaps with quiet rest.
My daughters deare, giue eare vnto my hest:
Wherewith, with Rasors sharp I first, then they,
Each one her nose, and lip did flea away.

Whilst thus we liu'd deform'd to ouersterd show,
Yet vessels garnisht gay beseeme Gods sight,
The Danes did vs inuade, who straight did know
Our feate, them to defeate of their delight:
For which they wrackt on vs their wicked spight,
With fiery flames they burnt our Nunnerie,
And vs therein: O wretched cruelties!

The

The eare of man the like hath neuer heard,
No penne, nor tongue the like hath euer told,
Had euer man a hart that was so hard,
That with his yron breſt durſt be ſo bold,
To do the like againſt the Femine kind?
Not one in faith that euer I could heare,
But theſe all void of mercy, loue, and feare.

Thus we content to leaue this preſent life,
In hope to haue hereafters better bleſſe,
Were brent and broild, and ſo did ſtint the ſtrife
Which might haue made vs liue in wretchednesse:
We gainde therby a heauenly happineſſe.
Which happineſſe they doubtleſſe ſhall obtaine,
Which do from ſinne and wickednesse abſtaine.

Thomas Blener Hoſt.

HOW KING EGELRED FOR HIS WICKEDNESSE WAS diuerſly diſtreſſed by the Danes, and laſtly died

for ſorrow, Anno Dom. 1016.

THe minde and not the Man doth make or marre,
For as the ſtearne doth guide the Argoſy,
So by their mindes all men they guided are.
From out the mind proceedeth fabrike,
All outward acts, vertue or vanitie,
Not from the man, but from the minde proceede:
The mind doth make the man to do each deed.

For *Phalaris* with beaſtly bloudy mind,
And *Nero* did in murther much delight,
To mercy *Auſtenius* was inclin'd,
Midas for gold extended all his might.
For worldly pompe how did *Pompeius* fight?
The mounting minde of *Alexander*, made
Him win the world, his fame can neuer fade.

How did the minde moue *Caligula* then,
Nero, *Cyrus*, and *Augustus* eke,
Philip of *Macedon*, *Theramnes*,
Aiax, *Iason*, and *Aurelianus*,
Achilles, and the old king *Priamus*,
Hector, and *Hercules*, with false *Sinon*;
Their minds did make them weaue the web of wo.

The twig doth bend as *Boreas* blasts doe blow,
So man doth walke euen as his mind doth moue:
Then happie he who hath a mind to know
Such things as be the beſt for his behoue:
No doubt the mind which vertuous acts doth loue,
Doth make a man euen *Ceſar* to ſurpaſſe
For noble deeds, who Prince of proweſſe was.

But he who hath his mind to miſchiefe bent,
All his delight from vertue doth decline,
Like me too late he ſhall his faults repent,
His ſinfull ſoule ſhall feele the fall in fine
That I haue felt: which makes me to repine
Againſt my mind: for Nature did her part,
My mind enclin'd to ill, did ſpoile my hart.

What though I were of comely perſonage?
Iointly my ioints were ioin'd with perfect ſhape,
Adorned eke with ſo ſweet a viſage,
That neuer yet from Natures hands did ſcape
A worke ymade of ſuch a perfect ſhape:
But what of that? theſe gifts for want of grace,
Deformed quite the feature of my face.

For why, my mind to ruthfull ruine bent,
I did delight in lothſome lecherie:
I neuer did my odious deeds repent,
In drunkenneſſe, in extreme crueltie,
I did delight in all impietie.
As for delight in princely exerciſe,
The feates of armes I did them moſt deſpiſe.

By

By meanes whereof my subiects did me leese
And forraine foes, to burne my Realme were bolde,
With warre the Danes did alter straight the state,
First Fortune did my common-weale vnfolde,
Then pestilence did make my courage colde:
And last of all, my foes the dreadfull Danes
Did make me pay them tribute for their paines.

Euen now the Realme of England did decay:
For when the Danes their tribute had consum'd,
Forthwith they made vs greater summes to pay,
From ten to fifteene thousand they presum'd
Of pounds to make vs pay: for I redeem'd
With money bags my carefull common-wealth,
The onely meanes reserued for my health.

When thus the want of courage on my part
Had giuen my foes so sure a footing here,
And when disease with her destroying dart
Had wipte away my subiects euery where:
Euen then too late my wisemen did appeere,
Whom heretofore I alwayes did detest
Their counsaile graue, at last they thus exprest.

O *Egelred* the fruite of fearefulnesse,
Of riot thou the right reward dost reape:
But if thou wilt auoid this wretchednesse,
Be wise, and looke about before you leape.
Of hatefull haps you see a hideous heape
Before your face, therefore in time giue eare,
And wisely waigh the words which thou shalt heare.

That noble Duke *Richard* of Normandy,
A Sister hath, whom thee we wish to wed,
By meanes whereof from this captiuity
We may be brought, and that without bloodshed.
For why these Danes these Normans so do dread,
That if from thence an ayd we can procure,
Thy foes no doubt can neuer long indure.

The mayd she may a Princes fauour please,
Her brother is a man of great renowme:
This way O King may make thy subiects ease,
It may restore the freedome of thy Crowne:
This onely way will bring thy fomen downe.
If thou thy Crowne and common-weale dost loue,
Do thou the thing so much for thy behoue.

So by their meanes I married the maid,
She *Emma* hight, the floure of Normandie,
Of whom I was so glad and well apaid,
That all the world with my prosperitie
Could not compare; and in that iollitie
I did deuise by trames of secret treason,
To bring the Danes to death, in a good season.

I did a feast through all my Realme proclame,
At which both Danes and Englishmen did meete,
Then secretly my friends and I did frame
That Englishmen the Danes should friendly greete,
And at the feast that they should do their feate.
And that they might the better worke their will,
They thus were plast according vnto skill.

Two before one, and three before fiue,
Here two, and there two, and foure there beliue,
Here one, and there one, and three at a clap,
Then one, and twice two, and one at the lap.

They mingled thus, the watch-word wisely giuen,
And Englishmen with weapons well bestead,
The Danes amidst their cups were thrauen and thriuen:
Fiue hundred thousand in one day were dead.
How note the end of blood so lightly sheade?
For *Swaue* the king of Denmarke did arriue,
He for reuenge did me to *Richard* driue.

Marke here how lawleſſe policies preuaile,
Their good ſucceſſe do promiſe preſent peace,
What? May mans vaine deuices ought auaile?
Diſhoneſt deeds no honour can obtaine,
Al murthering Maſſacres be vile and vaine,
Such ſutle ſlights haue neuer good ſucceſſe,
The proofe whereof with paine I here expreſſe.

For *Swane* with ſword and fire did here deſtroy,
Both man and beaſt, and euery earthly thing,
He did that noble London much annoy,
He won the Realme and was the Engliſh king,
When tract of time him to his beare did bring,
Canutus then his ſonne did him ſucceed,
Whom to diſplace I did diſpatch with ſpeed.

My brother *Richard* Duke of Normandy,
Of Normans gaue to me a goodly band,
By help of whom *Canutus* forſt to flee,
I got againe the kingdome of England,
But out (alas) what thing may firmely ſtand,
Whoſe vnder-prop is of ſo little might?
That want of ſtrength doth let things drop downright.

Canutus did from Denmarke now returne,
The wrathfull wight appointed paſſing ſtrong,
My ſubiects ſlue, my Cities he did burne;
Which when I heard I liu'd not very long,
My fainting heart was thronged with a throng
Of cares, which broke it in my fearfull breſt,
And ſo at laſt death brought my bones to reſt.

Twice tenne and eight I ranne my ruthfull race,
And then in Pauls my curſed corps was laid,
Canutus did my common-wealth deface,
The Danes were kings, my kingdome was decaid,
This world is fruſle, and euery thing muſt fade,
But alwaies that which wanteth gouernment,
That ſuſt doth feele the force of dangers dent.

HOW EDRICVS EARLE OF MERCIA, DESTROYED THE VALIANT KING EDMVND IRONside, in hope of aduancement, and how he was rewarded, Anno Dom. 1016.

YOu hellish hags of Limbo Lake below,
Which daily do my cursed corps torment,
Come forth, come forth, come forth, (I say) and shew
How I on earth my direfull dayes haue spent,
And wil you not you wretched wights assent
To helpe me here to tell that direfull fact,
Which may amongst men liuing much preuaile?

O cursed ghost condemn'd to endlesse thrall,
Sith they refuse to aid thee in this need,
Do thou declare and tel the truth at all,
That men aliue my wretched works may read,
And see the fruite of furtle Satans seed,
Auoiding vice, and fancies foode delight,
Note well my tale, the truth I shall recite.

When *Ethelred* had giuen *Canutus* place,
Edmund his sonne surnamed *Ironside*,
Deuising how he might his foe deface,
By wrath of warre the cause they did decide,
And in the end the Realme they did diuide,
Edmund had halfe, *Canutus* had the rest,
Then they with peace and quietnesse were blest.

O blind beleefe, O hope of higher hope,
Why did you moue my minde to meditate,
How I in woe king *Edmund* might inwrap,
And how I might depresse my kings estate?
Thou blind beleefe, thou breeder of debate,
Vnwanting grace did let thee moue my mind,
Causelesse to kil a courteous king, and kinde,

Haſt thou (quoth he) deſtroy'd thy ſouereigne King?
Thou faithleſſe ſubiect, friend for loue of me?
Thou reſtleſſe wife, and could'ſt thou doe the thing
The which might cheere and bridge my miſeries?
O heinous act! O bloodie cruelties!
But ſith that loue did more than doe that deede,
Thou for thy paines ſhalt be preſerd with meede.

Wherewith in haſte he to the hangman ſaid,
Let this mans head the higheſt place obtaine
On London walles: wherewith I neuer ſtaid,
But on a block my neck was put in vaine,
In all mens ſight my head did long remaine.
See here what wit the greate of hope doth want,
See on what ſand ſuch lofty lodges do build.

O hateſull thing that fancies fond delight,
The ſenſe of mortall man ſhould ſenſeleſſe makes
When vices vaunts with vertues deeds doe fight,
Then doth the ſoule the happie heauens forſake,
Then man makes haſte to *Hecates* loathſome lake.
Why ſhould man loue that ſugred ſowre ſo ſweet,
Which wiſedome ſees to leche hath thought moſt meet?

HOW KING HAROLD RAIG-
NING BVT NINE MONETHS,
had continuall warre with the Danes, with the Norway King, with his brother Tostivs, and was at last slaine in battell by William the Conqueror, An. Dom. 1095.

WOuld he haue warre, and we to warre proclame?
O Bastard Duke, and dost thou dare to fight?
My Noble men, come forth, and prouide fame.
Giue me my sword, let me defend my right.
Steppe forth with speed my Martiall men of might:
With Bowes and Billes, let vs their course restraine:
And teach them that their vanting vowes be vaine.

But that we may with wisdome wisely worke,
It vs behoues in Normandie to fight
With him, and not so let his souldiers lurke
Heere in my Realme, we shall thereby atchiue
No noble act, though hence we him do driue.
But if we deale with him in Normandie,
We shall receiue renowme and victorie.

It is the best with forren foes to fight
Abroad, as did the haughtie *Hannibal*.
And not at home to feele their hatefull spight,
Of all the rest it is the greatest thrall,
That foes arriu'd should spoile our subiects all:
And for a truth this alwaies hath been found,
He speedeth best which fights on forren ground.

My men of warre were mustred out of hand,
But all my haste was then of none auaile:
My brother *Tostius* with his rebell band,
In euery place my subiects did assaile,
And euery where did cause their hearts to quaile.
Whose wretched state from farther spoile to shield,
I by my power did force him flie the field.

The Sodan Norway then on cloud did rise
That did obscure the shine of my consent,
When lo the Norman Duke did then deuise,
If I to yeeld my Scepter would assent,
For which betwixt vs oft and fro there went
Despightfull letters, which I will recite,
Wherein he claimes, and I defend my right.

WILLIAM DVKE OF NORMANDIE, AND RIGHT heire to the English Crowne, to *Harold the Vsurper.*

THough birth bright cannot cause thee yeeld to me my Crowne,
Yet haue thou some respect of honor and renowne,
Yet thou by oath did'st sweare to yeeld to me my right,
When as I thee preferr'd, and fra'd thee there by might.
Mine vncle Edward he, thy father's faithfull friend
Gaue me his Crowne, and thou there vnto did'st condescend,
Yet now thou wouldest fraine deface me of my right,
And proue thy selfe forsworne of former promise plight.
Shall Harold *haue his best: shall* Godwines *sonne be guide?*
Shall William *want his will, and haue his right denide?*
Well Harold, *if thou canst with warres determine it,*
I am content: if not, prouide, I am thy foe.
My sonnes and all my kinne shall neuer stint to striue,
To plucke thee from thy place, while'st one is left aliue:
But if thou wilt be wise, to me my right to yeeld,
And thou shalt haue the place belonging to thy shield.
If not, with fire and sword I meane thy Realme to spoile,
I neuer thence will start till I haue serd thy foile.
And now thou know'st my will, determine for the best.
Thou must haue warres, and if thou wilt, thou must haue rest.

WILLIAM Duke of Normandy.

These letters were scarce in sight, we make
My manly mind to grant him his request,
For which I did to Fortune me betake,
To wage new warres with him I deem'd it best,
From his fist his threatning blade to wrest.
But see the force of Fortunes changing cheare,
Another cloud before me did appeare.

My brother *Tostius* who from me was fled,
Did now returne, and brought the Norway King:
They did deuise to haue from me my head,
Which made me to indite another thing
Vnto the Duke, then plaine and true meaning.
I gaue him hope of that I neuer ment,
These were the lines which to the Duke I sent.

HAROLD THE ENGLISH KING, TO THEE WILLIAM Duke of Normandy.

HArold the English King, thee William *Duke doth greete.*
Thy letter being read, I haue not thought it meete,
Without a Parlament to do so great a thing,
As of a forren Duke, to make an English King:
But if my three estates will follow my aduice,
Thou shalt receiue the Crowne, and beare away the price.
Therefore delay a time, thou shortly shalt receiue
With full consent the thing, which now thou seek'st to haue.

HAROLD.

I Arm'd in haste all danger to auoid,
For why, I heard my brother *Tostius* traine,
Two of my Earles had in the North destroy'd,
And many a thousand men he there had slaine:
But when we met, his triumph was in vaine.
For I and mine the Norway King there kilte,
And I my selfe my brothers blood there spilte.

Now when the Duke [illegible]
And heard how I my [illegible]
There lies a Snake with[illegible]
Quoth he, therefore cause [illegible]
We will not stay to see [illegible]
By long delayes, [illegible]
Procure an ayde, to [illegible]

But when he heard with whom I had to deale,
Well done (quoth he) let him go beare the bush,
I and my men to the lurch line will steale,
And plucke the Net euen as the partens push,
And one of them we with decay will crush:
For he who doth the victor there restraine,
Shall neuer rest, till he hath deale with twaine.

So I in vaine who had the victorie,
Within few daies was forst againe to fight,
My strength halfe spoil'd, my wounded men were wearie,
His campe was comon vnwares within my sight,
There was no hope to flee by day nor night.
I *Harold* then, a Harauld sent in haste,
To know the plot where he his campe had plaste.

He sent me word, my ifs and ands were vaine,
And that he knew the drifts of my delay,
For which he said he would yet once againe
Make triall, who should beare the crowne away.
If I would yeeld, he said his men should stay,
If not, he then was purposd presently,
To trie the cause by *Mars* his crueltie.

Which when I heard, and saw his march amaine,
His Trumpets did [illegible] me to my face,
In haste I did appoint my [illegible]
And souldier-like I all my [illegible]
I neuer su'd, nor pray'd, nor gaped for grace,
For hauing plaste my men in best array,
I with lowde voice to them these words did say,

Greater, in armes for heere the laſt aſſault,
Win now the field, and be you euer bleſt,
This Baſtard baſe borne Duke, ſhall he exalt
Himſelfe ſo high? giue eare vnto my heſt,
This day no doubt we ſhall haue quiet reſt:
For good ſucceſſe ſhall ſet vs free from feare,
Or hatefull hap ſhall bring vs to our beare.

Euen heere at hand his power doth appeare,
March forth my men, we muſt no longer ſtay:
Let euery man abandon fainting feare,
And I as guide will lead you on your way.
Euen I my ſelfe the formoſt in the fray,
Will teach you how you ſhall abate his pride.
Fight fight my men, your King ſhall be your guide.

His Croſ-bow men my Archers did aſſaile
With three to one, yet were they all too weake:
And when his forlorne hope could not preuaile,
Them to aſſiſt his Horſemen out did breake,
Three troopes I ſent on them the wrath to wreake,
And by and by the battels both did ioyne,
With many a thruſt, and many a bloodie foine.

Of three maine battels he his armie made,
I had but one, and one did deale with three:
Of which the firſt by me were quite diſmaide,
The other two they did diſcomfort me,
Not yeelding, but in yeelding blowes we be
(With loſſe of life) conſtrain'd at laſt to yeeld
The crowne, the kingdome, and the foughten field.

Note now the lot which on my limmes did light,
Nine monthes no more, I wore the Engliſh Crowne,
In euery month I in the field did fight,
In euery fight, I wonne a freſh renowne,
Yet at the laſt my ſtrength was beaten downe,
And heere before you, now I do proteſt,
I neuer had one day of quiet reſt.

For

For firſt with warre I wore the princely faſce,
With ſtuill ſtriſe I daily was diſtreſt,
My brother twice endeuour'd to deface
Me of my throne, the Norway King was preſt,
The dreadfull Danes they daily me diſtreſt.
At laſt, this Duke did make me ſtrike my ſaile,
When winde, nor tide, nor oares might then preuaile.

My Kingdome then was prou'd his lawfull price,
With conqueſt he recouered his right,
And as you ſee of conquering the guiſe,
The Engliſhmen they were defaced quite;
Then of his traine he did prefer each wight.
And this was that which only brought me bleſſe,
I did not liue to ſee this wretchedneſſe.

But woe to me which cauſed all this coile,
I was an Earle my father being dead.
Why did my breſt with ſcalding malice boile,
To keepe the Crowne from the right heires head?
O Fancie fond, thy fumings hath me fed,
The ſtinking ſtinch of thine inclined heſt,
Hath poyſoned all the vertues in my breſt.

The ruthfull ſmart of proued ill ſucceſſe,
Who hath ſuſtain'd, and felt that pinching paine,
That wofull wight all wrapt in wretchedneſſe,
Can well report mans fancie is but vaine:
That man doth know, by proofe he findes it plaine,
That he who ſtoopes to fancies fond deſires,
Doth grope for grapes amid'ſt the bramble briers.

Let no man thinke by ſetches finely ſilde,
By double drifts conueyed cunninglie,
To get or gaine by any craft or guile,
A good eſtate with long proſperitie.
His luſt obtain'd, he liues in miſerie,
His guiltie ghoſt doth ſee his plague appeare,
Who goeth ſtraight he needeth not to feare.

Thomas Blener Ha

FINIS.

THE VARIABLE FORTVNE AND VNHAPPIE FALLES OF SVCH PRINCES AS hath happened ſince the *Conqueſt.*

WHEREIN MAY BE SEENE THE inſtabilitie and change of ſtate in great *Perſonages.*



AT LONDON,
Imprinted by FELIX KYNGSTON.
1609.

To the Reader.

HAuing hitherto continued the ſtorie (gentle Reader) from the firſt entrance of Brute into this Iland, with the falles of ſuch Princes, as were neuer before this time in one volume compriſed, I now proceed with the reſt, which take their beginning from the Conqueſt, whoſe pen-men being many and diuers, all diuerſlie affected in the method of this their Mirror, I purpoſe only to follow the intended ſcope of that moſt honorable perſonage, who, by how much he did ſurpaſſe the reſt in the eminence of his noble condition, by ſo much he hath exceeded them all in the excellencie of his heroicall ſtile, which with a golden pen he hath limmed out to poſteritie in that worthy obiect of his minde, the Tragedie of the Duke of Buckingham, and in his preface then intituled Maſter Sackuils induction. This worthie Preſident of learning, intending to perfect all this ſtoria himſelfe from the Conqueſt, being called to a more ſerious expence of his time in the great State-affaires of his moſt royall Ladie and Soueraigne, left the diſpoſe thereof to M. Baldwine, M. Ferrers and others, the compoſers of theſe Tragedies, who continuing their method which was by way of dialogue or interlocution betwixt euery Tragedie, gaue it euerie place before the Duke of Buckinghams complaint, which order I ſince hauing altered, haue placed the Inductions in the beginning, with euery Tragedie following according to ſucceſſion and the iuſt computation of time, which before was not obſerued, and leſt any one thinke me ouerbold to alter, I haue ſub-

ſcribed

scribed the manner of all such as I could be well informed of, according as each one particularly hath written, which at the request of the Printer, I have briefly perused as the former. So (friendly Reader) if I have done amisse, I crave pardon for my oversight, hoping if paines will in stead of penance purchase thee, to yeeld thee satisfaction and contents in my additions following, to which I refer thee.



Mr. SACKVILS INDVCTION.

THe wrathfull winter haſtning on apace,
With bluſtring blaſts had all ybard the treene,
And old *Saturnus* with his froſty face
With chilling cold had pearſt the tender greene:
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped beene
The gladſome groues that now lay ouerthrowne,
The tapets torne, and euery tree downe blowne.

The ſolle that erſt ſo ſeemly was to ſeene,
Was all deſpoyled of her beauties hew,
And frute, flowers (wherewith the ſummers Queene
Had clad the earth) now *Boreas* blaſts downe blew,
And ſmall fowles flocking, in their ſong did rew
The winters wrath, wherewith ech thing defaſte,
In woefull wiſe bewaild the ſummer paſt.

Hawthorne had loſt his motley liuery,
The naked twigs were ſhiuering all for cold,
And dropping downe the teares abundantly,
Eche thing (me thought) with weeping eye me told
The cruell ſeaſon, bidding mee withhold
My ſelfe within, for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walkte about.

When loe the night with miſtie mantels ſpred
Gan darke the day, and dim the azure ſkies,
And *Venus* in her meſſage *Hermes* ſped
To bloudy *Mars*, to will him not to riſe,
While ſhe her ſelfe approcht in ſpeedy wiſe:
And *Virgo* hiding her diſdainfull breſt,
With *Thetis* now had laid her downe to reſt.

While

Whilst *Scorpio* his vnruly taile had hid,
Whose bowe prest bent in fight the fixing head lept,
Downe ſlide into the Occian flood apace.
The Beare that in the Irish fenn had dipt
His grizly feet, with ſpeed from thence he whipt:
For *Thetis* hatting from the Virgins bed,
Purſude the Beare, that ere ſhe came was fled.

And *Phaeton* now neere reaching to his race
With gliſtring beames, gold ſtreaming where they beat,
Was preſt to enter in his reſting place.
Erythine that in the eaſt ſuſt went,
Had euen now attain'd his iourneys ſtent:
And faſt declining hid away his head,
While *Titan* ſtretcht him in his purple bed.

And pale-fac'd *Cinthea* with her borowed light,
Beginning to ſupplie her brothers place,
Was paſt the Moone ſteed ſixe degrees in flight,
When ſparkling ſtarres amid the heauens face,
With twinkling light ſhone on the earth apace,
That while they brought about the nights blacke chare,
The darke had dim'd the day ere I was ware.

And ſorrowing I to ſee the ſummer flowers,
The liuely greene, the luſty leafie lookes,
The ſturdie trees ſo ſhattred with the ſhowers,
The fields ſo fade that floriſht ſo before,
It taught me well all earthly things be borne
To dye the death, for nought long time may laſt,
The ſummers beautie yeelds to winters blaſt.

Then looking vpward to the heauens leames
With nights bright ſtarres thick powdred euery where,
Which erſt ſo gliſtred with the golden ſtreames
That chearfull *Phebus* ſpred downe from his ſphere,
Beholding darke oppreſſing day ſo neere,
The ſudden fight reduced to my mynde,
The ſundry changes that in earth we find.

That muſing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which coms and goes more faſter then we ſee
The flickering flame that with the fire is wrought,
My buſie minde preſented vnto me
Such fall of Peeres as in the realme had be:
That oft I wiſht ſome would their woes deſcriue,
To warne the reſt whom Fortune left aliue.

And ſtrait forth ſtalking with redoubled pace,
For that I ſaw the night drew on ſo faſt,
In black all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forewaſt,
Forth on her eyes the cryſtall teares out braſt,
And ſighing ſore her hands ſhe wrung and fold,
Tare all her haire that ruth was to behold.

Her body ſmall forwithered and foreſpent,
As is the ſtalke that ſummers drought oppreſt,
Her wealked face with woeful teares be ſprent,
Her colour pale (at it ſeemed her beſt)
In woe and plaint repoſed was her reſt.
And as the ſtone that drops of water weares,
So dented were her cheekes with fall of teares.

Her eies full ſwollen with flowing ſtreames aflote,
Where with her lookes throwne vp full piteouſly,
Her forceleſſe hands together oft ſhe ſmote,
With dolefull ſhrikes, that eckoed in the skye:
Whoſe plaint ſuch ſighs did ſtraight accompany,
That in my doome was neuer man did ſee
A wight but halfe ſo woe begone as ſhee.

I ſtood agaſt, beholding all her plight,
Tweene dread and dolour ſo diſtraind in hart,
That while my haires vpſtarted with the ſight,
The teares outſtreamd for ſorow of her ſmart:
But when I ſaw no end that could appart
The deadly dole, which ſhee ſo ſore did make,
With dolefull voice then thus to her I ſpake:

Vnwrap thy woes what euer aught thou bee,
And ſtint in time to ſpill thy ſelfe with plaine,
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I ſee
Thou canſt not dure with ſorrow thus attaine.
And with that word of ſorrow all forfaint,
She looked vp, and proſtrate as ſhe lay,
With piteous ſound, lo thus ſhe gan to ſay:

Alas, I wretch whom thus thou ſeeſt diſtrain'd
With waſting woes that neuer ſhall aſlake,
Sorrow I am, in endleſſe torments pain'd
Among the Furies in th'infernall lake:
Where *Pluto* God of Hell ſo grisly blacke
Doth hold his throne, and *Lethus* deadly taſt
Doth reue remembrance of each thing forepaſt:

Whence come I am, the dreery deſtiny
And luckleſſe lot for to be none of thoſe,
Whom Fortune in this maze of miſery,
Of wretched chance, moſt wofull *Mirrors* choſe,
That when thou ſeeſt how lightly they did loſe
Their pomp, their power, and that they thought moſt ſure,
Thou mayſt ſoone deeme no earthly ioy may dure.

Whoſe rufull voice no ſooner had out-brayed
Thoſe wofull words, wherewith ſhe ſorrowed ſo:
But out alas, ſhe ſhright and neuer ſtayed,
Fell downe, and all to daſht her ſelfe for wo.
The cold pale dread my limmes gan ouergo;
And I ſo ſorrowed at her ſorrowes eft,
That what with griefe and feare my wits were reft.

I ſtretcht my ſelfe, and ſtraight my heart reuiues,
That dread and dolour earſt did ſo appale,
Like him that with the feruent feuer ſtriues,
When ſickneſſe ſeekes his caſtell health to ſcale,
With gathred ſprites ſo forſt I feare t'auale.
And rearing her with anguiſh all foredone,
My ſprits return'd, and then I thus begon:

Sorrow, alas ſith *Sorrow* is thy name,
And that to thee this drere doth well pertaine,
In vaine it were to ſeeke to ceaſe the ſame:
But as a man himſelfe with ſorrow ſlaine,
So I alas doe comfort thee in paine,
That here in ſorrow art foreſunke ſo deepe,
That at thy ſight I can but ſigh and weepe.

I had no ſooner ſpoken of a ſtike,
But that the ſtorme ſo rumbled in her breſt,
As *Eolus* could neuer rore the like,
And ſhowres downe rain'd from her eyes ſo faſt,
That all bedreint the place, till at the laſt
Well eaſed they the dolour of her mind,
As rage of raine doth ſwage the ſtormie wind.

For forth ſhe paſed in her fearefull tale:
Come, come (quoth ſhe) and ſee what I ſhall ſhow:
Come heare the plaining, and the bitter bale
Of worthy men, by Fortunes ouerthrow:
Come thou and ſee them rewing all in row.
They were but ſhades that erſt in mind thou told:
Come, come with me, thine eyes ſhall them behold.

What could theſe words but make me more agaſt,
To heare her tell whereon I muſ'd while ere?
So was I maz'd therewith: till at the laſt,
Muſing vpon her words, and what they were,
All ſuddainly well leſſoned was my feare:
For to my mind returned how ſhe teld
Both what ſhe was, and where her wun ſhe held.

Whereby I knew that ſhe a Goddeſſe was,
And therewithall reſorted to my mind
My thought, that late preſented me the glas
Of brittle ſtate, of cares that here we find,
Of thouſand woes to ſilly men aſſigned:
And how ſhe now bid me come and behold,
To ſee with eye that erſt in thought I told.

Flat downe I fell, and with all reuerence
Adored her, perceiuing now that ſhee
A Goddeſſe ſent by godly prouidence,
In earthly ſhape thus ſhew'd her ſelfe to me,
To waile and rue this worlds vncertainty:
And while I honoured thus her Godheads might,
With plaining voice theſe words to me ſhe ſhright:

I ſhall thee guide firſt to the grieſly lake,
And thence vnto the bliſfull place of reſt,
Where thou ſhalt ſee and heare the plaint they make,
That whilome here bare ſwinge among the beſt.
This ſhalt thou ſee, but great is the vureſt
That thou muſt bide, before thou canſt attaine
Vnto the dreadfull place where theſe remaine.

And with theſe words as I vpraiſed ſtood,
And gan to follow her that ſtraight forth paſte,
Ere I was ware, into a deſert wood
We now were come: where hand in hand imbraſte
She led the way, and through the thicke ſo traſte,
As but I had bene guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortall wight.

But loe, while thus amid the deſert darke,
We paſſed on with ſteps and pace vnmeete,
A rumbling rore confuſ'd with howle and barke
Of Dogs, ſhooke all the ground vnder our feete,
And ſtrooke the din within our eares ſo deepe,
As halfe diſtraught vnto the ground I fell,
Beſought returne, and not to viſit hell.

But ſhe forthwith vplifting mee a pace
Remou'd my dread, and with a ſtedfaſt minde,
Bad me come on, for here was now the place,
The place where we our trauailes end ſhould finde.
Wherewith I roſe, and to the place aſſingde
Aſtond I ſtalkt, when ſtraight we approched neere
The dreadfull place, that you will dread to heare:

And hideous hole all waste, with hideous shape,
Of endlesse depth, orewhelm'd with ragged stone,
With ougly mouth, and grisly iawes doth gape,
And to our sight consounds it selfe in one.
Heere entred we, and yeeding forth, anone
A dreadfull lothly lake we might discerne,
As blacke as pitch, that depe dis Auerne;

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbish growes,
With soule black swelth in thickned lumpes that lies,
Which vp in th'aire such stinking vapors throwes,
That ouer there, may flie no fowle but dies,
Choakt with the noysome sauours that arise,
Hither we come, whence forth we still did pace,
In dreadfull feare amid the dreadfull place:

And first within the porch and iawes of hell
Sate deepe Remorse of conscience, all besprent
With teares: and to her selfe oft would she tell
Her wretchednesse, and cursing neuer stent
To sob and sigh: but euer thus lament,
With thoughtfull care, as she that all in vaine
Would weare and waste continually in paine.

Her eyes vnstedfast rolling here and there,
Whurl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in feare,
Tossed and tormented with tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought:
With dreadfull cheere and lookes throwne to the skie,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next saw we Dread, all trembling how he shooke,
With foote vncertaine profered here and there,
Benum'd of speech, and with a ghastly looke
Searcht euery place all pale and dead for feare,
His cap borne vp with staring of his heare,
Stoyn'd and amaz'd at his owne shade for dreed,
And fearing greater dangers then was need.

And next within the entrie of this lake
Sate fell Reuenge gnashing her teeth for ire,
Deuising meanes how she may vengeance take,
Neuer in rest till she haue her desire:
But frets within so farforth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or reng'd by death to be.

When fell Reuenge with bloudie foule pretence
Had shew'd her selfe as next in order set,
With trembling limbes we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met:
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Ruing alas vpon the wofull plighe
Of Miserie, that next appear'd in sight.

His face was leane, and sunedeale pin'd away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone,
But what his bodie was I cannot say,
For on his carkas rayment had he none,
Saue clouts and patches pieced one by one,
With staffe in hand, and scrip on shoulder cast,
His chiefe defence against the winters blast.

His food for most, was wilde fruits of the tree,
Vnlesse sometime some crums fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long God wot kept he,
As one the which full daintily would fare.
His drinke the running streame: his cup the bare
Of his palme closde, his bed the hard cold ground.
To this poore life was Miserie ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him and on his feeres,
In thoughtfull cares, forth then our pace we held:
And by and by, another shape appeares
Of greedie Care, still brushing vp the breres,
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deepe dented in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow gray no sooner hath begon
To spread his light euen peeping in our eyes,
When he is vp and to his worke yrun.
But let the nights blacke mistie mantles rise,
And with foule darke neuer so much disguise
The faire bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toile.

By him lay heauie Sleepe cosin of Death
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corps, saue yeelding forth a breath.
Small keepe tooke he whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted vp into the throne
Of high renowne, but as a liuing death,
So dead aliue, of life he drew the breath.

The bodies rest, the quiet of the hart,
The trauailes ease, the still nights feere was he,
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reuer of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide, and oft that neuer bee.
Without respect esteeming equally
King *Croesus* pompe, and *Irus* pouertie.

And next in order sad Old Age we found,
His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drouping cheere still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had vnwind
His vitall thred, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint
Rew with himselfe his end approching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment,
With sweete remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delites of lustie youth forewast,
Recounting which, how would he sob and shreek?
And to be yong againe of loue beseeke.

But and the cruell fates so fixed be,
That time forepast cannot returne againe,
This one request of *Ione* yet prayed he:
That in such withred plight, and wretched paine,
As *eld* (accompanied with lothsome traine)
Had brought on him, all were it woe and griefe,
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soone descend into the pit:
Where Death, when he the mortall corps hath slaine,
With wretchlesse hand in grate doth couer it,
Thereafter neuer to enioy againe
The gladsome light, but in the ground ylaine,
In depth of darknesse waste and weare to nought,
As he had nere into the world been brought.

But who had seene him, sobbing how he stood
Vnto himselfe, and how he would bemone
His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good
To talke of youth, all were his youth foregone,
He would haue musde and maruail'd much whereon
This wretched Age should life desire so faine,
And knowes ful wel life doth but length his paine.

Crookebackt he was, toothshaken, and blere eyde,
Went on three feete, and sometime crept on foure,
With old lame bones, that rattled by his side,
His scalpe all pil'd, and he with eld forlore:
His withred fist still knocking at Deaths dore,
Fumbling and drueling as he drawes his breath,
For briefe, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Maladie was plaste,
Sore sicke in bed, her colour all foregone,
Bereft of stomacke, sauour, and of taste,
Ne could she brooke no meate but broths alone,
Her breath corrupt, her keepers cutry one
Abhorring her, her sickenesse past recure,
Detesting physicke, and all physickes cure,

But oh the dolefull sight that then we see,
We turn'd our looke, and on the other side
A griesly shape of Famine mought we see,
With greedie lookes, and gaping mouth that cried,
And roar'd for meate as she should there haue died:
Her bodie thin, and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that alas was gnawne on euery where,
All full of holes, that I no mought refraine
From teares, to see how she her armes could teare,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vaine:
When all for nought she faine would so sustaine
Her staruen corps, that rather seem'd a shade,
Then any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom stonewall could not stay,
Her tearing nailes snatching at all she saw:
With gaping iawes, that by no meanes may
Be satisfi'd from hunger of her mawe,
But eates her selfe as she thus hath no law:
Gnawing, alas, her carcase all in vaine,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vaine.

On her while we thus firmely fixt our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a driery sight,
Loe suddenly she shrinkt in so huge wise,
As made hell gates to shiuer with the might.
Wherewith a dart we saw how it did light
Right on her brest, and therewithall pale Death
Enthrilling it to reaue her of her breath.

And by and by a dumbe dead corpse we saw,
Heauie and cold, the shape of death aright,
That dants all earthly creatures to his law:
Against whose force in vaine it is to fight,
Ne Peeres, ne Princes, nor no mortall wight,
No Towne, ne Realmes, Cities, ne strongest Towres,
But all perforce must yeeld vnto his powres.

His

His dart anon out of the corpse he tooke,
And in his hand (a dreadfull sight to see)
With great triumph eftsoones the same he shooke,
That most of all my feares affrayed mee.
His bodie dight with nought but bones perdie,
The naked shape of man there saw I plaine,
All saue the flesh, the sinow, and the vaine.

Lastly stood Warre in glittering armes yclad,
With visage grim, sterne looks, and blackely hewed,
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood embrued:
And in his left (that King and kingdomes rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithall
He raced townes, and threw downe towers and all.

Cities he sackt, and Realmes that whilome flowred
In honor, glorie, and rule aboue the best
He ouerwhelm'd, and all their fame deuoured,
Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted and neuer ceast,
Till he their wealth, their name and all opprest.
His face forehew'd with wounds, and by his side
There hung his targ, with gashes deepe and wide.

In midst of which, depainted there we found
Deadly Debate, all full of fiakie heare,
That with a bloodie fillet was ybound,
Out breathing nought but discord euery where.
And round about were portrai'd heere and there
The hugie hosts, *Darius* and his power,
His Kings, Princes, his Peeres, and all his flower;

Whom great *Macedo* vanquisht there in fight,
With deepe slaughter, despoiling all his pride,
Pierst through his Realmes, and danted all his might.
Duke *Hannibal* beheld I there beside,
In *Cannas* field, victor how he did ride,
And wofull Romans that in vaine withstood,
And Consul *Paulus* couered all in blood.

Yet

Yet ſaw I more the fight at Trasimene,
And Treberie field, and eke when *Hannibal*
And worthie *Scipio*, laſt in armes were ſeene
Before Carthago gate, to trie for all
The worlds Empire, to whom it ſhould befall.
There ſaw I *Pompey*, and *Ceſar* clad in armes,
Their hoſts allied and all their ciuill harmes,

With Conquerers hands forbath'd in their owne blood,
And *Ceſar* weeping ouer *Pompeyes* head.
Yet ſaw I *Scilla* and *Marius* where they ſtood,
Their great crueltie, and the deepe bloodſhead
Of friends: *Cyrus* I ſaw and his hoſt dead,
And how the Queene with great deſpite hath ſlong
His head in blood of them ſhe ouercome.

Xerxes the Perſian King yet ſaw I there,
With his huge hoſt that dranke the riuers drie,
Diſmounted hilles, and made the vales vprere,
His hoſt and all yet ſaw I ſlaine perdie.
Thebes I ſaw all rac'd how it did lie
In heapes of ſtones, and Tyrus put to ſpoile,
With walles and towers flat euened with the ſoile.

But Troy alas (me thought) aboue them all,
It made mine eyes in very teares conſume:
When I beheld the wofull werd befall,
That by the wrathfull will of God was come:
And *Ioues* vnmoued ſentence and foredoome
On *Priam* King, and on his towne ſo bent,
I could not lin, but I muſt there lament.

And that the more, ſith deſtiny was ſo ſterne
As force perforce, there might no force auaile,
But ſhe muſt fall: and by her fall we learne,
That cities, towers, wealth, world, and all ſhall quaile.
No manhood, might, nor nothing mought preuaile,
All were there preſt full many a Prince and Peere,
And many a Knight that ſold his death full deere.

Not worthie *Hector* worthiest of them all,
Her hope, her ioy, his force is now for nought:
O Troy, Troy, there is no boote but bale,
The hugie horse within thy walles is brought:
Thy turrets fall, thy Knights that whilome fought
In armes amid the field, are slaine in bed,
Thy gods defil'd, and all thy honor dead.

The flames vpspringe, and cruelly they creepe
From wall to roofe, till all to cinders waste,
Some fire the houses where the wretches sleepe,
Some rush in heedes, some run in there is haste,
In euery where or sword or fire they taste.
The walles are torne, the towers vprent to the ground,
There is no mischiefe but may there be found.

Cassandra yet there saw I how they haled
From *Pallas* house, with spercled tresse vndone,
Her wrists fast bound, and with Greekes rout empaled:
And *Priam* eke in vaine how he did runne
To armes, whom *Pyrrhus* with despite hath done
To cruel death, and bath'd him in the baine
Of his sonnes blood before the altar slaine.

But how can I describe the dolefull sight,
That in the shield so liuely faire did shine?
Sith in this world I thinke was neuer wight
Could haue set forth the halfe, not halfe so fine,
I can no more but tell how there is seene
Faire *Ilium* fall in burning red gleedes downe,
And from the soile great Troy *Neptunus* towne.

Here from when scarce I could mine eyes withdraw
That fil'd with teares as doth the springing well,
We passed on so far forth till we saw
Rude *Acheron*, a lothsome lake to tell,
That boyles and bubs vp swelth as blacke as hell,
Where griesly *Charon* at the ferie tide
Still ferries ghoasts vnto the farther side.

The aged God no ſooner Sorrow ſpied,
But haſting ſtraight vnto the bancke apace,
With hollow call vnto the routhe cried,
To ſwarue apart, and giue the Goddeſſe place.
Straight it was done, when to the ſhoare we pace,
Where hand in hand as wee then linked faſt,
Within the boate wee are together plaſte.

And forth we lanch full fraughted to the brinke,
When with th'vnwonted waight, the ruſty keele
Began to cracke as if the ſame ſhould ſinke.
We hoiſe vp maſt and ſaile, that in a while
We fet the ſhoare, where ſcarſely we had while
For to arriue, but that we heard anone
A three ſound barke confounded all in one.

We had not long forth paſt, but that we ſaw
Blacke *Cerberus* the hideous hound of hell,
With briſtles reard, and with a three mouth'd Iaw,
Foredinning th'aire with his horrible yell.
Out of the deepe darke caue where he did dwell,
The Goddeſſe ſtraight he knew, and by and by
He peaſt and couched, while that we paſt by.

Thence come we to the horrour and the hell,
The large greate Kingdomes, and the dreadful raigne
Of *Pluto* in his throne where he did dwell,
The wide waſte places, and the hugie plaine:
The wailings, ſhrikes, and ſundry ſorts of paine:
The ſighs, the ſobs, the deepe and deadly groane,
Earth, aire, and all reſounding plaint and moane.

Thence did we paſſe the three-fold emperie
To th'vtmoſt bounds, where *Radamanthus* raignes,
Where proud folke waile there woefull miſerie,
Where dreadfull din of thouſand dragging chaines,
And balefull ſhriekes of ghoſts in deadly paines
Tortur'd eternally are heard moſt brim
Through ſilent ſhades of night ſo darke and dim.

From

From hence vpon our way we forward paſſe,
And through the groues and vncouth paths we goe,
Which leade vnto the *Cyclops* walles of braſſe:
And where that maine-broad flood for aye doth floe,
Which parts the gladſome fields from place of woe,
Whence none ſhall euer paſſe t'*Elizium* plaine,
Or from *Elizium* euer turne againe.

With *Sorrow* for my guide, as there I ſtood,
A troope of men the moſt in armes bedight,
In tumult cluſterd 'bout both ſides the flood:
'Mongſt whom, who were ordaind t'eternall night,
Or who to bliſſefull peace and ſweet delight
I wot not well, it ſeem'd that they were all
Such as by deaths vntimely ſtroke did fall.

Some headleſſe were, ſome body, face and hands,
With ſhamefull wounds deſpoil'd in euery part:
Some ſtrangled, ſome that dide in captiue bands,
Some ſmothred, drown'd, ſome ſtricken through the hart
With fatall ſteele, all drown'd in deadly ſmart:
Of haſtned death, with ſhrikes, ſobs, ſighs and teares,
Did tell the woes of their forepaſſed yeares.

We ſtaid vs ſtraight, and with a ruſull feare,
Beheld this heauie ſight, while from mine eies
The vapored teares downe ſtilled here and there,
And *Sorrow* eke in far more wofull wiſe,
Tooke on with plaint, vp heauing to the skies
Her wretched hands, that with her cry the rout
Gan all in heapes to ſwarme vs round about.

Loe here (quoth *Sorrow*) Princes of renowne,
That whilome ſate on top of Fortunes wheele,
Now laid full low, like wretches whurled downe
Euen with one frowne, that ſtaid but with a ſmile.
And now behold the thing that thou erewhile
Saw only in thought, and what thou now ſhalt heare,
Recount the ſame to Kefar, King, and Peere.

Then first came *Henry* Duke of *Buckingham*,
His cloake of blacke all pild and quite forworne,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a Duke hath made him now her skorne.
With gastly lookes as one in maner lorne:
Oft spred his armes, stretcht hands he ioines as fast
With rufull cheare, and vapored eyes vpcast.

His cloake he rent, his manly brest he beat,
His haire all torne about the place it lay,
My heart so molt to see his griefe so great,
As feelingly me thought it dropt away:
His eyes they whurld about withouten stay.
With stormy sighes the place did so complaine,
As if his heart at each had burst in twaine.

Thrice he began to tell his dolefull tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow vp his voice:
At each of which he shriked so withall,
As though the heauens riued with the noise:
Till at the last recouering his voice,
Supping the teares that all his brest beraind,
On cruell Fortune weeping thus he plaind.

FINIS.

HOW THE TWO ROgers, *surnamed* Mortimers, *for their sundry vices*, ended their liues vnfortunately, the one, *An.* 1329. the other, 1387.

AMong the riders of the rolling wheele
That lost their holds, *Baldwine* forget not mee,
Whose fatall thred false Fortune needs would reele,
Ere it were twisted by the sisters three:
All folke be fraile, their blisses brittle bee:
For proofe whereof, although none other were,
Suffice may I, Sir *Roger Mortimer*.

Not

Not he that was in *Edwards* dayes the third,
Whom Fortune brought to boote and eft to bale,
With loue of whom, the king ſo much ſhe ſturd,
That none but he was heard in any tale:
And whiles ſhe ſmooth blew on this pleaſant gale,
He was created Earle of March, alas,
Whence enuy ſprang which his deſtruction was.

For wealth breeds wrath, in ſuch as wealth doe want,
Pride folly breeds in ſuch as it poſſeſſe,
Among a thouſand ſhall you find one skant,
That can in wealth his lofty heart repreſſe,
Which in this Earle due proofe did plaine expreſſe:
For whereas he was ſomewhat haut before,
His high degree hath made him now much more.

For now alone he ruleth as him luſt,
Ne recks for reade, ſaue of king *Edwards* mother:
Which forced enuy ſoulder out the ruſt,
That in mens hearts before did lie and ſmother.
The Peeres, the people, th'one as well as th'other,
Againſt him made ſo hainous a complaint,
That for a traytour he was ſoone attaint.

Then all ſuch faults as were forgot afore,
They skowre afreſh, and ſomwhat to them adde:
For enuy ſtill hath eloquence in ſtore,
When Fortune bids to worſe things meanly bad.
Fiue hainous crimes againſt him ſoone were had,
Firſt that he caus'd the King to yeeld the Scot,
To make a peace, townes that were from him got:

And therewithall the Charter call'd *Ragman*,
That of the Scots he bribed priuy gaine,
That through his meanes ſir *Edward* of Carnaruan
In Barkely Caſtle traiterouſly was ſlaine:
That with his Princes mother he had laine,
And finally, with polling at his pleaſure,
Had rob'd the King and Commons of their treaſure.

For theſe things loe which erſt were out of mind
He was condemn'd, and hanged at the laſt,
In whom Dame Fortune fully ſhewed her kind,
For whom ſhe heaues ſhe hurleth downe as faſt.
If men to come, would learne by other paſt,
My coſin then might cauſe them ſet aſide
High climing, bribing, murdering, luſt, and pride.

The finall cauſe why I this proceſſe tell,
Is that I may be knowen from this the other,
My like in name, vnlike mee though he fell,
Which was I thinke my grandſire or his brother:
To count my kin, dame *Philip* was my mother,
Daughter and heire of douty *Lionell*,
The third King *Edwards* ſonne, as ſtories tell.

My father hight ſir *Edmond Mortimer*,
True Earle of March, whence I was after Earle,
By iuſt deſcent theſe two my parents were,
Of which the one of Knighthood bare the fearle,
Of womanhood the other was the pearle:
Through their deſert ſo cal'd of euery wight,
Till death them tooke, and left mee in their right.

For why th'attainter of the elder *Roger*,
(Whoſe ſhamefull death I told you but of late)
Was found to bee vniuſt, and paſſed ouer,
Againſt the law, by thoſe that bare him hate:
For where by law each one of free eſtate
Should perſonally be heard ere iudgement paſſe,
They bard him this, where through deſtroid he was.

Wherefore by doome of court in Parliament,
When we had prou'd our Coſin ordered thus,
The King, the Lords, and Commons of aſſent
His lawleſſe death vnlawfull did diſcuſſe:
And both to bloud and good reſtored vs.
A preſident moſt worthy, ſhewed, and left,
Lords liues to ſtate, that lawleſſe might bereft.

While Fortune vnto me her grace did deigne,
King *Richards* grace the second of that name,
(Whose looser life did soone abridge his reigne,)
Made me his mate in earnest and in game:
The Lords themselues so well allow'd the same,
That through my sitles duely comming downe,
I was made heire apparent to the Crowne.

Who then but I was euery where esteemd,
Well was the man that might with me acquaine,
Whom I allow'd, as Lords the people deemd,
To whatsoeuer folly had me bent,
To like it well the people did assent:
To mee as Prince attended great and small,
I hopte a day would come to pay for all.

But seldome ioy continueth trouble void,
In greatest charge cares greatest doe ensue,
The most possest are euer most annoid,
In largest seas sore tempests lightly bine,
The freshest colours soonest fade the hue,
In thickest place is made the deepest wound,
True proofe whereof my self too soone haue found.

For whilst faire Fortune luld mee in her lap,
And gaue me gifts more then I did require,
The subtile dame behind mee set a trap,
Whereby to dash and lay all in the mire:
The Irish men against mee did conspire,
My lands of Vlster from me to haue reft,
Which heritage my mother had mee left.

And whiles I there, to set all things in stay,
(Omit my toiles and trouble thither ward)
Among mine owne with my retinue lay,
The wilder men whom I did not regard,
(And had therefore the reckles mans rewatd)
When least I thought, set on mee in such number,
That from my corps my life they rent asunder.

Nought might auaile my courage nor my force,
Nor strength of men which were (alas) too few:
The cruell folke assaulted so my horse,
That all my helpe in peeces they to hew.
Our bloud distaines the ground as drops of dew,
Nought might preuaile to flie nor yet to yeeld,
For whom they take they murder in the field.

They know no law of Armes, nor none will learne,
They make not warre (as other doe) a play:
The Lord, the boy, the Gallowglas, the Kerne,
Yeeld or not yeeld, whom so they take they slay.
They saue no foes for ransome nor for pay:
Their chiefest boote is th'aduersaries head,
They end not warre till th'enemie be dead.

Amongst these men or rather sauage beasts
I lost my life, by cruell murder slaine:
And therefore *Baldwine* note thou well my geasts,
And warne all Princes rashnes to refraine:
Bid them beware their foes when they doe faine,
Nor yet presume vnequally to striue:
Had I thus done, I had been left aliue.

But I despis'd the naked Irish men,
And, for they flew, I feared them the lesse:
I thought one man enough to match with ten,
And through this careles vnaduisednes
I was destroid, and all my men I gesse,
At vnawares assaulted by our foue,
Which were in number forty to vs one.

See here the stay of fortunate estate,
The vaine assurance of this brittle life:
For I but yong proclamed Prince of late,
Right fortunate in children and in wife,
Lost all at once by stroke of bloudy knife:
Whereby assur'd let men themselues assure,
That wealth and life are doubtfull to endure.

FINIS.

THE FALL OF ROBERT *Treſilian* chiefe Iuſtice of England, and other his fellowes, for miſconſtruing the *Lawes, and expounding them to ſerue the Princes affections, Anno* 1388.

WHEN the ſad regiſter of miſchiefe and miſhap,
Baldwine we beſeech thee with our names to begin,
Whom vnfriendly Fortune did traine vnto a trap,
When as wee thought our ſtate moſt ſtable to haue bin,
So lightly leeſe they all, which all do weene to win.
Learne by vs ye Lawyers and Iudges of this Land,
Vpright and vncorrupt in doome alway to ſtand.

And print ye this preſident to remaine for euer,
Enroll and record it in Tables made of Braſſe,
Engraue it in Marble that may be raced neuer,
Where Iudges of the Law may ſee, as in a Glaſſe,
What guerdon is for guile, and what our wages was,
Who for our Princes will, corrupt with meed and awe,
Gainſt Iuſtice wretchedly did wreſt the ſenſe of Lawe.

A change more new or ſtrange when was there euer ſeene,
Then Iudges from the Bench to come downe to the Barre,
And Counſellours that were moſt nigh to King and Queene
Exiled their Countrie, from Court and Counſell farre?
But ſuch is Fortunes play, which can both make and marre,
Exalting to moſt high that was before moſt low,
And turning taile againe, the loftie downe to throw.

And ſuch as late afore, could ſtoutly ſpeake and pleat
Both in Court and Countrey, exceſſe of the triall,
As mummers mute do ſtand without aduice or read,
All to ſeeke of ſhifting, by trauerſe or deniall,
Which haue ſeene the day, when, for a golden Ryall,
By finenes and cunning, could haue made blacke ſeeme white,
And moſt extorted wrong to haue appeared right.

Whilſt thus on bench aboue we had the higheſt place,
Our reaſons were too ſtrong, for any to confute:
But when at barre beneath, we came to plead our caſe,
Our wits were in the wane, our pleading very brute.
Hard it is for priſoners with Iudges to diſpute;
When all men againſt one, and none for one ſhall ſpeake,
Who weenes himſelf moſt wiſe, may chance be too too weake.

To you therefore that ſit, theſe few words will I ſay,
That no man ſits ſo ſure, but he may haply ſtand:
Wherefore whilſt you haue place, and beare the ſwing and ſway,
By fauour without force, let points of Law be skand.
Pity the poore priſoner that holdeth vp his hand,
Ne lade him not with law, who leaſt of law hath knowne,
Remember ere ye die, the caſe may be your owne.

Behold me one vnfortunate amongſt this flocke,
Treſilian cald ſometime chiefe Iuſtice of this Land,
A gentleman by birth, no ſtaine was in my ſtocke,
Locketon, *Holte*, *Belknap*, with other of my band,
Which the Law and Iuſtice had wholly in our hand,
Vnder the ſecond *Richard* a Prince of greate ſtate,
To whom and vs alſo, blind Fortune gaue the mate.

In all our Common Lawes our skill was ſo profound,
Our credit and autority ſuch and ſo high eſteemd,
That what wee did conclude, was taken for a ground,
Allowed was for Law what ſo to vs beſt ſeemd,
Both life, death, lands, and goods, and all by vs was deemd:
Whereby with eaſie paine, great gaine we did in fet,
And euery thing was fiſh, that came vnto our net.

At Seſſions and Siſes, we bare the ſtroke and ſway,
In patents and commiſſion, of *Quorum* ſtill chiefe:
So that to whether ſide ſoeuer we did way,
Were it by right or wrong, it paſt without repriefe.
The true man we let hang ſomewhiles to ſaue a thiefe,
Of Gold, and of Siluer, our hands were neuer empty,
Offices, Farmes, and Fees, fell to vs in great plenty.

But what thing may ſuffice vnto the greedie man?
The more he hath in hold, the more he doth deſires
Happie and twice happie is he, that wiſely can
Content himſelfe with that, which reaſon doth require,
And moileth for no more then for his needfull hire:
But greedineſſe of mind doth ſeldome keepe the ſize,
To whom enough and more doth neuer well ſuffice.

For like as dropſie patients drinke and ſtill be drie,
Whoſe vnſtanch'ſt gute die thirſt no liquor can allay,
And drinke they neuer ſo much, yet thirſt they by and by:
So catchers and ſtatchers do toile both night and day,
Not needie, but greedie, ſtill prolling for their pray.
O endleſſe thirſt of gold, corrupter of all lawes,
What miſchiefe is on mould whereof thou art not cauſe?

Thou madeſt vs forget the faith of our profeſſion,
When Sergeants we were ſworne to ſerue the common law,
Which was, that in no point we ſhould make digreſſion
From approued principles, in ſentence nor in ſawe:
But we vnhappie wights without all dread and awe
Of the Iudge eternall, for worlds vaine promotion,
More to man then God did beare our whole deuotion.

The Lawes we did interpret and ſtatutes of the Land,
Not truly by the text, but newly by a gloſe:
And words that were moſt plaine, when they by vs were skand,
We turned by conſtruction to a Welchmans hoſe,
Whereby many a one both life and land did loſe:
Yet this we made our meane to mount aloft on mules,
And ſeruing times and turnes, peruerted lawes and rules.

Thus climing and contending alway to the top,
From high vnto higher, and then to be moſt hie,
The hony dew of Fortune ſo faſt on vs did drop,
That of King *Richard*, conſtrell we came to be moſt nie:
Whoſe fauour to attaine we vſe full fing and ſlie
Alway to his profit whoſe aduantage ſtraight to bide,
That way (all were it wrong) the lawes we did expound.

So working Law like waxe, the ſubiect was not ſure
Of life, of land, nor goods, but at the Princes will,
Which cauſed his kingdome the ſhorter time to dure:
For claiming power abſolute both to ſaue and ſpill,
The Prince thereby preſumed his people for to pill,
And ſet his luſts for Law, and will had reaſons place,
No more but hang and draw, there was no better grace.

Thus the King outleaping the limits of his Law,
Not raigning but raging, as youth did him entice,
Wiſe and worthie perſons from Court did daily draw,
Sage counſell ſet at naught, proud vanters were in price,
And royſters bare the rule, which waſted all in vice:
Of riot and exceſſe, grew ſcarcitie and lacke,
Of lacking came taxing, and ſo went wealth to wracke.

The Barons of the Land not bearing this abuſe,
Conſpiring with the Commons aſſembled by aſſent,
And ſeeing neither reaſon nor treatie could induce
The King in any thing his rigour to relent,
Maugre his Kingly might they call'd a Parlament,
Franke and free for all men without checke to debate
As well for weale publique, as for the Princes ſtate.

In this high aſſemblie, great things were proponed
Touching the Princes ſtate, his regaltie and crowne,
By reaſon that the King (which much was to be moned)
Without regard at all of honor or renowne,
Miſled by ill aduice, had turn'd all vpſide downe,
For ſuretie of whoſe ſtate, them thought it did behoue
His Counſellours corrupt by reaſon to remoue:

Among whom, *Robert Veer*, call'd Duke of Ireland,
With *Michael Delapole* of Suffolke new made Earle,
Of Yorke alſo then Archbiſhop, diſpatcht out of hand,
With *Brembre* of London a full vncurteous churle:
Some learned in the Law in exile they did hurle:
But I poore *Treſilian* (becauſe I was the chiefe)
Was damned to the gallowes moſt vilely as a thiefe.

Lo the fine of falſhood, ſtipend of corruption,
The fee of double fraud, the fruits it doth procure:
Yee Iudges vpon earth, let our iuſt punition
Teach you to ſhake off bribes, and keepe your hands ſtill pure.
Riches and promotion be vaine things and vnſure,
The fauour of a Prince is an vntruſtie ſtay,
But Iuſtice hath a fee that ſhall remaine alway.

What glorie can be greater before God or man,
Then by paths of Iuſtice in iudgement to proceed?
So duely and ſo truly the Lawes for to ſcan,
That right may take his place without regard or meed.
Set apart all flatterie and vaine worldly dreed,
Set God before your eyes, the moſt iuſt Iudge ſupreme,
Remember well your reckoning at the day extreme.

Abandon all affray, be ſoothfaſt in your ſawes,
Be conſtant and careleſſe of mortals diſpleaſure,
With eyes ſhut and hands cloſe you ſhould pronounce the lawes.
Eſteeme not worldly goods, thinke there is a treaſure
More worth then gold a thouſand times in value,
Repoſed for all ſuch as righteouſneſſe enſue,
Whereof you cannot faile, the promiſe made is true.

If Iudges in our daies would ponder well in mind
The fatall fall of vs, for wreſting Law and right,
Such ſtatutes as touch life ſhould not be thus defin'd.
By ſenſes conſtrained, againſt true meaning quite,
As well they might affirme the blacke for to be white:
Wherefore we wiſh they would our act and end compare,
And weighing well the caſe, they will we truſt beware.

G. Ferrers.

HOW

HOW SIR THOMAS OF WOODSTOCKE DVKE OF Gloceſter, vncle to King *Richard* the ſecond, *was vnlawfully murdered, Ann. Dom.* 1397.

WHoſe ſtate ſtabliſht is, in ſeeming moſt ſure,
And ſo far from danger of Fortunes blaſts,
As by the compaſſe of mans coniecture,
No braſen piller may be fixt more faſt:
Yet wanting the ſtay of prudent forecaſt,
When froward Fortune liſt for to frowne,
May in a moment turne vpſide downe.

In prooſe whereof, O *Baldwine*, take paine,
To hearken a while to *Thomas* of Woodſtocke,
Addreſſe in preſence his fate to complaine,
In the forlorne hope of Engliſh flocke:
Extract by deſcent from the royall ſtocke,
Sonne to King *Edward*, third of that name,
And ſecond to none in glorie and fame.

This noble father to maintaine my ſtate,
With Buckingham Earledome did me indow,
Both Nature and Fortune to me were great,
Denying me nought which they might allow:
Their ſundrie graces in me did ſo flow,
As beautie, ſtrength, high fauour and fame,
Who may of God more wiſh then the ſame?

Brothers we were to the number of ſeuen,
I being the ſixt, and yongeſt but one:
A more royall race was not vnder heauen,
More ſtout or more ſtately of ſtomacke and perſon,
Princes all peereleſſe in each condition:
Namely Sir *Edward*, call'd the blacke Prince,
When had England the like before or ſince?

But

But what of all this, why man t'aſſure,
In ſtate vncarefull of Fortunes variance?
Sith daily and hourely we ſee it in vre,
That where moſt cauſe is of affiance,
Euen there is found moſt weake aſſurance.
Let none truſt Fortune, but follow reaſon:
For often we ſee in truſt is treaſon.

This prouerbe in proofe ouer true I tried,
Finding high treaſon in place of high truſt:
And moſt faulc of faith where I moſt affied,
Being, by them that ſhould haue been iuſt,
Trayterouſly entrapt, ere I could miſtruſt.
Ah wretched world what it is to truſt thee,
Let them that will learne now hearken to mee.

After King *Edward* the third's deceaſe,
Succeeded my nephew *Richard* to raigne,
Who for his glorie and honors encreaſe,
With princely wages did me entertaine,
Againſt the *Frenchmen* to be his Chieftaine.
So paſſing the ſeas with royall puiſſance,
With God and S. *George* I inuaded France.

Waſting the countrie with ſword and with fire,
Ouerturning townes, high caſtles and towers,
Like *Mars* god of warre enflamed with ire
I forced the Frenchmen t'abandon their bowers:
Where euer we marcht I wan at all howers,
In ſuch wiſe viſiting both citie and village,
That alway my ſouldiers were laden with pillage.

With honor and triumph was my returne,
Was none more ioyous then yong King *Richard*:
Who minding more highly my ſtate to adorne,
With Gloceſter Dukedome did me reward:
And after in mariage I was preferd
To a daughter of *Bohan* an Earle honorable,
By whom I was of England high Conſtable.

Thus hoyſed high on Fortunes wheele,
As one on a ſtage attending a play,
See'th not on which ſide the ſcaffold doth reele,
Till timber and poles and all flie away:
So fared it by me: for day by day,
As honor encreaſed I looked ſtill higher,
Not ſeeing the danger of my fond deſier.

For Fortunes ſloud thus running with full ſtreame,
And I a Duke deſcended of great Kings,
Conſtable of England, chiefe officer of the Realme,
Abuſed with deſperance in theſe vaine things,
I went without feete, and flew without wings,
Preſuming ſo far vpon my high ſtate,
That dread ſet apart, my Prince I would mate.

For whereas Kings haue counſell of their choice,
To whom they referre the rule of their Land,
With certaine familiars in whom to reioyce,
For pleaſure or profit, as the caſe ſhall ſtand,
I not bearing this, would needs take in hand,
Maugre his will, thoſe perſons to diſgrace,
And for to ſettle others in their place.

But as an old booke ſaith, who will aſſay
About the Cats necke to hang on a bell,
Had firſt need to cut the Cats clawes away,
Leſt if the Cat be curſt, and not tam'd well,
She with her nailes may claw him to the fell:
So putting the bell about the Cats necke,
I vnaduiſed caught a cruell checke.

Reade well the ſentence of the Rat renown'd,
Which *Pierce* the plowman deſcribes in his dreame,
And whoſo hath wit the ſenſe to expound,
Shall find that to curbe the Prince of a Reame,
It euen (as who ſaith) no ſtrine with the ſtreame:
Note this all ſubiects, and conſider it well,
And buſie not your braines 'bout the Cats bell.

But

But in that yee be Lieges learne t'obay,
Submitting your willes to your Princes Lawes:
It fits not a ſubiect t'haue his owne way,
Remember this prouerbe of the Cats clawes:
For Princes like Lions haue long large pawes
That reach at random, and whom they once twitch,
They claw to the bone before the skin itch.

But to my purpoſe, I being once bent,
Towards the atchieuing of my attemptate,
Foure bould Barons were of mine aſſent,
By oath and alliance faſtly confederate:
Firſt *Henrie* of Derby an Earle of eſtate,
Richard of Arundell, and *Thomas* of Warwicke,
With *Mowbray* the Marſhall, a man moſt warlike.

At Ratecote Bridge aſſembled our band,
The Commons in cluſters came to vs that day
To dant *Robert Veere*, then Duke of Ireland,
By whom King *Richard* was ruled alway:
We put him to flight, and brake his array,
Then maugre the King, his leaue or aſſent,
We by our power did call a Parlament.

Where not in Robes, but with our Baſtards bright,
We came to parle of the publique weale,
Confirming our quarell with maine and might,
With ſwords and no words we tried our appeale,
In ſtead of reaſon declaring our zeale,
And whom ſo we knew, with the King in grace,
We plainly depriued of power and place.

Some with ſhort proceſſe were baniſht the Land,
Some executed with capitall paine,
Whereof whoſo liſt, the whole t'vnderſtand,
In the Parlament roll it appeareth plaine,
And further how ſtoutly we did the King ſtraine,
The rule of his Realme wholly to reſigne,
To the order of thoſe, whom we did aſſigne.

But

But note the ſequele of ſuch preſumption,
After we had theſe miracles wrought,
The King inflamed with indignation,
That to ſuch bondage he ſhould be brought,
Suppreſſing the ire of his inward thought,
Studied nought elſe but how that he might
Be highly reuenged of this high deſpite.

Aggreeu'd was alſo this latter offence,
With former matter his ire to renue:
For once at Windſore I brought to his preſence
The Maior of London with all his retinue,
To aske a reckoning of the Realmes reuenue:
And the ſouldiers of Breſt by me were made bold,
Their wages to claime when the towne was ſold.

Theſe griefes remembred with all the remnant,
Hourded in his hart hate out of meaſure,
Yet openly in ſhew made he no ſemblant,
By word or by deed to beare diſpleaſure:
But loue dayes diſſembled do neuer indure,
And whoſo truſteth a foe reconcild,
Is for the moſt part alwaies beguild.

For as fire ill quencht will vp at a ſtart,
And ſores not well ſalued doe breake out of new,
So hatred hidden in an irefull hart,
Where it hath had long ſeaſon to brew,
Vpon euery occaſion doth eaſily renew:
Not failing at laſt, if it be not let,
To pay large vſury beſides the due det.

Euen ſo it fared by this friendſhip fained,
Outwardly ſound, and inwardly rotten:
For when the Kings fauour in ſeeming was gained,
All old diſpleaſures forgiuen and forgotten,
Euen then at a ſuddaine the ſhaft was ſhotten,
Which pierced my heart void of miſtruſt:
Alas that a Prince ſhould be ſo vniuſt.

For

For lying at Plashey my selfe to repose,
By reason of sickneſſe which held me full sore,
The King espying me apart from those,
With whom I confederd in band before,
Thought it not meete to tract the time more,
But glad to take me at such auantage,
Came to salute me with friendly visage.

Who hauing a band bound to his bent,
By colour of kindneſſe to visite his Eame,
Tooke time to accomplish his cruell intent:
And in a small vessell downe by the streame,
Conueid me to Calis out of the Realme,
Where without proceſſe or doome of my Peeres,
Not nature but murder abridged my yeeres.

This act was odious to God and to man,
Yet rigour to cloake in habit of reason,
By craftie compaſſe deuise they can,
Articles nine of right hainous treason:
But doome after death, is sure out of season,
For who euer saw so strange a president,
As execution done before iudgement.

Thus hate harboured in depth of minde,
By sought occasion burst out of new,
And cruelty abused the law of kinde,
When that the Nephue the Vncle slew.
Alas King *Richard*, sore mayst thou rue,
Which by this fact preparedſt the way
Of thy hard destiny to hasten the day.

For bloud axeth bloud as guerdon due,
And vengeance for vengeance is iuſt reward:
O righteous God thy iudgements are true:
For looke what measure we other award,
The same for vs againe is prepar'd.
Take heed ye Princes by examples past,
Bloud will haue bloud, either first or last.

HOW THE LORD MOWbrey, promoted by King *Richard* the ſecond to the ſtate of a Duke, was by him baniſhed the Realme the yeare of Chriſt, 1398. *and after died miſerable in exile.*

THough ſorrow and ſhame abaſh me to rehearſe
My lothſome life, and death of due deſerued,
Yet that the paines thereof may other pearce
To leaue the like, leſt they be likewiſe ſerued:
Ah *Baldwine* marke, and ſee how that I ſwerued.
Diſſembling, enuy, and flattery, bane that bee,
Of all their hoſtes, haue ſhew'd their power on mee.

I blame not Fortune, though ſhe did her part,
And true it is ſhe can do little harme:
She guideth goods, ſhe hampreth not the heart,
A minde well bent, is ſafe from euery charme.
Vice, only vice, with her ſtout ſtrengthleſſe arme,
Doth cauſe the heart from good to ill encline,
Which I, alas, doe finde too true by mine.

For where by birth I came of noble race,
The *Mowbreys* heire, a famous houſe and old,
Fortune I thanke, gaue me ſo good a grace,
That of my Prince I had what ſo I would:
Yet neither was to other greatly hold.
For I thought flattery wrong'd his wanton youth,
And his fond truſt augmented my vntruth.

He made me firſt the Earle of Notingham,
And Marſhall of the Realme, in which eſtate
The Peeres and people iointly to me came,
With ſore complaint, againſt them that of late
Bad officers had brought the King in hate,
By making ſale of Iuſtice, right, and Lawe,
And liuing naught, without all dread or awe.

I gaue them aid theſe euils to redreſſe,
And went to London with an army ſtrong,
And cauſ'd the King, againſt his will oppreſſe
By cruell death, all ſuch as led him wrong:
The Lord chiefe Iuſtice ſuffered theſe among,
So did the Steward of his houſehold head,
The Chancellor ſcapte, for he afore had fled.

Theſe wicked men thus from the King remou'd,
Who beſt vs pleaſ'd ſucceeded in their place:
For which both King and Commons much vs lou'd,
But chiefly I with all ſtood high in grace.
The King enſu'd my rede in euery caſe,
Whence ſelfe-loue bred: for glory maketh prowd,
And pride aye ſeeks alone to be allow'd.

Wherefore to th'end I might alone inioy
The Kings good will, I made his luſt my lawe:
And where of late I labour'd to deſtroy
Such flattering folke, as thereto ſtood in awe,
Now learned I among the reſt to clawe:
For pride is ſuch, if it be kindly caught,
As ſtroyeth good, and ſtirres vp euery naught.

Pride pricketh men to flatter for the pray,
T'oppreſſe and poll for maint'nance of the ſame,
To malice ſuch as match vneths it may:
And to be briefe, pride doth the heart inflame,
To fire what miſchiefe any fraud may frame,
And ſtill at length the euils by it wrought
Confound the worker, and bring him to nought.

Behold in me due proofe of euery part:
For pride firſt forced me my Prince to flatter
So much, that whatſoeuer pleaſ'd his heart
Were't nere ſo ill, I thought a lawfull matter,
Which cauſd the Lords afreſh againſt him clatter:
Becauſe he had his holds beyond ſea ſold,
And ſeene his ſouldiers of their wages pold.

Though vnto all theſe ills I were a frend,
Yet ſuch was luck that each man deemed no:
The Duke of Glocester for me did ſend,
With other Lords, whoſe hearts did bleede for woe,
To ſee the Realme ſo faſt to ruine goe.
In fault whereof, they ſaid the two Dukes were,
The one of Yorke, the other Lancaſter.

On whoſe remoue from being about the King
We all agreed, and ſware a ſolemne oth,
And whilſt the reſt prouided for this thing,
I flatterer I, to win the praiſe of troth,
Wretch that I was, brake faith and promiſe both:
For I bewraied to th'King their whole intent,
For which vnwares they all were tane and ſhent.

Thus was the warder of the Common weale,
The Duke of Gloſter guiltleſſe made away,
With other moe, more wretch I ſo to deale,
Who through vntruth their truſt did ill betray:
Yet by this meanes obtained I may pray,
Of King and Dukes I found for this ſuch fauour,
As made me Duke of Northfolke for my labour.

But ſee how pride and enuy iointly runne,
Becauſe my Prince did more than me prefer,
Sir *Henry Bolenbroke*, the eldeſt ſonne
Of *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, the Duke of Lancaſter,
Proud I that would alone be blaſing ſtarre,
Enuide this Duke, for nought ſaue that the ſhine
Of his deſerts did gliſter more then mine.

To th'end therefore his light ſhould be the leſſe,
I ſlily ſought all ſhifts to put him out:
But as the poize that would the palme repreſſe,
Doth cauſe the bowes ſpred larger round about;
So ſpite and enuy cauſeth glory ſprout,
And aye the more the top is ouertrod,
The deeper doth the ſound roote ſpred abrode.

For when this *Henry* Duke of Herford saw,
What spoile the King made of the noble bloud,
And that without all Iustice, cause, or lawe,
To suffer him, he thought not sure nor good:
Wherefore to me two faced in one hood,
As touching this, he fully brake his minde,
As to his friend that should remedy finde.

But I, although I knew my Prince did ill,
So that my harte abhorred sore the same,
Yet mischiefe so through malice led my will,
To bring this Duke from honour vnto shame,
And toward my selfe, my soueraigne to enflame,
That I bewraied his word vnto the King,
Not as a read, but as a hainous thing.

Thus where my duty bound me to haue told
My Prince his fault, and wild him to refraine,
Through flattery loe, I did his ill vphold,
Which turnd at length both him and me to paine:
Woe, woe to Kings whose counsailours doe faine,
Woe, woe to Realmes where such are put in truste,
As leaue the Lawe, to serue the Princes lust.

And woe to him that by his flattering reed,
Maintaines a Prince in any kind of vice:
Woe worth him eke for enuy, pride or meed,
That misreports an honest enterprise:
Because I beast in all the points was nice,
The plagues of all together on me light,
And due for ill, ill doers doth requite.

For when the Duke first charged with my plaine,
He flat denied that any part was true,
And claimd by armes to answere his attaine,
And I by vse that warlike feates well knew,
To his desire incontinently drew,
Wherewith the King did seeme right well content,
As one that past not much which wan or went.

At time and place appointed we appeard,
At all points armd to proue our quarels iuſt,
And when our friends on each part had vs cheard,
And that the Heralds bad vs doe our luſt,
With ſpeare in reſt we tooke a courſe to iuſt:
But ere our horſes had run halfe their way,
A ſhout was made, the King commanded ſtay.

And for t'auoid the ſheading of our bloud
With ſhame and death, which one muſt needes haue had,
The King through counſaile of the Lords thought good
To baniſh both, which iudgment ſtraight was rad;
No maruell then though both were wroth and ſad,
But chiefly I that was exilde for aye,
My enmie ſtrang'd but for a ten yeares day.

The date expir'd, when by this dolefull dome
I ſhould depart, to liue in baniſht band,
On paine of death to England not to come,
I went my way: the King ſeaſde in his hand
Mine offices, my honours, goods and land,
To pay the due (as openly he told)
Of mighty ſummes, which I had from him pold.

See, *Baldwine*, ſee, the ſolary of ſinne,
Marke with that meed vile vices are rewarded:
Through enuy I did loſe both kith and kinne,
And for my flattering plaint ſo well regarded,
Exile and ſhame are iuſtly me awarded:
My wife and heire lacke lands and lawfull right,
And me their Lord made Dame *Dianas* Knight.

If theſe miſhaps at home bee not enough,
Adioine to them my ſorowes in exile:
I went to Almaine firſt, a Land right rough,
In which I found ſuch churliſh folke and vile,
As made me lothe my life ech other while:
There lo I learnd robes in to be a geſt
Abroad, and what to liue at home in reſt.

For they esteeme no one man more then each,
They vie as well the lackey as the Lord,
And like their maners churlish in their speech,
Their lodging hard, their hoord to be abhor'd:
Their pleyted garments therewith well accord,
All iag'd and frounst, with diuers colours decke,
They sweare, they curse, and drinke till they be flecke.

They hate all such as these their manners hate,
Which reason would no wise man should allow:
With these I dwelt, lamenting mine estate,
Till at the length they had got knowledge, how
I was exil'd, because I did auow
A false complaint against my trustie friend,
For which they nam'd me traytour still vnkend:

That what for shame and what for wearines
I stole from thence, and went to Venice towne,
Whereas I found more ease and friendlines,
But greater griefe: for now the great renowne
Of *Bolenbroke* whom I would haue put downe,
Was waxt so great in Britaine and in France,
That Venice through, each man did him aduance.

Thus loe his glorie grew through great despite,
And I thereby encreased in defame:
Thus enuie euer doth her most acquite
With trouble, anguish, sorow, smart and shame,
But sets the vertues of her foe in flame:
Like water waues which clense the muddie stone,
And soyles themselues by beating thereupon.

Or ere I had soiourn'd there a yeare,
Strange tidings came how was to England gone,
Had tane the King, and that which toucht him neare,
Imprisoned him with other of his sone,
And made him yeeld him vp his Crowne and throne:
When I these things for true by search had tried,
Griefe gripte me so, I pin'd away and died.

Note heere the end of pride, see flatteries fine,
Marke the reward of enuie and complaint,
And warne all people from them to decline,
Lest likely fault do find the like attaint:
Let this my life to them be a restraint:
By others harmes who listeth take no heed,
Shall by his owne learne other better reed.

T. Churchyard.

HOVV KING RICHARD THE SECOND WAS FOR HIS euill gouernance deposed from his seate, in the yeare 1399. and murdered in prison the *yeare following.*

HAppie is the Prince, that hath in wealth the grace
To follow vertue, keeping vices vnder;
But woe to him whose will hath wisdomes place:
For whoso renteth right and law asunder,
On him at length all the world shall wonder.
High birth, choice fortune, force, nor Princely mace,
Can warrant King or Keyser from the case.

Behold my hap, see how the silly rout
On me do gaze, and each to other say:
See where he lieth, but late that was so stout,
Lo how the power, the pride, and rich aray
Of mightie Rulers lightly fade away.
The King which erst kept all the Realme in doubt,
The verieſt rascall now dare checke and flout.

Me thinke I heare the people thus deuise:
Wherefore *Baldwine*, sith thou wilt declare
How Princes fell, to make the liuing wise,
My lawlesse life in no point see thou spare,
But paint it out, that Rulers may beware
Good counsell, law, or vertue to despise,
For Realmes haue rules, and Rulers haue a sise.

I was a King, who ruled all by luſt,
Forcing but light of Iuſtice, right, or Law,
Putting alwaies flatterers falſe in truſt,
Enſuing ſuch as could my vices claw,
By faithfull counſell paſſing not an haw,
As pleaſure prickt, ſo needs obay I muſt,
Hauing delight to feed and ſerue the guſt:

Which to maintaine, my people were ſore pol'd
With Fines, Faſtenes, and loanes by way of preſt,
Blanke Charters, oaths, and ſhifts not knowne of old,
For which the Commons did me ſore deteſt.
I alſo ſold the noble towne of Breſt,
My fault wherein becauſe mine vncle told,
I found the meanes that he to death was ſold.

None aide I lackt in any wicked deed,
For gaping Gulles whom I promoted had
Would further all in hope of higher meed.
There can no King imagine ought ſo bad,
But ſhall find ſome that will performe it glad:
For ſickneſſe ſeldome doth ſo ſwiftly breed,
As humours ill do grow the griefe to feed.

My life and death the truth of this hath tri'd:
For while I fought in Ireland with my foes,
Mine vncle *Edmund* whom I left to guide
My Realme at home, rebelliouſly aroſe
Percies to helpe, which plied my depoſe:
And call'd from France Earle *Bolenbroke*, whom I
Exiled had for ten yeares there to lie.

For comming backe this ſudden ſtur to ſtay,
The Earle of Worſter whom I truſted moſt,
(Whiles I in Wales at Flint my caſtle lay,
Both to refreſh and multiplie mine hoſt)
There in my hall, in ſight of leaſt and moſt,
His ſtaffe did breake, which was my houſhold ſtay,
Bad each make ſhift, and rode himſelfe away.

My Steward false thus being fled and gone,
My seruants flie shranke off on euery side,
Then caught I was and led vnto my fone,
Who for their Prince no Palace did prouide,
But prison strong, where *Henrie* puft with pride
Causde me resigne my Kingly state and throne,
And so forsaken left and post alone.

Yet some conspir'd their new King to put downe,
And to that end a solemne oath they swore,
To render me my royall seate and Crowne,
Whereof themselues depriued me before.
But late medcines can helpe no sothbind sore:
When swelling flouds haue ouerflowen the towne,
Too late it is to stake them that shall drowne.

For though the Peeres set *Henrie* in his state,
Yet could they not displace him thence againe:
And where they soone depriued me of late,
They could restore me by no manner paine.
Things hardly mend, but may be mar'd amaine,
And when a man is fallen in froward fate,
Still mischiefes light one on anothers pate.

For when the King did know that for my cause,
His Lords in maske would kill him on a night,
To dash all doubts he tooke no farther pause,
But *Pierce* of Exton a cruell murdering Knight
To Pomfret castle sent him armed bright,
Who causeleſſe kill'd me there against all lawes,
Thus lawleſſe life to lawleſſe death aye drawes.

G. Ferrers.

HOW OWEN GLENDOVR SE-
DVCED BY FALSE PROPHESIES, tooke vpon him to be Prince of Wales, and was by Henrie Prince of England chased to the Mountaines, where he miserablie died for lacke of food, An. 1401.



I Pray thee Baldwine fith thou doeſt entend
To ſhew the fall of fuch as climbe too hie,
Remember me, whoſe miſerable end
May teach a man his vicious life to flie.
Oh Fortune, Fortune, out on thee I crie:
My liuely corps thou haſt made leane and ſlender,
For lacke of food, whoſe name was *Owen Glendour.*

A Welchman borne, and of the Troian blood,
But ill brought vp, whereby full well I find,
That neither birth nor linage make vs good,
Though it be true that Cat will after kind,
Fleſh gendreth fleſh, but not the ſoule or mind,
They gender not, but foulely do degender,
When men to vice from vertue them furrender.

Each thing by nature tendeth to the ſame
Whereof it came, and is diſpoſed likewiſe:
Downe ſinkes the mould, vp mounts the fierie flame,
With horne the Hart, with hoofe the Horſe doth ſtrike,
The Wolfe doth ſpoile, the ſubtle Foxe doth pike,
And to conclude, no fiſh, fleſh, fowle or plant,
Of their true dame the properties doth want.

But as for men, fith ſeuerally they haue
A mind, whoſe matters are by learning made,
Good bringing vp all only doth them ſaue
In honeſt acts, which with their parents fade:
So that true gentrie ſtandeth in the trade
Of vertuous life, not in the fleſhly line:
For blood is brute, but gentrie is diuine.

Experience

Experience doth cauſe me thus to ſay,
And that the rather for my countrimen,
Which vaunt and boaſt themſelues aboue the day,
If they may ſtraine their ſtocke from worthie men:
Which let be true, are they the better then?
Nay farre the worſe, if ſo they be not good,
For why, they ſtaine the beautie of their blood.

How would we mocke the burden-bearing mule,
If he would brag he were an horſes ſon,
To preſſe his pride (might nothing elſe him rule)
His boaſts to proue no more but bid him run:
The horſe for ſwiftneſſe hath his glorie won.
The braging mule could nere the more aſpier,
Though he ſhould proue that *Pegas* was his ſier.

Each man may crake of that which was his owne,
Our parents good is theirs, and no whit ours:
Who therefore will of noble birth be knowne,
Or ſhine in vertue like his anceſtours,
Gentrie conſiſteth not in lands and towers:
He is a churle though all the world were his,
Yea *Arthurs* heire if that he liue amis.

For vertuous life a Gentleman doth make
Of her poſſeſſour, all be he poore as *Iob*,
Yea though no name of elders he can take:
For proofe take *Merlin* fathered by an Hob.
But who ſo ſets his mind to ſpoile and rob,
Although he come by due deſcent from *Brute*,
He is a churle, yngentle, vile, and brute.

Well, thus did I for want of better wit,
Becauſe my parents naughtly brought me vp:
For Gentlemen (they ſaid) was nought ſo fit,
As to attaſt by bold attempts the cup
Of conqueſts wine, whereof I thought to ſup:
And therefore bent my ſelfe to rob and riue,
And whom I could of lands and goods depriue.

Henrie the fourth did then vſurpe the Crowne,
Deſpoil'd the King, with *Mortimer* the heire:
For which his ſubiects ſought to put him downe,
And I while Fortune offered me ſo faire,
Did what I might his honor to appaire:
And tooke on me to be the Prince of Wales,
Entiſte thereto by Propheſies and tales.

For which, ſuch mates as wait vpon the ſpoile,
From euery part of Wales vnto me drew:
For loytering youth vntaught in any toile,
Are readie aye all miſchiefe to enſue.
Through helpe of theſe ſo great my glorie grew,
That I defied my King through loftie heart,
And made ſharpe warre on all that tooke his part.

See lucke, I tooke Lord *Reynold Gray* of Rithen,
And him enforſt my daughter to eſpouſe,
And ſo perforce I held him ſtill, and ſithen
In Wigmore land through battell rigorous,
I caught the right heire of the crowned houſe,
The Earle of March Sir *Edmond Mortimer*,
And in a dungeon kept him priſoner.

Then all the Marches longing vnto Wales,
By Seuerne Weſt I did inuade and burne:
Deſtroyed the townes in mountaines and in vales,
And rich in ſpoiles did homeward ſafe returne:
Was none ſo bold durſt once againſt me ſpurne.
Thus proſperouſly doth Fortune forward call,
Thoſe whom ſhe minds to giue the foreſt fall.

When fame had brought theſe tidings to the King,
(Although the Scots then vexed him right ſore)
A mightie armie 'gainſt me he did bring:
Whereof the French King being warn'd afore,
Who mortall hate againſt King *Henrie* bore,
To grieue our foe he quickly to me ſent
Twelue thouſand Frenchmen, vnto the fight all bent.

A part of them led by the Earle of March,
Lord *Iames* of Burbon, a renowned Knight,
Withheld by winds to Wales-ward forth to march,
Tooke land at Plimmouth priuily on night:
And when he had done all he durſt or might,
After that many of his men were ſlaine,
He ſtole to ſhip and ſailed home againe.

Twelue thouſand moe in Milford did arriue,
And came to me then lying at Denbigh:
With armed Welchmen thouſands double fiue,
With whom we went to Worceſter well nigh,
And there encampt vs on a mount on high,
T'abide the King, who ſhortly after came,
And pitched downe his field, hard by the ſame.

There eight daies long our hoſts lay face to face,
And neither others power durſt aſſaile:
But they ſo ſtopt the paſſages the ſpace,
That vitailes could not come to our auaile,
Where through conſtrain'd our hearts began to faile,
So that the Frenchmen ſhranke away by night,
And I with mine to'th mountaines took our flight.

The King purſued greatly to his coſt,
From hilles to woods, from woods to valleyes plaine:
And by the way his men and ſtuffe he loſt,
And when he ſaw he gained nought but paine,
He blew retreate and gate him home againe:
Then with my power I boldly came abroad,
Taken in my countrey for a very god.

Immediatly there fell a iolly iarre
Betweene the King and *Percies* worthie blouds,
Which grew at laſt vnto a deadly warre:
For like as drops engender mightie flouds,
And little ſeeds ſprout forth great leaues and buds;
Euen ſo ſmall ſtrifes, if they be ſuffered run,
Breed wrath and warre, and death or they be don.

The King would haue the ransome of such Scots
As these the *Percies* tane had in the field:
But see how strongly Lucre knits her knots,
The King will haue, the *Percies* will not yeeld,
Desire of goods some craues, but granteth seeld:
Oh cursed goods, desire of you hath wrought
All wickednes, that hath or can bee thought.

The *Percies* deemd it meeter for the King,
To haue redeemd their Cosin *Mortimer*,
Who in his quarell all his power did bring
To fight with mee, that tooke him prisoner,
Than of their pray to rob his souldiers:
And therefore will'd him see some meane were found,
To quite forth him whom I kept vily bound.

Because the King misliked their request,
They came themselues and did accord with mee,
Complaining how the Kingdome was oppresst
By *Henries* rule: where some wee did agree
To plucke him downe, and part the Realme in three:
The north part theirs, Wales holy to be mine,
The rest, to rest to th'Earle of Marches line.

And for to set vs hereon more agog,
A Prophet came (a vengeance take them all)
Affirming *Henry* to be Gog magog,
Whom *Merline* doth a Mouldwarpe euer call,
Accurst of God that must be brought in thrall
By a Wolfe, a Dragon, and a Lion strong,
Which should diuide his Kingdome them among.

This crafty dreamer made vs three such beasts,
To thinke wee were the forsaid beastes, indeed:
And for that cause our badges and our crests
Wee searched out, which fearfully well agreed:
Howbeit the Heralds apt at such a need,
Drew downe such issues from old ancestors,
As prou'd these ensignes to bee surely yours.

Yet

Ye crafty Welchmen, wherefore doe ye mocke,
The Noble men thus with your fained rimes?
Ye Noble men, why flie yee not the flocke
Of such as haue seduc'd so many times?
False Propheſies are plagues for diuels crimes,
Which God doth let the diuelliſh ſort deuiſe,
To trouble ſuch as are not godly wiſe.

And that appeard by vs three beaſts indeed,
Through falſe perſwaſion highly borne in hand,
That in our feate we could not chuſe but ſpeed,
To kill the King and to enioy his Land:
For which exploit we bound our ſelues in band,
To ſtand contented ech man with his part,
So folly did aſſure our fooliſh hart.

But ſuch, they ſay, as fiſh before the net,
Shall ſeldome ſurfet of the pray they take:
Of things to come the haps bee ſo vnſet,
That none but fooles may warrant of them make;
The full aſſur'd ſucceſſe doth oft forſake,
For Fortune findeth none ſo fit to floure,
As careleſſe ſots, which caſt no kinde of doubt.

How ſaiſt thou *Henry Hotſpur*, doe I lie,
For thou right manly gau'ſt the King a field,
And there waſt ſlaine becauſe thou wouldſt not flie;
Thine vncle *Thomas Percy* forſt to yeeld,
Did caſt his head (a wonder ſeene but ſeld)
From Shrewsbury cowne to th'top of London Bridge.
Loe thus fond hope did both their liues abridge.

When *Henry* this great victory had wonne,
Deſtroid the *Percies*, put their power to flight,
He did appoint Prince *Henry* his eldeſt ſonne,
With all his power to meete me if he might:
But I diſcomfit through my partners ſlight,
Had not the heart to meete him face to face,
But fled away, and he purſu'd the chaſe.

Now

Now *Baldwine* marke, for I told Prince of Wales,
And made beleeue I should be he indeed,
Was made to fly among the hilles and dales,
Where all my men forlooke me at my need,
Who trusteth loiterers feeld hath luckly speede,
And when the Capeaines courage doth him faile,
His souldiers harts a little thing may quaile.

And so Prince *Henry* chased me, that loe
I found no place wherein I might abide:
For as the dogges pursue the silly Doe,
The brache behinde, the hounders on euery side,
So traste they me among the mountaines wide:
Whereby I found I was the hardest hare,
And not the beast the prophet did declare.

And at the last: like as the little roach,
Must else be eat, or leape vpon the shore,
When as the hungry pickerell doth approach,
And there find death which it escape before:
So double death assaulted me so sore
That either I must vnto mine enmy yeeld,
Or starue for hunger in the burning feeld.

Here shame and paine a while were at a strife,
Paine bad me yeeld, shame bad me rather fast:
The one bad spare, the other bad spend my life,
But shame (fie shame to be so ouercome) at last
Then hunger gnew, that death the stone wall beast,
And made me eate both gras, dust, and mud,
And last of all my dog, my flesh, and blood.

This was mine end too horrible to heare,
Yet good enough for life that was so ill,
Where by O *Baldwine* weare all men to beare,
Their youth such lous, and time with vertue fill,
Bid Princes fly false prophets lying bill,
And not presume to climbe aboue their states,
For they bee faults that fooles men to their fates.

HOW HENRY PERCY
Earle of NORTHVMBERLAND,
was for his conetous and traiterous
attempt put to death at Yorke.
Anno 1407.



O Morall *Senec* true findes I thy saying,
That neither kinde, riches, strength, or fauour
Are free from Fortune, but are in decaying
No worldly wealth is ought saue doubtfull labour,
Mans life in Earth is like vnto a tabour,
Which now to mirth doth mildly men prouoke,
And straight to warre, with a more sturdy stroke.

All this full true I *Percy* find by proofe,
Which whilom was Earle of Northumberland,
And therefore *Baldwine* for our peeres behoofe,
To note mens falles sith thou hast tane in hand,
I would thou should my state well vnderstand,
For few there were that were so much redoubted,
Whom double Fortune lifted vp and loured.

As for my kinne their noblenesse is knowen,
My valiant acts were solly, for to praise,
Where through our foes so oft were ouerthrowen,
That who but I was doubted in my daies:
And that King *Richard*, found at all assaies,
For neuer foes rebelled in his reigne,
But through my force were either caught or slaine.

A brother I had was Earle of Worcester,
Alwaies in office and fauour with the King,
And by my wife Dame *Eleanor Mortimer*,
A sonne I had which so the foes did sting,
That being yong, and but a very spring,
Henry Hotspur them gaue him vnto name,
And though I say it he did ouerwin the fame.

Were

We three triumphed in King *Richards* time,
Till Fortune ought both him and vs a spite:
But chiefly mee, whom cleere from any crime,
My King did banish from his fauour quite,
Proclaiming mee a most disloyall Knight:
Where through false slander forced mee to bee,
That which before I did most deadly flee.

Let men beware, how they true folke defame,
Or threaten on them the blame of vices nought,
For infamy breedeth wrath, wreke followeth shame:
Eke open slander often times hath brought
That to effect, that erst was neuer thought.
To bee misdeem'd men suffer in a sore,
But none can beare the griefe of misreport.

Becaule my King did shame mee wrongfully,
I hated him and soone became his foe:
And while he did at warre in Ireland lie,
I did conspire to turne his weale to woe:
And through the Duke of Yorke and other moe,
All royall power from him wee quickly tooke,
And gaue the same to *Henry Bolenbrooke*.

Neither did we this onely for this cause,
But to say truth, force draue vs to the same:
For he despising God and all his lawes,
Slew whom hee would, made sinne a very game:
And seeing nor age nor counsell could him tame,
We thought it well done for the Kingdomes sake,
To leaue his rule, that did all rule forsake.

But when Sir *Henry* had attained his place,
Hee straight became in all points worse then hee,
Destroied the Peeres, and slew King *Richards* grace,
Against his oth made to the Lords and vs,
And seeking quarrels how to disgrace vs,
He shamefully requir'd [illegible]
To yeeld him foes which [illegible]

My nephew alſo *Edmund Mortimer*,
The very heire apparent to the crowne,
Whom *Owen Glendour* held as priſoner,
With chaines faſt bound in dungeon deepe caſt downe,
He would not ranſome, but did felly frowne,
'Gainſt *Mortimer* and me which for him ſpake,
And him proclaimed traytour for our ſake.

Thus foule deſpite did cauſe vs to conſpire,
To put him downe, as we did *Richard* erſt,
And that we might this matter ſet on fire,
From *Owens* Iaile, our cofin we remerſt,
And vnto *Glendour* all our griefes rehearſt,
Who made a bond with *Mortimer* and mee,
To priue the King and part the Realme in three.

But when King *Henrie* heard of this deuiſe,
To *Owen Glendour* he ſped him very quicke,
Minding by force to ſtop our enterpriſe:
And as the diuell would, then fell I ſicke,
Howbeit my brother and ſonne more politicke
Then proſperous, with an hoſt from Scotland brought,
Encountred him at Shrewesbury where they fought.

The one was tane and kill'd, the other ſlaine,
And ſhortly after was *Owen* put to flight:
By meanes whereof I forced was to faine,
That I knew nothing of the former fight.
Fraud oft auailes more then doth ſturdie might:
For by my ſaining I brought him in beliefe,
I knew not that wherein my part was chiefe.

And while the King thus tooke me for his friend,
I ſought all meanes my former wrong to wreake,
Which that I might bring to the ſooner end,
To the Biſhop of Yorke I did the matter breake,
And to th'Earle Marſhall likewiſe did I ſpeake,
Whoſe father was through *Henries* cauſe exiled:
The Biſhops brother with traytorous death defiled.

These straight assented to do what they could,
So did the Lord *Hastings*, and Lord *Fauconbridge*:
Which altogether promised they would
Set all their power the Kings dayes to abridge.
But see the spite, before the birds were fledge
The King had word, and seased on the nest,
Whereby alas my friends were all oppresst.

The bloodie tyrant brought them all to end,
Excepted me, which into Scotland fled,
To George of Dunbar th'Earle of March, my friend,
Who in my cause with many more made head:
And when on hope of greater aid I fed,
Both at the Frenchmen and the Flemmings hand,
And could get none, I tooke such as I fand.

And with the helpe of *George* my very friend,
I did inuade Northumberland full bold,
Whereas the folke drew to me still on end,
Bent to death my partie to vphold:
Through helpe of these, full many a fort and hold,
The which the King right manfully had man'd,
I easely wonne, and seased in my hand.

Not so content (for vengeance drave me on)
I entred Yorkshire, there to waste and spoile:
But ere I had far in the countrie gone
The Shiriffe thereof, *Raph Rokesbie* did assoile
My troubled host of much part of our toile:
For he assaulting freshly tooke through power,
Me and Lord *Bardolph* both at Bramham moore.

And thence conueyed vs to the towne of Yorke,
Vntill he knew what was the Kings intent:
There loe Lord *Bardolph* kinder then the Storke,
Did lose his head, which was to London sent,
With whom for friendship mine in like case went:
This was my hap, my fortune, or my fate,
This life I led and thus I came to naught.

Wherefore good *Baldwine* will the Peeres take heed
Of ſlander, malice, and conſpiracie,
Of couetiſe, whence all the reſt proceed:
For couetiſe ioynt with contumacie,
Doth cauſe all miſchiefe in mens hearts to breed.
And therefore this to eſperance my word,
Who cauſeth bloodſhed ſhall not ſcape the ſword.

HOW RICHARD PLANTAGENET EARLE OF CAMBRIDGE INTENding the Kings deſtruction, was put to death at *Southhampton*, *Anno Dom.* 1415.

HAſte maketh waſte, hath commonly been ſaid,
And ſecret miſchiefe ſelde hath luckie ſpeed:
A murdering mind with proper poyze is way'd,
All this is true, I find it in my creed.
And therefore *Baldwine* warne all ſtates take heed,
How they conſpire another to betrap,
Leſt miſchiefe ment, light in the miners lap.

For I Lord *Richard* heire *Plantagenet*
Was Earle of Cambridge and right fortunate,
If I had had the grace my wit to ſet,
To haue content me with mine owne eſtate:
But O falſe honors, breeders of debate,
The loue of you our leaud hearts doth allure,
To loſe our ſelues by ſeeking you vnſure.

Becauſe my brother *Edmund Mortimer*
Whoſe eldeſt ſiſter was my wedded wife,
I meane that *Edmund* that was priſoner
In Wales ſo long, through *Owens* buſie ſtrife,
Becauſe I ſay that after *Edmunds* life,
His rights and titles muſt by law be mine,
For he ne had, nor could encreaſe his line,

Becauſe the right of Realme and Crowne was ours,
I ſearched meanes to helpe him thereunto:
And where the *Henries* held it by their powers,
I ſought a ſhift their tenures to undoe,
Which being force, ſtill force or ſleight muſt doe,
I void of might, becauſe their power was ſtrong,
Set priuie ſleight againſt their open wrong.

But ſith the death of moſt part of my kin
Did daſh my hope, throughout the fathers daies
I let it ſlip, and thought it beſt begin,
When as the ſonne ſhould dread leaſt ſuch aſſayes:
For force through ſpeed, ſleight ſpeedeth through delayes,
And ſeeld doth treaſon time ſo fitly find,
As when all dangers moſt be out of mind.

Wherefore while *Henrie* of that name the fifi,
Prepar'd his armie to go conquer France,
Lord *Scroope* and I thought to attempt a drift
To put him downe, my brother to aduance:
But wet'e Gods will, my lucke or lacke good chance,
The King with wholly whereabout we went,
The night before to ſhipward he him bent.

Then were we ſtraight as traytours apprehended,
Our purpoſe ſpi'd, the cauſe thereof was hid,
And therefore loe a falſe cauſe we pretended,
Where through my brother was from danger rid,
We ſaid for hire of French Kings coine, we did
Behight to kill the King: and thus with ſhame
We ſtain'd our ſelues, to ſaue our friend from blame.

When we had thus confeſt ſo foule a treaſon,
That we deſeru'd, we ſuffered by the law.
See *Baldwine*, ſee, and note me it is treaſon,
How wicked deeds to wofull ends do draw.
All force doth faile, no craft is worth a ſtraw,
To attaine things loſt, and therefore let them go,
For might rules right, and will through ſtuffe ſay no.

HOW THOMAS MONTAGVE EARLE OF SALISBVrie in the middest of his glorie, was chanceably *slaine at Orleaunce with a piece of Ordinance, the third of November, Anno Dom.* 1428.

WHat fooles be we to trust vnto our strength,
Our wit, our courage, or our noble fame,
Which time it selfe must needs deuour at length,
Though froward Fortune could not foile the same?
But seeing this Goddesse guideth all the game,
Which still to change doth set her only lust,
Why toile we so for things so hard to trust?

A goodly thing we deeme of good report,
Which noble hearts do seeke by course of kind:
But seeing the date so doubtfull and so short,
The way so rough whereby we do it find,
I cannot chuse but praise the Princely mind
That preaseth for it, though we find oppresst,
By foule defame, those that deserue it best.

Concerning whom, marke, *Baldwine*, what I say,
I meane the vertuous hindred of their brute,
Among which number reeken well I may
My valiant father *Iohn* Lord *Montacute*,
Who lost his life I iudge through iust pursuite,
I say the cause and not the casuall speed
Is to be waighed, in euery kind of deed.

This rule obseru'd, how many shall we find
For vertues sake with infamie oppresst?
How some againe through helpe of Fortune blind,
For ill attempts atchieu'd, with honor blest?
Successe is worst oft times when cause is best:
Therefore say I: God send them sory hap,
That iudge the causes by their after clap.

The end indeed is Iudge of euery thing,
Which is the cauſe of latter point of time:
The firſt true verdict at the firſt may bring,
The laſt is ſlow, or ſlipper as the ſlime,
Oft changing names of innocence and crime.
Duke *Thomas* death was Iuſtice two yeares long,
And euer ſince, ſore tyrannie and wrong.

Wherefore I pray thee, *Baldwine*, weigh the cauſe,
And praiſe my father as he doth deſerue:
Becauſe Earle *Henry* King againſt all lawes,
Endeuoured King *Richard* for to ſtarue
In iayle, wherby the regall Crowne might ſwarue
Out of the line to which it then was due,
(Whereby God knowes what euill might enſue.)

My Lord *Iohn Holland* Duke of Exceſter,
Which was deare coſin to this wretched King,
Did moue my Sire, and th'Earle of Gloceſter,
With other Lords to ponder well the thing:
Who ſeeing the miſchiefe that began to ſpring,
Did all conſent this *Henry* to depoſe,
And to reſtore King *Richard* to the Roſe.

And while they did deuiſe a prety traine,
Whereby to bring their purpoſe well about,
Which was in maske this *Henry* to haue ſlaine,
The Duke of Aumerle blew their counſaile out:
Yet was their purpoſe good, there is no doubt,
What cauſe can be more worthy for a Knight,
Than ſaue his King, and helpe true heires to right?

For this with them my father was deſtroid,
And buried in the dunghill of defame,
Thus euill chance, their glory did auoid,
Whereas their cauſe doth claime eternall fame.
When deeds therefore vnluckily doe frame,
Men ought not iudge the authors to be naught,
For right through might is often ouerraught.

And God doth ſuffer that it ſhould be ſo,
But why, my wit is feeble to deciſe,
Except it be to heape vp wrath and wo
On wicked heads that iniuries deuiſe.
The cauſe why miſchiefs many times ariſe,
And light on them that would mens wrongs redreſſe,
Is for the rancour that they beare I geſſe.

God hateth rigour though it further right,
For ſinne is ſinne, how euer it be vſed:
And therefore ſuffereth ſhame and death to light,
To puniſh vice, though it bee well abuſed.
Who furthereth right is not therby excuſed,
If through the ſame he doe ſome other wrong:
To euery vice due guerdon doth belong.

What preach I now? I am a man of warre,
And that my lims I dare ſay doth profeſſe,
Of cured wounds beſet with many a skarre,
My broken iaw vnheald can ſay no leſſe.
O Fortune, Fortune cauſe of all diſtreſſe,
My father had great cauſe thy fraud to curſe,
But much more I, abuſed ten times worſe.

Thou neuer flatteredſt him in all thy life,
But me thou dandledſt like thy darling deare:
Thy gifts I found in euery corner rife,
Where ere I went I met thy ſmiling cheare:
Which was not for a day or for a yeare,
But through the raigne of three right worthy Kings,
I found thee forward in all kind of things.

The while King *Henry* conquered in France
I fued the warres and ſtill found victory,
In all aſſaults, ſo happy was my chance,
Holds yeeld or won did make my enemies ſory:
Dame *Prudence* eke augmented ſo my glory,
That in all treaties euer I was one,
When weighty matters were agreed vpon.

But when this King this mightie conquerour,
Through death vnripe was both his Realmes bereft,
His silly infant did receiue his power,
Poore little babe full yong in cradle left,
Where Crowne and Scepter hurt him with the heft,
Whose worthie vncles had the gouernance,
The one at home, the other abroad in France.

And I which was in peace and warre well skilled,
With both these Rulers greatly was esteemed:
Bare rule at home as often as they willed,
And fought in France when they it needfull deemed,
And euery where so good my seruice seemed,
That English men to me great loue did beare,
Our foes the French, my force fulfill'd with feare.

I alwaies thought it fitly for a Prince,
And such as haue the regiment of Realmes,
His subiects hearts with mildnes to conuince,
With Iustice mixt, auoiding all extreames.
For like as *Phœbus* with his cheerefull beames,
Doth freshly force the fragrant flowres to florish,
So rulers mildnesse subiects loue doth norish.

This found I true: for through my milde behauiour,
Their hearts I had with me to liue and die,
And in their speech bewrayed of their fauour,
They call'd me still good Earle of Salisburie,
The Lords confesse the Commons did not lie.
For vertuous life, free heart, and lowly mind,
With high and low shall alwaies fauour find.

Which vertues, chiefe become a man of warre,
Whereof in France I found experience:
For in assaults due mildnes passeth farre
All rigour, force, and sturdie violence:
For men will stoutly sticke to their defence,
When cruell Captaines couet after spoile,
And so enforst, oft giue their foes the foile.

But when they know they ſhall be friendly vſed,
They hazard not their heads but rather yeeld:
For this my offers neuer were refuſed
Of any towne, or ſurely very ſeeld.
But force and furies fit be for the field,
And there indeed I vſed ſo the ſame,
My foes would flie if they but heard my name.

For when Lord *Steward* and Earle *Kantadore*
Had cruelly beſieged Crauant towne,
Which he had won, and kept long time before,
Which lieth in Awxer on the Riuer Youne,
To raiſe the ſiege the Regent ſent me downe:
Whereas I vſde all rigour that I might,
I killed all that were not ſau'd by flight.

When th'Earle of Bedford then in France Lord Regent
Knew in what ſort I had remoued the ſiege,
In Brye and Champaine he made me Vicegerent,
And Lieutenant for him and for my Liege:
Which cauſde me go to Brye, and there beſiege
Mountaguillon with twentie weekes aſſaut,
Which at the laſt was yeelded me for naught.

And for the Duke of Britaines brother *Arthur*,
Both Earle of Richmond and of Yuerie,
Againſt his oath from vs had made departure,
To *Charles* the Dolphin our chiefe enemie,
I with the Regent went to Normandie,
To take his towne of Yuerie, which of ſpight,
Did to vs daily all the hanne they might.

They at the firſt compounded by a day
To yeeld, if reſcues did not come before,
And while in hope to fight, we at it lay,
The Dolphin gathered men two thouſand ſcore,
With Earles, with Lords and Captaines iolly ſtore,
Of which the Duke of Alanſon was guide,
And ſent them downe to ſee if we would bide.

But

But they left vs, and downe to Vernoile went,
And made their vaunt they had our armie slaine,
And through that lie, that towne from vs they hent,
Which shortly after turned to their paine:
For there both armies met vpon the plaine;
And we eight thousand whom they slew before,
Did kill of them, ten thousand men and more.

When we had taken Vernoile thus againe,
To driue the treacherous Dolphin out of France,
The Regent sent me t'Aniow and to Mayne,
Where I besieg'd the warlike towne of Mawns.
There Lord of Toysers, *Baldwins* valiance
Did well appeare, which would not yeeld the towne,
Till all the Towres and walles were battered downe.

But heere now *Baldwine*, take it in good part,
Though that I brought this *Baldwine* there to yeeld,
The Lion fierce for all his noble heart,
Being ouermatch'd, is forst to flie the field.
If *Mars* himselfe there had been with his shield,
And in my stormes had stoutly me withstood,
He should haue yeeld, or elfe haue shed my blood.

This worthie Knight both hardie, stout, and wise,
Wrought well his feat: as time and place require,
When Fortune failes, it is the best aduise
To strike the saile lest all lie in the mire.
This haue I said to th'end thou take no ire,
For though no cause be found, to nature frames,
Men haue a zeale to such as beare their names.

But to returne, in Mayne wan I at length,
Such townes and forts as might or helpe or hurt,
I manned *Mayne*, and *Sucean* towne of strength,
Fort *Barnard*, *Thouteaux*, and S. *Cales* the curt,
With *Lile sues Button*, standing in the durt:
Eke *Gwerland*, *Sluce*, *Lompertaud* and *Crowet* fast,
With *Malycorne*, there wan I and kept full fast.

Besides

Besides all this I tooke neere fortie holds,
But those I raced euen with the ground:
And for these deeds, as sillie sheepe in folds
Do shrinke for feare at euery little sound,
So fled my foes before my face full rounds:
Was none so hardie durst abide the fight,
So *Mars* and Fortune furthered me their Knight.

I tell no lie, so gastfull grew my name,
That it alone discomfited an host:
The boldest Frenchmen well confesse the same,
Else will the towne which they like cowards lost.
For when they sieged Beauron with great boast,
Being fortie thousand well arm'd in field,
Fiue hundred men enforced them to yeeld.

For while the Frenchmen fresh assaulted still,
Our Englishmen came boldly forth at night,
Crying Saint *George*, *Salisbury*, kill, kill,
And offered freshly with their foes to fight,
And they as Frenchly tooke themselues to flight,
Supposing surely that I had been there,
See how my name did put them all in feare.

Thus was the Dolphins power discomfited,
Foure thousand slaine, their Campe tane as it stood,
Whereby our towne and souldiers profited,
For there were vitailes plentifull and good:
This while was I in England by the rood,
T'appease a strife that was right soule befall,
Betweene Duke *Humfrey* and the Cardinall.

The Duke of Exeter soone after died,
Which of the King at home had gouernance,
Whose roome the Earle of Warwicke then supplied,
And I tooke his and sped me into France.
Where in good hope to conquer Orliance,
With much adoe I got the Regents aid,
And marched forth, and siege about it laid.

But

But in the way I tooke the towne of Yaine,
Where murdered were for ſtoutnes many a man:
But Baugencey I tooke with little paine,
For which to ſhew them fauour I began:
This cauſde the townes of Mewne and Largemain,
That ſtood on Loyer, to profer me the keyes,
Ere I came neere them, welnigh by two daies.

See heere how Fortune froward can allure,
What baits ſhe layeth to bring men to their ends:
Who haning hap like this, but hopeth ſure,
To bring to bale what euer he entends?
But ſoone is ſower the ſweet that Fortune ſends:
When hope and hap, when health and wealth is higheſt,
Then woe and wracke, diſeaſe, and need be nigheſt.

For while I, ſuing this ſo good ſucceſſe,
Laid ſiege to Orliaunce on the Riuer ſide,
The Baſtard (Cuckold *Cawmes* ſonne I geſſe,
Tho thought the Duke:) who had the towne in guide
Came fiercely forth, when he his time eſpi'd,
To raiſe the ſiege, but was bet backe againe,
And hard purſued both to his loſſe and paine.

For there we wan the Bulwarke on the bridge,
With a mightie tower ſtanding faſt thereby.
Ah curſed tower that didſt my daies abridge,
Would God thou had'ſt been further either I:
For in this tower a chamber ſtands on hie,
From which a man may view through all the towne
By certaine windowes iron grated downe.

Where on a day, now *Baldwins* noſe mine end,
I ſtood in viewing where the towne was weake,
And as I buſily talked with my friend,
Shot from the towne, which all the grate did breake,
A pellet came and drou'e a mightie ſteake
Againſt my face, and tare away my cheeke,
For paine whereof I died within a weeke.

See *Baldwine*, ſee the moſt vncertaine glorie,
How ſudden miſchiefe daſheth all to duſt,
And warne all Princes by my broken ſtorie,
The happieſt fortune chiefly to miſtruſt.
Was neuer man that alway had his luſt:
Then mortall fooles, in fancie more then mad,
Which hope to haue that neuer any had.

W. Baldwine.

HOW DAME ELEANOR COBHAM DVCHESSE OF GLOCESTER, FOR PRACtiſing of Witchcraft and Sorcery, ſuffred open penance, *and after was baniſhed the Realme into the Ile of Man.*

IF a poore Ladie damned in exile
Amongſt Princes may be allowed place,
Then gentle *Baldwine* ſtay thy pen a while,
And of pure pitie ponder well my caſe,
How I a Ducheſſe, deſtitute of grace
Haue found by proofe, as many haue and ſhall
The prouerbe true, that pride will haue a fall.

A noble Prince extract of royall blood,
Humfrey ſometime protector of this Land
Of Glocester Duke, for vertue call'd (the good),
When I but baſe beneath his ſtate did ſtand,
Vouchſaft with me to ioyne in wedlockes band,
Hauing in Court no name of high degree,
But *Eleanor Cobham* as parents left to mee.

And though by blith of noble race I was,
Of Barons blood, yet was I thought vnfit,
So high to match, yet ſo it came to paſſe,
Whether by grace, good fortune, or by wit,
Dame *Venus* lures ſo in mine eyes did fit,
As this great Prince without reſpect of ſtate,
Did worthie me to be his wedded mate.

His wife I was, and he my true husband,
Though for a while he had the company
Of Lady *Iaquet* Dutcheſſe of Holland,
Being an heire of ample patrimony,
But that fell out to be no matrimonie:
For after warre, long ſute in law and ſtrife,
She proued was the Duke of Brabants wife.

Thus of a Damſell Dutcheſſe I became,
My ſtate and place aduanced next the Queene,
Whereby me thought I felt no ground but ſwans,
For in the Court mine equall was not ſeene,
And ſo poſſeſt with pleaſure of the ſpleene,
The ſparkes of pride ſo kindled in my breſt,
As I in Court would ſhine aboue the reſt.

Such gifts of nature God in me had graft
Of ſhape and forme, with other graces mo,
That by the ſhot of *Cupids* fiery ſhaft,
Which to the heart of this great Prince did go,
This mightie Duke with loue was kindled ſo,
As he abaſing th'height of his degree,
Set his whole heart, to loue and honor mee.

Grudge whoſo would, to him I was moſt deere,
Aboue all Dames aduanced in degree,
(The Queene except) no Princeſſe was my peere,
But gaue me place, and Lords with cap and knee
Did all honor and reuerence vnto mee.
Thus hoiſted high vpon the rolling wheele,
Hate ſo ſure, me though I could not reele.

And weening leaſt that Fortune hath a turne,
I look'd aloft, and would not ſtoupe a low,
The brands of pride ſo in my breſt did burne
As the hot ſparkes, burſt forth in open ſhow,
And more and more the fire began to glow
Without quenching, as it daily did encreaſe,
Till Fortunes blaſts with ſhame did make it ceaſe.

For

For (as tis ſaid) pride paſſeth on afore,
And ſhame followes, for iuſt reward and meed:
Would God Ladies, both now and euermore,
Of my hard hap, which ſhall the ſtorie reede,
Would beare in mind, and truſt it as their Creed,
That pride of heart is a moſt hatefull vice,
And lowlineſſe, a pearle of paſſing price.

Namely in Queenes, and Ladies of eſtate,
Within whoſe minds all meeknes ſhould abound,
Since high diſdaine doth alwaies purchaſe hate,
Being a vice, that moſt part doth redound
To their reproch, in whom the ſame is found,
And ſeldome gets good fauour or good fame,
But is at laſt knit vp with worldly ſhame.

The proofe whereof I found moſt true indeed,
That pride afore, hath ſhame to wait behind.
Let no man doubt, in whom this vice doth breed,
But ſhame for pride by iuſtice is aſſign'd,
Which I well found, for truly in my mind
Was neuer none, whom pride did more enflame,
Nor neuer none receiued greater ſhame.

For not content to be a Dutcheſſe great,
I longed ſore to beare the name of Queene,
Aſpiring ſtill vnto an higher ſeat,
And with that hope my ſelfe did ouerweene,
Since there was none, which that time was betweene
Henrie the King, and my good Duke his Eame
Heire to the crowne and kingdome of this Realme.

So neare to be, was cauſe of my vaine hope
And long await when this faire hap would fall;
My ſtudies all were tending to that ſcope,
Alas, the while to counſell I did call
Such as would ſeeme, by skill coniecturall
Of art Magique and wicked Sorceries,
For to diuine the Princes deſtinie.

Among

Among which sort of those that bare most fame
There was a Beldame cal'd the Witch of Ey,
Old mother *Madge* her neighbours did her name,
Which wrought wonders in countries by here-say,
Furies and feends her charming would obay.
And dead corps from graue she could vpreare,
Such an Inchantresse that time had no peere.

Two Priests also, the one hight *Bolyngbroke*,
The other *Southwel*, Clerkes in coniuration,
These two Chaplaines were they that vndertooke
To cast and calke the Kings true constellation,
And then to iudge by deepest diuination
Of things to come, and who should next succeed
To Englands Crowne, all this was true indeed.

And further sure they neuer did proceed,
Though I confesse that this attempt was ill,
But for my part, for any thing in deed
Wrought or elsse thought, by any kind of skill,
God is my iudge I neuer had the will,
By any inchantment, Sorcerie, or charme,
Or otherwise, to worke my Princes harme.

Yet neretheleſſe, when this case came to light,
By secret spies to *Caiphas* our Cardinall,
Who long in heart had borne a priuie spight
To my good Duke his nephew naturall,
Glad of the chance so fitly forth to fall,
His long hid hate, with Iustice to color,
Vsed this case with most extreame rigor,

And caused me with my complices all,
To be cited by processe peremptorie,
Before Iudges, in place Iudiciall,
Whereas *Caiphas*, sitting in his glorie,
Would not allow my answere dilatorie,
Ne Doctor or Proctor to alledge the lawes,
But forced me to plead in mine owne cause.

The

The Kings counſell were called to the caſe,
(My husband then ſhut out for the ſeaſon)
In whoſe abſence I found but little grace,
For Lawyers turned our offence to treaſon:
And ſo with rigor, without ruth or reaſon,
Sentence was giuen, that I for the ſame
Should doe penance, and ſuffer open ſhame.

Nay the like ſhame had neuer wight I weene,
Duches, Lady, ne Damſel of degree,
As I that was a Princeſſe, next the Queene,
Wife to a Prince, and none ſo great as hee,
A Kings vncle, Protector of his countrey,
With Taper burning, ſhrouded in a ſheete
Three dayes a row, to paſſe the open ſtreete,

Barelegd, and bare foote, to all the worlds wonder,
Yea, and as though ſuch ſhame did not ſuffiſe,
With more deſpite then to part aſunder
Me and my Duke, which Traitors did deuiſe
By Statute lawe, in moſt vnlawfull wiſe,
Firſt ſending me with ſhame into exile,
Then murdring him by trechery and guile.

Yea and beſides this cruell baniſhment
Far from all friends to comfort mee in care,
And husbands death, there was by Parliament
Ordaind for me a meſſe of courſer fare.
For they to bring me to beggers ſtate moſt bare,
By the ſame act from mee did then withdraw
Such right of dower, as widowes haue by law.

Death (as t'isſaid) doth ſet all things at reſt,
Which fell not ſo in mine vnhappy caſe:
For ſince my death, mine enmies made a Ieſt
In minſtrels rimes, mine honour to deface,
And then to bring my name in more diſgrace,
A ſong was made in manner of a laie,
Which old wiues ſing of mee vnto this day.

Yet with theſe ſpites their malice could not end,
For ſhortly after, my ſorowes to renue,
My loiall Lord, which neuer did offend,
VVas cald in haſte, the cauſe he litle knew,
To a Parlement, without ſommons due,
VVhereas his death was cruelly contriued,
And I his wife of earthly ioyes depriued.

For all the while my Duke had life and breath,
So long I ſtood in hope of my reſtore:
But when I heard of his moſt cauſles death,
Then the beſt ſalue for my recureles ſore
VVas to deſpaire of cure for euermore,
And as I could, my carefull heart to cure
VVith patience, moſt painfull to endure.

O Traitors fell, which in your hearts could find,
Like feends of hell, the guiltles to betray,
But ye chiefly his kinſmen moſt vnkind,
VVhich gaue conſent to make him ſo away,
That vnto God, with all my heart I pray,
Vengeance may light on him that cauſed all,
Beaufort I meane, that curſed Cardinall.

VVhich baſtard Prieſt of th'houſe of Lancaſter,
Sonne to Duke *Iohn*, ſurnamed *Iohn* of *Gaunt*,
VVas firſt create Biſhop of VVinchester,
For no learning whereof he might well vaunt,
Ne for vertue, which he did neuer haunt,
But for his Gold and ſummes that were not ſmall
Paid to the Pope, was made a Cardinall.

Proud Lucifer, which from the heauens on high
Downe to the pit of hell below was caſt,
And being once an Angell bright in ſky,
For his pride in hell is chained faſt
In deepe darkenes that euermore ſhall laſt,
More haut of heart was not before his fall,
Then was this proud and pompous Cardinall:

VVhoſe

VVhose life, good *Baldwine*, paint out in his pickle,
And blase this *Baal* and Belligod most blind,
An hypocrite, all faithles, false and fickle,
A wicked wretch, a kinsman most vnkind,
A Diuell incarnate, all diuellishly enclind,
And (to discharge my conscience all at once)
The Diuell him gnaw both body, bloud and bones.

The spitefull Priest would needes make me a VVitch,
As would to God I had been for his sake,
I would haue clawd him where he did not itch,
I would haue plaid the Lady of the Lake,
And as *Merline* was, closde him in a brake,
Ye a Meridian to lull him by day light,
And a night mare to ride on him by night.

The fiery feends with feuers hot and frenzy,
The Airy hegges with stench and carren sauoures,
The watry ghosts with gowtes and with dropsy,
The earthly Goblines, with Aches at all houres,
Furies and Fairies, with all infernall powers
I would haue stird from the darke dungeon
Of hell Centre, as deepe as Demagorgon.

Or had I now the skill of dame *Erichto*,
Whose dreadfull charmes (as *Lucan* doth expresse)
All feends did feare, so far forth as Prince *Pluto*
VVas at her call for dread of more distresse,
Then would I send of helhownds more and lesse
A legion at least, at him to cry and yell,
And with that charme, hertle him downe to hell.

VVhich need not, for sure I thinke that he
VVho here in earth leades *Epicurus* life,
As farre from God as possible may be,
VVith whom all sinne and vices are most rife,
Vsing at will both widow, maid, and wife,
But that some Diuell his body doth possesse,
His life is such, as mell can iudge no lesse.

And God forgiue my wrath and wreakefull mind,
Such is my hate to that moſt wicked wretch,
Die when he ſhall, in heart I could well finde
Out of the graue his corps againe to fetch,
And racke his limmes as long as they would ſtretch,
And take delight to liſten euery day
How he could ſing a maſſe of welaway.

The Ile of Man was the appointed place
To pehance me for euer in exile,
Thither in haſte they poſted me apace,
And doubting ſcape, they pind me in a Pile
Cloſe by my ſelfe in care, alas the while
There felt I firſt poore priſoners hungry fare,
Much want, things skant, and ſtone walles hard and bare.

The change was ſtrange, from ſilke and cloth of gold
To rugged frize my carcas for to cloath,
From Princes fare, and dainties hot and cold,
To rotten fiſh, and meates that one would loath,
The diet and dreſſing were much alike boath,
Bedding and lodging were all alike fine,
Such Downe it was as ſerued well for ſwine.

Neither doe I mine owne caſe thus complaine,
Which I confeſſe came partly by deſert:
The only cauſe which doubleth all my paine,
And which moſt neere goeth now vnto my heart,
Is that my fault did finally reuert
To him that was leaſt guilty of the ſame,
Whoſe death it was, though I abode the ſhame.

VVhoſe fatall fall when I doe call to minde,
And how by me his miſchiefe firſt began,
So oft I cry on Fortune moſt vnkinde,
And my miſhap moſt vtterly doe banne,
That euer I to ſuch a noble man,
Who from my crime was innocent and cleare,
Should be a cauſe to buy his loue ſo deare.

Oh to my heart how grieuous is the wound,
Calling to mind this dismall deadly caſe:
I would I had been doluen vnder ground
When he firſt ſaw or looked on my face,
Or tooke delight in any kind of grace
Seeming in me, that him did ſtir or moue
To fancie me, or ſet his heart to loue.

Farewell Greenewich my Palace of delight,
Where I was wont to ſee the Chriſtall ſtreames
Of royall Thames, moſt pleaſant to my ſight:
And farewell Kent, right famous in all Realmes,
A thouſand times I mind you in my dreames,
And when I wake moſt griefe it is to mee,
That neuer more againe I ſhall you ſee.

In the night time when I ſhould take my reſt
I weepe, I waile, I wet my bed with teares,
And when dead ſleepe my ſpirits hath oppreſt,
Troubled with dreames I fantaſie vaine feares,
Mine husbands voice then ringeth at mine eares
Crying for helpe, O ſaue me from the death,
Theſe villaines heere do ſeeke to ſtop my breath.

Yea and ſometimes me thinkes his dreerie ghoſt
Appeares in ſight, and ſhewes me in what wiſe
Thoſe fell tyrants with torments had emboſt
His winde and breath, to abuſe peoples eyes,
So as no doubt or queſtion ſhould ariſe
Among rude folke which little vnderſtand,
But that his death came only by Gods hand.

I plaine in vaine, where eares be none to heare
But roring ſeas, and bluſtering of the winde,
And of redreſſe am nere a whit the neare,
But with waſte words to feed my mournfull minde,
Wiſhing full oft the *Parcæ* had vntwinde
My vitall ſtrings, or *Atropoſe* with knife
Had cut the line of my moſt wretched life.

Oh that *Neptune*, and *Eolus* alſo,
Th'one god of Seas, the other of weather,
Ere mine arriuall into that Ile of woe
Had ſunke the ſhip wherein I ſailed thither,
(The ſhipmen ſaued) ſo as I together
With my good Duke, might haue been dead afore
Fortune had wroken her heate vpon vs ſo ſore.

Or elſe that God when my firſt paſſage was
Into exile along Saint *George* ſtrand downe
Had neuer let me further for to paſſe,
But in the ſtreet with death had ſtrucke me downe:
Then had I ſped of my deſired bowne
That my poore corpe might there haue lien within his
Both in one graue, and ſo haue gote no bliſſe.

But I alas, the greater is my griefe
Am paſt that hope to haue my ſepulture
Neere vnto him, which was to me moſt leefe,
But in an Ile and countrie moſt obſcure,
To pine in paine whilſt my poore life will dure,
And being dead, all hopeleſſe to lie
In ſimple grate, as other poore that die.

My tale is told, and time it is to ceaſe
Of troubles paſt, all which haue had their end:
My graue I truſt ſhall purchaſe me ſuch peace
In ſuch a world where no wight doth contend
For higher place, whereto all flesh ſhall wende
And ſo I end, vſing one word for all
As I began, that pride will haue a fall.

HOW

HOW HVMFREY PLANTAGENET DVKE OF GLOCESTER Protector of England, during the minoritie of *his Nephew King* Henry *the sixt*, (*commonly called the good Duke*) by practise of enemies was brought to confusion.

AS highest hilles with tempests been most touched,
And tops of trees most subiect vnto winde,
And as great towers with stone strongly couched
Haue heauie falles when they be vndermin'd:
Euen so by proofe in worldly things we find,
That such as climbe the top of high degree
From feare of falling neuer can be free.

To proue this true, good *Baldwine* hearken heere,
See and behold me *Humfrey* hight by name,
Englands Protector, Duke of Glocester,
Who in the sixt King *Henries* rule with fame,
Twice ten yeares kept the troubled State in frame:
Note well the cause of my vnhappie cafe,
And 'mongst thy mirrours let the same haue place.

In their most weale, let men beware mishap,
And not to sleepe in slumbring sickernesse,
Whilst Fortune false doth lull them in her lap
Drowned in dreames of brittle blessednesse,
But then to feare her freakes and fickleneesse,
Accounting still the higher they ascend,
More nigh to be to danger in the end.

And that vaine trust in blood or royall race,
Abuse them not with blind securitie
To trust their state, but weighing well my case,
When she most smiles to haue in memorie
My sudden fall, who in most certeintie
Hauing most staies which men in state maintaine,
Haue found the same vnstable and most vaine.

Better then I none may the same approue,
Who trusting all in height of high estate,
To bite on fawning flatteries bait did loue,
Which neuer Prince could banish from his gate,
Did little thinke on such a sudden mate,
Not heeding, lesse dreading, all vnaware,
By foes least fear'd was traps in suddaine snare.



If noble birth or high autority,
Number of friends, kinred or alliance,
If wisdome, learning, worldly policy,
Mought haue ben stairs to Fortunes variance,
None stood more strong, in worldly countenance,
For all these helpes had I so high degree,
And yet in fine they all beguiled mee.

Of *Henry* fourth by name, fourth sonne I was,
Brother to *Henry* fift of that same name,
To the sixt *Henrie* vncle; but alas,
What cause had I to build vpon the same?
Or for vaine glory, to adiunct my fame,
My selfe to call in records and writings,
The brother, sonne, and vncle vnto Kings?

This was my boast, which lastly was my haut,
Yet not this boast was it that brought me downe,
The very cause which made my weale to wane,
So neere of kin that I was to the Crowne,
That was the rock that made my ship to drowne.
A rule there is not failing, but most sure,
Kingdome no kin doth know, ne can indure.

When the fift *Henry* by his valiancie
Wan by conquest the roiall Realme of France,
And of two Kingdomes made one Monarchy,
Before his death, for better obeisance,
To his yong sonne, not ripe to gouernance,
Protector of England I was by testament,
And *Iohn* my brother in France made Regent.

To whom if God had lent a longer life,
Our house t'haue kept from stormes of inward strife,
Or it had been the Lord Almighties will,
Plantagenet in state had standen still.
But deadly discord which all states do spill
Bred by desire of high domination,
Brought our whole house to plaine desolation.

It is for truth in an history found
That *Henry Plantagenet* first of our name,
Who called was, King *Henry* the second
Sonne of Dame *Maude*, the Empresse of high fame,
Would oft report, that his ancient Grandame,
Though seeming in shape a woman naturall,
Was a Feend of the kind that (*Succubi*) some call.

Which old fable, so long time told before,
When this Kings sonnes against him did rebell,
He cald to minde, and being greeued sore,
Loe! now (quoth he) I see and proue full well
The story true, which folk of old did tell,
That from a feend descended all our race,
And now my children verify the case.

Whereof to leaue a long memoriall
In minde of man for euermore to rest,
A Picture he made and hung it in his Hall
Of a Pellicane sitting on his nest,
With foure yong birds, three pecking at his brest
With bloudy beakes, and further did deuise,
The yongest bird to picke the fathers eyes.

Meaning hereby his rebell Children three,
Henry and *Richard*, bet him on the breast:
(*Ieffrey* onely from that offence was free)
Henry died of Englands Crowne possest:
Richard liued his father to molest,
Iohn the yongest put his fathers eye,
Whose deeds vnkinde the sooner made him die.

This

This King (ſome write) in his ſickneſs laſt
Said, as it were by way of prophecie,
How that the Diuell a Darnell graine had caſt
Among his kin, to encreaſe enmity,
Which ſhould remaine in their poſterity
Till miſchiefe and murder had ſpent them all,
Not leauing one to piſſe againſt the wall.

And yet from him in order did ſucceed
In England here of crowned Kings fourteene
Of that ſurname, and of that line and ſeed,
With Dukes and Earles, and many a noble Queene,
The number ſuch as all the world would weene
So many impes could neuer ſo be ſpent,
But ſome heire male ſhould be of that deſcent.

Which to be true if any ſtand in doubt,
Becauſe I meane not further to digreſſe,
Let him purſue the hiſtories throughout
Of Engliſh Kings whom practiſe did oppreſſe,
And he ſhall find the cauſe of their diſtreſſe
From firſt to laſt, vnkindly to begin
Alwaies by thoſe that next were of the kin.

Was not *Richard*, of whom I ſpake before,
A rebell plaine vntill his father died,
And *Iohn* likewiſe an enmy euermore
To *Richard* againe, and for a rebell tried?
After whoſe death, it cannot be denied,
Againſt all right this *Iohn* moſt cruelly
His brothers children cauſed for to die.

Arthur and *Iſabell* (I meane) that were
Ioffreies children then duke of Britaine,
Henries third ſonne, by one degree more neere
Then was this *Iohn*, as ſtories ſhew moſt plaine,
Which two children were famiſht or els ſlaine
By *Iohn* their Eame cald *Lacketerre* by name,
Of whoſe foule act all countries ſpeake great ſhame.

Edward and *Richard*, second both by name
Kings of this Land, fell downe by fatall fate:
What was the cause that Princes of such fame
Did leese at last their honour, life, and state?
Nothing at all, but discord and debate,
Which when it hapt in kinred or in bloud,
Erynnis rage, was neuer halfe so wood.

Be sure therefore, ye Kings and Princes all
That concord in Kingdoms is chiefe assurance,
And that your families doe neuer fall
But where discord doth lead the doubtfull dance
With busie brawles, and rumors of variance:
Where malice is minstrell, the pipe ill report,
The maske mischiefe, and so ends the sport.

But now to come to my purpose againe,
VVhilst I my charge applied in England,
My brother in France long time did remaine,
Cardinal *Beauford* tooke proudly in hand
In causes publique against me to stand,
VVho of great malice so much as he might:
Sought in all things to doe me despite.

VVhich proud prelate to me was bastard Earne,
Sonne to Duke *Iohn* of *Gaunt* as they did faine,
VVho being made high Chancellour of the Realme,
Not like a Priest, but like a Prince did raigne,
Nothing wanting which might his pride maintaine,
Bishop besides of VVinchester he was,
And Cardinall of Rome, which Angels brought to passe.

Not Gods Angels, but Angels of old Gold
List him aloft, in whom no cause there was
By iust desert so high to be extold,
(Riches except) whereby this golden asse
At home and abroad all matters brought to passe:
Namely at Rome, hauing no meane but that
To purchase there his crimes in Cardinalls hat.

VVhich

Which thing the King my father him forbad
Plainly saying, that he could not abide
Within his Realme a subiect to be had
His Princes peere, yet such was this mans pride,
That he forthwith after my father di'd,
(The King then yong) obtained of the Pope
That honor high, which erst he could not hope.

Whose proud attempts because that I withstood,
My bound dutie the better to acquite,
This holy father waxed well neere wood,
Of meere malice deuising day and nighe
To worke to me dishonor and despight,
Whereby there fell betweene vs such a iarre,
As in this land was like a ciuill warre.

My brother *Iohn*, which lay this while in France,
Heard of this hurle, and past the seas in haste,
By whose trauell this troublesome distance
Ceased a while, but nere the lesse in waste:
For rooted hate will hardly be displaste
Out of high hearts, and namely where debate,
Happeneth amongst great persons of estate.

For like as a match doth lie and smoulder
Long time before it commeth to the traine:
But yet when fire hath caught in the poulder,
No art is able the flames to restraine:
Euen so the sparkes of enuie and disdaine,
Out of the smoke burst forth in such a flame,
That Fraunce and England yet may rue the fame.

So when of two Realmes the regiment royall,
Betweene brothers was parted equally,
One placed in France for affaires Marciall,
And I at home for ciuill policie:
To serue the state, we both did so applie
As honor and fame to both did encrease,
To him for the warre, to me for the peace.

Whence enuie ſprang, and ſpecially becauſe
This proud prelate could not abide a Peere
Within the land to rule the ſtate by lawes,
Wherefore ſifting my life and acts moſt neere,
He neuer ceaſt, vntill, as you ſhall heare,
By practiſe foule of him and his allies,
My death was wrought in moſt vnworthie wiſe.

And firſt he ſought my doings to defame,
By rumors falſe, which he and his did ſow:
Letters and billes to my reproch and ſhame
He did deuiſe, and all about beſtow,
Whereby my troth in doubt ſhould daily grow,
In England firſt, and afterward in France,
Mouing all meanes to bring me to miſchance.

One quarell was, that where by common law
Murder and theft been puniſht all alike,
So as manſlayers, which bloodie blades do draw,
Suffer no more then he that doth but pike,
Me thought the ſame no order politike,
In ſetting paines to make no difference,
Betweene the leſſer and greater offence.

Ibeing ſeene ſomewhat in ciuill law,
The rules thereof reputed much bitter,
Wherefore to keepe offenders more in awe,
Like as the fault was ſmaller or greater,
So ſet I paines more eaſier or bitter,
Weighing the qualitie of euery offence,
And ſo according pronounced ſentence.

Among'ſt my other *Delicta Iuuentutis*,
Whil'ſt rage of youth my reaſon did ſubdue,
I muſt confeſſe as the very truth is,
Driuen by deſire fond fancies to enſue,
A thing I did, whereof great trouble grew,
Abuſing one to my no ſmall rebuke,
Which wife was then to *Iohn* of Brabant Duke.

Called

Called ſhe was Ladie *Iaquet* the faire,
Delitefull in loue like *Helene* of Troy:
To the Duke of Bauier ſole daughter and heire,
Her did I marrie to my great annoy:
Yet for a time, this dame I did enioy,
With her whole lands, withholding them by force,
Till *Martin* the *Pope*, betweene vs made diuorce.

Yet all theſe blaſts not able were to moue
The anchor ſtrong, whereby my ſhip did ſtay,
Some other ſhift to ſeeke him did behoue,
Whereto ere long ill Fortune made the way,
Which finally was cauſe of my decay
And cruell death, contriued by my foes,
Which fell out thus, as now I ſhall diſcloſe.

Eleanor my wife, my Ducheſſe only deare,
I know not how, but as the nature is
Of women all, aye curious to enquire
Of things to come (though I confeſſe in this
Her fault not ſmall) and that ſhe did amiſſe,
By witches skill, which Sorcerie ſome call,
Would know of things which after ſhould befall.

And for that cauſe made her ſelfe acquainted
With mother *Madge*, called the witch of Eye,
And with a Clerke that after was attainted,
Bolenbroke he hight, that learned was that way,
With other moe, which famous were that day,
As well in Science called Mathematicall,
As alſo in Magicke skill ſupernaturall.

Theſe cunning folkes ſhe ſet on worke to know
The time how long the King ſhould liue and raigne,
Some by the Starres, and ſome by feends below,
Some by witchcraft ſought knowledge to attaine,
With like fancies, friuolous, fond and vaine,
Whereof though I knew leaſt of any man,
Yet by that meane my miſchiefe firſt began.

Yet

Yet beſides this there was a greater thing,
How ſhe in waxe by counſell of the witch,
An Image made, crowned like a King,
With ſword in hand, in ſhape and likeneſſe ſich
As was the King, which daily they did pitch
Againſt a fire, that as the waxe did melt,
So ſhould his life conſume away vnfelt.

My Ducheſſe thus accuſed of this crime,
As ſhe that ſhould ſuch practiſe firſt begin,
My part was then to yeeld vnto the time,
Giuing her leaue to deale alone therein,
And ſince the cauſe concerned deadly ſinne,
Which to the Clergie only doth pertaine,
To deale therein I plainly did refraine.

And ſuffered them her perſon to aſcite
Into their Courts, to anſwere and appeare,
Which to my heart was ſure the greateſt ſpite
That could be wrought, and touched me moſt neare,
To ſee my wife, and Ladie leeſe and deare,
To my reproch, and plaine before my face,
Entreated ſo, as one of ſort moſt baſe.

The Clergie then examining her cauſe,
Conuinced her, as guiltie in the ſame,
And ſentence gaue according to their lawes,
That ſhe and they whom I before did name
Should ſuffer death, or elſe ſome open ſhame:
Of which penance my wife by ſentence had
To ſuffer ſhame, of both the two more bad.

And firſt ſhe muſt by daies together three,
Through London ſtreets paſſe all along in ſight
Bareleg'd and barefoot, that all the world might ſee,
Bearing in hand a burning taper bright,
And not content with this extreame deſpight,
To worke me woe in all they may or can,
Exil'd ſhe was into the Ile of Man.

This heinous crime and open worldly ſhame,
With ſuch rigour ſhewed vnto my wife,
Was a fine ſetch further things to frame,
And nothing elſe but a preparatiue
Firſt from office, and finally from life
Me to depriue, and ſo paſſing further,
What law could not, to execute by murther.

Which by ſlie drifts, and windlaces aloofe,
They brought about, perſwading firſt the Queene,
That in effect it was the Kings reproofe,
And hers alſo, to be exempted cleane
From princely rule, or that it ſhould be ſeene
A King of yeares ſtill gouerned to bee
Like a pupill, that nothing could foreſee.

The danger more, conſidering the King
Was without child, I being his next heire
To rule the Realme, as Prince in euery thing
Without reſtraint, and all the ſway to beare,
With peoples loue, whereby it was to feare
That my haut heart, vnbridled in deſire,
Time would preuent, and to the Crowne aſpire.

Theſe with ſuch like were put into her head,
Who of her ſelfe was thereto ſoone enclin'd,
Other there were that this ill humour fed,
To neither part that had good will or mind,
The Duke of Yorke our coſin moſt vnkind,
Who keeping cloſe a title to the Crowne,
Lancaſters houſe did labour to pull downe.

The ſtay whereof he tooke to ſtand in me,
Seeing the King of courage nothing ſtout,
Neither of wit great perill to foreſee,
So for purpoſe, if he could bring about
Me to diſplace, then did he little doubt
To gaine the Goale, for which he droue the ball,
The Crowne (I meane) to catch ere it ſhould fall.

The

hope made him againſt me to conſpire
th thoſe which foes were to each other late,
e Queene did weene to win her whole deſire,
hich was to rule the King and all the State
were rid, whom therefore ſhe did hate,
Forecaſting not, when that was brought to paſſe,
How weake of friends the King her husband was.

The Dukes two, of Exceſter, and Buckingham,
With the Marquiſe Dorſet therein did agree,
But namely the Marquiſe of Suffolke *William*,
Contriuer chiefe of this conſpiracie,
With other moe, that late ſtill and did ſee
Their mortall foes on me to whet their knaues,
Which turn'd at laſt to loſſe of all their liues.

But vaine deſire of ſouereaingtie and rule,
Which otherwiſe (Ambition) hath no name,
So ſtir'd the Queene, that wilfull as a Mule,
Headlong ſhe runnes from ſmoke into the flame,
Driuing a drift, which after did ſo frame,
As ſhe, the King, with all their line and race,
Depriued were of honor, life, and place.

So for purpoſe ſhe thought it very good,
With former foes in friendſhip to confeder,
The Duke of Yorke and other of his blood,
With *Neuils* all, knit were then all togeather,
And *Delapoole*, friend afore to neither:
The Cardinall alſo came within this liſt,
As *Herode* and *Pilate* to iudge Ieſus Chriſt.

This curſed league too late diſcouered was
By Bayards blind, that linked in the line,
The Queene and Cardinall brought it ſo to paſſe,
With Marquiſe Suffolke maſter of this mine,
Whoſe ill aduice was counted very fine,
With other moe which finely could diſguiſe,
With falſe viſours my miſchiefe to deuiſe.

Concluding thus they point without delay
Parliament to hold, in ſome vnhaunted place,
Far from London, out of the common way,
Where few or none ſhould vnderſtand the caſe,
But whom the Queene and Cardinall did embrace:
And ſo for place they choſe Saint *Edmundſburie*,
Since when (ſome ſay) England was neuer merrie.

Summons was ſent this company to call,
Which made me muſe, that in ſo great a caſe
I ſhould no whit of counſell be at all,
Who yet had rule, and next the King in place,
Me thought nothing my ſtate could more diſgrace
Then to beare name, and in effect to be
A Cypher in Algrim, as all men might ſee.

And though iuſt cauſe I had for to ſuſpect
The time and place appointed by my foes,
And that my friends moſt plainly did detect
The ſubtill traine, and practiſe of all thoſe
Which againſt me great treaſons did ſuppoſe,
Yet truſt of truth with a conſcience cleare
Gaue me good heart, in that place to appeare.

Vpon which truſt with more haſte then good ſpeed,
Forward I went to that vnluckie place
Dutie to ſhew, and no whit was in dread
Of any traine, but bold to ſhew my face
As a true man, yet ſo fell out the caſe
That after trauell ſeeking for repoſe,
An armed band my lodging did encloſe.

The Vicount *Beaumount*, who for the time ſupplied
The office of high Conſtable of the Land,
Was with the Queene and Cardinall allied,
By whoſe ſupport he ſtoutly tooke in hand
My lodging to enter with an armed band,
And for high treaſon my perſon did arreſt,
And laid me that night where him ſeemed beſt.

Then ſhaking and quaking, for dread of a dreame,
Halfe waked all naked in bed as I lay,
What time ſtrake the chime of mine houre extreame,
Oppreſt was my reſt with mortall affray,
My foes did vncloſe, I know not which way
My chamber dores, and boldly in brake,
And had me faſt before I could wake.

Thou lookeſt now, that of my ſecret murther,
I ſhould at large the maner how declare,
I pray thee *Baldwine* aske of me no further,
For ſpeaking plaine, it came ſo at vnware,
As I my ſelfe, which caught was in the ſnare.
Scarcely am able the circumſtance to ſhew,
Which was kept cloſe, and knowne but vnto few.

But be thou ſure by violence it was,
And no whit bred by ſickneſſe or diſeaſe,
That felt it well before my life did paſſe,
For when theſe wolues my bodie once did ſeaſe,
Vſed I was but ſmally to mine eaſe,
With torments ſtrong which went ſo neere the quicke,
As made me die before that I was ſicke.

A Palſie (they ſaid) my vitall ſpirits oppreſt,
Bred by exceſſe of melancholie blacke,
This for excuſe to lay, them ſeemed beſt,
Leſt my true friends the cauſe might further racke,
And ſo perhaps diſcouer the whole packe
Of my falſe foes, whom they might well ſuſpect
For cauſes great, which after tooke effect.

Dead was I found by ſuch as beſt did know
The maner how the ſame was brought to paſſe,
And then my corps was ſet out for a ſhow,
By view whereof nothing perceiued was:
Whereby the world may ſee as in a glaſſe,
Th'vnſure ſtate of them that ſtand moſt hie,
Which then dread leaſt, when danger is moſt nie.

And also see what danger they are in,
Which next their King are to succeed in place:
Since Kings most part be iealous of their kin,
Whom I aduise, forewarned by my case,
To beare low saile, and not too much embrace
The peoples loue: for as *Seneca* saith truly,
O quàm funestus est fauor populi.

G. Ferrers.

HOW LORD WILLIAM DE LA POLE Duke of Suffolke was worthily banished, for abusing his King, and causing the destruction of the good Duke Humfrey, Anno Dom. 1450.

HEauie is the hap wherto all men be bound,
I meane the death, which no estate may flie:
But to be banisht, headed, and then drown'd
In sinke of shame from top of honors hie,
Was neuer man so serue'd I thinke but I.
Wherefore *Baldwine* amongst the rest by sight,
I claime of thee my wofull case to write.

My only life in all points may suffice,
To shew how base all baits of Fortune be,
Which thaw like yce, through heate of enuies eyes,
Of vicious deeds which much possessed me.
Good hap with vice, long time cannot agree,
Which bring best Fortunes to the basest fall,
And happiest hap to enuie to be thrall.

Called I was *William De la Poole*,
Of Suffolke Duke in Queene *Margarets* daies,
That found the meane Duke *Humphreys* blood to coole,
Whose worthie acts deserue eternall praise,
Whereby I note that Fortune cannot raise
Any aloft, without some others wracke:
Floods drowne no fields before they slacke.

But as the waters which doe breake the walles
Doe loſe their courſe they had within the ſhore,
And daily rotting ſtinke within their ſtalles,
For fault of mouing which they found before:
Euen ſo the ſtate that ouer high is bore,
Doth loſe the life of peoples loue it had,
And rots it ſelfe vntill it fall to bad.

For while I was but Earle, ech man was glad
To ſay and doe the beſt by me they might:
And Fortune euer ſince I was a lad,
Did ſmile vpon me with a chearefull ſight,
For when my King had doubed me a Knight,
And ſent me forth to ſeeue at warre in France,
My luckly ſpeed mine honour did enhance.

Where, to omit the many feates I wrought
Vnder others guide, I do remember one,
Which with my ſouldiers valiantly was fought,
None other Captaine ſaue my ſelfe alone,
I meane not now th'apprinze of Pucell Iohn,
In which attempt my trauaile was not ſmall,
Though Burgoyne Duke had then the praiſe of all.

The ſiege of Awnarle is the feat I praiſe,
A ſtrong built Towne, with caſtels, walles, and vaults,
With men and weapon armd at all aſſaies,
To which I gaue nigh fiue times fiue aſſaults,
Till at the laſt they yeelded it for naughts,
Yet Lord *Rambure* moſt like a valiant Knight,
Defended it as long as ere he might.

But what preuailed it the ſo to haue wonne,
Which ſhortly after muſt be loſt againe?
Whereby I ſee that to reſtore glory vnto,
The keeping things, then gain their attaine:
To get and keepe not, is but loſſe and paine,
Therfore ought men prouide to ſaue their winnings,
In all attempts, eſpecially their beginnings.

Because we could not keepe the townes we won,
For they were more then we might easily weeld,
One yeare vndid what we in ten had done:
Enuie at home, treason abroad, did yeeld
King *Charles* his Realme of France, made barren field:
For bloodie warres had wasted all encrease,
Which caus'd the Pope helpe need to sue for peace.

So that in Touraine at the towne of Tours,
Duke *Charles* and other for their Prince appered,
So did Lord *Rosse* and I then Earle, for ours:
And when we shewed wherein each other dered,
We sought out meanes all quarels to haue clered,
Wherein the Lords of Germanie, of Spaine,
Of Hungarie, and Denmarke, tooke great paine.

But sith we could no finall peace induce,
For neither would the others couenants heare,
For eighteene months we did conclude a truce:
And while as friends we lay together there,
Because my warrant did me therein beare,
To make a perfit peace and through accord,
I sought a mariage for my soueraigne Lord.

And for the French Kings daughters were too small,
I fancied most Dame *Margaret* his niece,
A louely Ladie beautifull and tall,
Faire spoken, pleasant, and a Princely piece,
In wit and learning matchlesse hence to Greece,
Duke *Reyner* heire of Aniow, King by stile
Of Naples, Ierusalem, and Sicil Ile.

But ere I could the graunt of her attaine,
All that our King had of inheritance,
As Maunts the towne, the countie whole of Maine,
And most of Aniow duchie in our hands,
I did release him by assured bands,
And as for dowrie with her none I sought,
I thought no gaine could be so deerely bought.

And when this matiage throwly was agreed
Although my King was glad of such a make,
His vncle *Humfrey* hated it indeed,
Because thereby his precontract he brake,
Made with the heire of the Earle of Armiñacke,
A noble maid with store of goods endowed,
Which more then this with losse the Duke allowed.

But loue and beautie in the King so wrought,
That neither gaine or promise he regarded,
But set his vncles counsell still at nought,
And for my paines I highly was awarded.
Thus vertue starues, but lustfood must be larded.
For I made Marqueſſe went to France againe,
And brought this bride vnto my Soueraigne.

At home because Duke *Humfrey* aye repined,
Calling their match aduoutrie (as it was)
The Queene did moue me, erſt thereto enclined,
To helpe to bring him to his *Requiem* maſſe,
Which ſith it could for no crime come to paſſe,
His life and doings were ſo right and clere,
Through priuy murder we brought him to his bere.

Thus righteouſneſſe brought *Humfrey* to rebuke,
Because he would no wickednesse allow,
But for my doings I was made a Duke.
So Fortune can both beard and ſmooth her brow
On whom ſhe liſt, not paſſing why or how.
O Lord how high, how ſoone ſhe did me raiſe,
How faſt ſhe fild me both with prayes and praiſe!

The Lords and Commons both of like aſſent,
Beſought my ſoueraigne kneeling on their knees,
For to record my deeds in the Parliament,
As deeds deſeruing euerlaſting fees,
In which attempt they did no labour leeſe,
For they ſet not my praiſe ſo faſt in flame,
As he was readie to reward the ſame.

But note the end: my deeds so worthie deemed
Of King, of Lords, and Commons all together,
Were shortly after treasons false esteemed,
And all men curst Queene *Margets* comming hither,
For *Charles* the French King in his feats not lither,
When we had reuiued Rayner, Maunes, and Maine,
Found meane to win all Normandie againe.

This made the people curse the mariage,
Esteeming it the cause of euery losse,
Wherefore at me with open mouth they rage,
Affirming me t'haue brought the Realme to mosse:
When King and Queene saw things thus go acrosse,
To quiet all a Parlament they called,
And caused me in prison to be thralled.

And shortly after brought me forth abrode,
Which made the Commons more then double wood:
And some with weapons would haue laid on lode,
If their grand Captaine *Blewbeard* in his mood
Had not in time with wisdome been withstood:
But though that he and more were executed,
The people still their worst against me bruted.

And so applied the Parliament with billes,
Of hainous wrongs and open traiterous crimes,
That King and Queene were fot st against their willes,
From place to place t'addict me it diuers times,
For Princes power is like the sandie slimes,
Which must perforce giue place vnto the waue,
Or sue the windie sourges when they raue.

Their life was not more deare to them then I,
Which made them search all shifts to saue me still,
But aye my foes such faules did on me trie,
That to preserue me from a worser ill,
The King was faine full fond against his will,
For fiue yeares space to send me in exile,
In hope to haue restor'd me in a while.

But marke how vengeance waiteth vpon vice,
To shun this storme, in sayling towards France,
A Pirats Barke, that was of little price,
Encountred me vpon the seas by chance,
Whose Captaine there tooke me as in a trance,
Let passe my ships, with all their frait and load,
And led me backe againe to Douer road.

Where vnto me recounting all my faults,
As murthering of Duke *Humfrey* in his bed,
And how I had brought all the Realme to naughts,
Causing the King vnlawfully to wed,
There was no grace but I must lose my head.
Wherefore he made me shriue me in his bote,
And on the brittke my necke in two he smote.

This was mine end: which was by reason due
To me, and such as others deaths procure.
Therefore be bold to write, for it is true,
That whoso doth such practise put in vre,
Of due reward at last shall be most sure,
For God is iust, whose stroke delayed long,
Doth light at last with paine more sharpe and strong.

W. Baldwine.

HOW IACK CADE NAMING HIMSELFE MORTIMER, TRAYTEROVSLY rebelling against his King, in Iune, *Anno* 1450. was for his treasons and cruell doings *worthilie punished.*

SHall I it Fortune call, or my froward folly,
That rais'd me vp and laid me downe below?
Or was it courage that made me so iolly,
Which of the starres and bodies greement grow?
What ere it were, this one point sure I know,
Which shall be meete for euery man to marke:
Our lust and willes our euils chiefely worke.

It may be well that Planets doe encline,
And our complexions moue our mindes to ill,
But ſuch is reaſon, that they bring to fine
No worke vnayded of our luſt and will:
For heauen and earth are ſubiect both to skill.
The will of God rul'th all it is ſo ſtrong,
Man may by skill guide things that to him long.

Though luſt be ſtout, and will enclin'd to nought,
This forſt by mixture, that by heauens courſe,
Yet through the grace God hath in reaſon rought
And giuen man, no luſt nor will to courſe,
But may be ſtaied or ſwaged of the fourſe,
So that it ſhall in nothing force the minde
To worke our woe, or leaue the proper kind.

But though this grace be giuen to ſome man
To rule the will, and keepe the mind aloft,
Yet few there be mongſt men that vſe it can,
Theſe worldly pleaſures tickle vs ſo oft:
The ſpirit weake, and will ſtrong, fleſh is ſoft,
And yeeldes it ſelfe to pleaſure that it loueth,
And hales the mind to that it moſt reproueth.

Now if this hap whereby we yeeld our mind
To luſt and will, be Fortune as we name her,
Then is ſhe iuſtly called falſe and blind,
And no reproch can be too much to blame her:
Yet is the ſhame our owne when ſo we ſhame her,
For ſure this hap if it be rightly knowne,
Comes of our ſelues, and ſo the blame our owne.

For whoſo liueth in the ſchoole of skill,
And medleth not with any worlds affaires,
Forſaketh pomps and honors, that doe ſpill
The minds recourſe to Graces quiet ſtaires,
His ſtate no Fortune by no meane appaires:
For Fortune is the only foe of theſe
Which to the world their wretched willes diſpoſe.

Among

Among which fooles (marke *Baldwine*) I am one,
That would not ſtay my ſelfe in mine eſtate:
I thought to rule but to obay to none,
And therefore fell I with my King at bate.
And to the end I might him better mate,
Iohn Mortimer I cauſ'd my ſelfe be called,
Whoſe kingly bloud the *Henries* nigh had thrall'd.

This ſhift I vs'd the people to perſwade
To leaue their Prince, on my ſide more to ſticke,
Whereas indeed my fathers name was *Cade*,
Whoſe noble ſtocke was neuer worth a ſticke,
But touching wit I was both ripe and quicke,
Had ſtrength of limmes large ſtature, comely face,
Which made men weene my linage were not baſe.

And ſeeing ſtoutnes ſtucke by men in Kent,
Whoſe valiant hearts refuſe none enterpriſe,
With falſe perſwaſions ſtraight to them I went,
And ſaid they ſuffered too great iniuries:
By meane whereof I cauſed them to riſe,
And battaile-wiſe to come to Blacke Heath plaine,
And thence their griefes vnto the King complaine.

Who being deafe (as men ſay) on that eare,
For we deſired releaſe of ſubſidies,
Refuſed roughly our requeſts to heare,
And came againſt vs as his enemies:
But we to ſtay him ſought out ſubtilties,
Remou'd our Campe, and backe to Senock went,
After whom the *Stafords* with their power were ſent.

See here how Fortune ſetting vs a ſtore,
Brought to our nets a portion of our pray,
For why, the *Stafords* with their army hote,
Aſſailed vs at Senocke where we lay:
From whence aliue they parted not away,
Which when the Kings retinue vnderſtood,
They all affirm'd my quarell to be good.

Which

Which caus'd the King and Queene whom all did hate,
To raiſe their campe, and ſuddenly depart:
And that they might the peoples grudge abate,
T'impriſon ſome full ſore againſt their hart.
Lord *Saye* was one, whom I made after ſmart,
For when the *Staffords* and their hoſt was ſlaine,
To Black-heath field I marched backe againe.

And where the King would nothing heare before,
Now was he glad to ſend to know my mind:
And I thereby enflamed much the more,
Refuſ'd his grants, ſo folly made me blind,
For this he flew and left Lord *Scales* behind,
To helpe the Towne and ſtrenghten London Tower,
Towards which I marched forward with my power.

And found there all things at mine owne deſire:
I entred London, did there what I lift.
The Treaſurer, Lord *Saye*, I did conſpire
To haue condemned: whereof when I miſt,
(For he by law my malice did reſiſt)
By force I tooke him in Guildhall from th'heape,
And headed him before the croſſe in Cheape.

His ſonne in law *Iames Cromir* Shrief of Kent
I caught at Mile-end where as then he lay,
Beheaded him and on a pole I ſent
His head to London where his fathers lay.
With theſe two heads I made a pretty play,
For pight on poles I bare them through the ſtreet,
And for my ſport made ech kiſſe other ſweet.

Then brake I priſons, let forth whom I wold,
And vs'd the City as it had been mine:
Tooke from the Merchants money, ware and gold
From ſome by force, from other ſome by fine.
This at the length did cauſe them to repine,
So that Lord *Scales* conſenting with the Maire,
Forbad vs to their City to repaire.

For all this while mine hoſt in Southwarke lay,
Who when they knew our paſſage was denied,
Came boldly to the bridge and made a fray,
For in we would, the townes men vs defied:
But when with ſtrokes we had the matter tried,
We wan the bridge and ſet much part on fire,
This done to Southwarke backe we did retire.

The morow after came the Chancellour,
With generall pardon for my meſt, halfe gone,
Which heard and read, the reſt within an houre,
Shranke all away each man to ſhift for one:
And when I ſaw they left me poſt alone,
I did diſguiſe me like a Knight of the poſt,
And into Suſſex, tode all hope was loſt.

And there I lurked till that curſed coyne,
That reſtleſſe begle ſought and found me out,
For ſtraight the King by promiſe did enioyne
A thouſand marke to whomſoeuer mought
Apprend my corps, which made them ſeeke about:
Among the which one *Alexander Iden*
Found out the hole, wherein the Fore was hidden.

But ere I fell, I put him to his trumps,
For yeeld I would not while my hands would hold,
But hope of money made him ſtir his ſtumps,
And to aſſault me valiantly and bold.
Two houres and more our combat was not cold,
Till at the laſt he lent me ſuch a ſtroke,
That downe I fell and neuer after ſpoke.

Then was my carcaſe caried like a hog,
To Southwarke borough where it lay a night,
The next day drawne to Newgate like a dog,
All men reioycing at the rufull ſight:
Then were on poles my perbuil'd quarters pight,
And ſet aloft for vermine to deuour,
Meete graue for rebels habituſt the power.

Full

Full little know we wretches what we do,
When we presume our Princes to resist.
We warre with God, against his glorie to,
That placeth in his office whom he list:
Therefore was neuer traytour yet but mist
The marke he shot, and came to shamefull end,
Nor neuer shall till God be forst to bend.

God hath ordain'd the power, all Princes be
His Lieutenants or deputies in Realmes,
Against their foes therefore fighteth he,
And as his enmies driues them to extreames,
Their wise deuices proue but doltish dreames:
No subiect ought for any kind of cause
To force the Prince, but yeeld him to the lawes.

Wherefore O *Baldwine* warne men follow reason,
Subdue their willes, and be not Fortunes slaues,
A shamefull end doth euer follow treason,
There is no trust in rebels, rascall knaues,
In Fortune lesse, which worketh as the waues:
From whose assaults who listeth to stand free
Must follow skill, and so contented bee.

W. Baldwine.

THE TRAGEDIE OF EDMVND DVKE OF SOMMERSET, SLAINE IN THE FIRST battaile at Saint *Albones*, the 23. day of May, in the 32. yeare of *Henrie* the first, *Anno Dom.* 1454.

SOme I suppose are borne vnfortunate,
Else good endeuours could not ill succeed,
What shall I call it? ill fortune or fate,
That some mens attempts haue neuer good speed,
Their trauell thankelesse, all bootelesse their heed,
Where other vnlike in working or skill,
Out wrestle the world, and weald it at will.

Of

Of the firſt number I count my ſelfe one,
To all miſhap I weene predeſtinate,
Beleeue me *Baldwine* there be few or none,
To whom Fortune was euer more ingrate.
Make thou therefore my life a caueate,
That whoſo with force will worke againſt kind,
Saileth (as who ſaith) againſt the ſtreame and winde.

For I of Sommerſet Duke *Edmund* hight,
Extract by deſcent from Lancaſter line,
Were it by follie, or Fortunes deſpite,
Or by ill aſpect of ſome crooked ſigne,
Of mine attempts could neuer ſee good fine:
What ſo I began did ſeldome well end:
God from ſuch Fortune all good men defend.

Where I thought to ſaue, moſt part I did ſpill,
For good hap with me was alway at warre.
The linage of Yorke whom I bare ſo ill,
By my ſpite became bright as the morning ſtar.
Thus ſomewhiles men make when faine they would mar,
The more ye lop trees, the greater they grow,
The more ye ſtop ſtreames, the higher they flow.

Maugre my ſpite, his fame grew the more,
And mine, as the Moone in the wane, waxt leſſe:
For hauing the place which he had before,
Gouernour of France, needs I muſt confeſſe,
That loſt was Normandie without redreſſe,
Yet wrought I alwaies that wit might contriue,
But what doth it boote with the ſtreame to ſtriue?

Borne was I neither to warre ne to peace,
For *Mars* was maligne to all my whole trade:
My birth I beleeue was in *Ioue's* decreaſe,
When *Cancer* in his courſe being retrograde,
Declined from *Sol* to *Saturnus* ſhade,
Where aſpects were good, oppoſites did marre,
So grew mine vnhap both in peace and warre.

A ſtrange natiuitie in calculation,
As all my liues courſe did after well declare,
Whereof in briefe to make relation,
That other by me may learne to beware,
Ouerlight credence was cauſe of my care,
And want of foreſight in giuing aſſent
To condemne *Humfrey* that Duke innocent.

Humfrey I meane that was the Protectour,
Duke of Gloceſter of the royall blood,
So long as he was Englands directour,
King *Henries* title to the Crowne was good.
This Prince as a piller moſt ſtedfaſtly ſtood,
Or like a prop ſet vnder a vine,
In ſtate to vphold all Lancaſters line.

O heedleſſe truſt, vnware of harme to come,
O malice headlong ſwift to ſerue fond will,
Did euer madneſſe man ſo much benome
Of prudent forecaſt, reaſon, wit, and skill,
As me blind *Bayard* conſenting to ſpill
The blood of my coſin, my refuge and ſtay,
To my deſtruction making open way?

So long as the Duke bare the ſtroke and ſway,
So long no Rebels quarels durſt begin:
But when the poſt was pulled once away,
Which ſtood to vphold the King and his kin,
Yorke and his banders proudly preaſed in
To challenge the Crowne by title of righte,
Beginning with law and ending with might.

Abroad went bruits in countrey and towne
That *Yorke* of England was the heire true,
And how *Henrie* had vſurped the Crowne
Againſt all right, which all the Realme might rue.
The people then embracing titles new,
Irkeſome of preſent and longing for change,
Aſſented ſoone becauſe they loue to range.

True is the text which wee in ſcripture read,
Va terræ illi, cuius rex eſt puer,
Woe to that land whereof a child is head,
Whether child or childiſh, the caſe is one ſure:
Where Kings bee yong, we dayly ſee in vre,
The people awleſſe, by weakenes of their head,
Leade their liues lawleſſe, hauing none to dread.

And no leſſe true is this text againe,
Beata terra cuius rex eſt nobilis,
Bleſt is the land where a ſtout King doth raine,
Where in good peace eech man poſſeſſeth his,
Where ill men feare to faulte or do amiſſe,
Where a ſtout Prince is preſt, with ſword in hand,
At home and abroad his enemies to withſtand.

In caſe King *Henry* had beene ſuch a one,
Hardy and ſtout as his fathers afore,
Long mought he haue ſate in the royall throne,
Without any feare of common vprore.
But dayly his weakeneſſe ſhewed more and more,
Which boldneſſe gaue to the aduerſary band,
To ſpoile him at laſt both of life and land.

His humble heart was nothing vnknowen,
To the gallants of Yorke and their retinue:
A ground lying low is ſoone ouerflowen,
And ſhored houſes cannot long continue:
Ioints cannot knit where as is no ſinew.
And ſo a Prince, not dread as well as loued,
Is from his place by practiſe ſoone remoued.

Well mought I ſee, had I not wanted braine,
The worke begun to vndermine the ſtate,
When the chiefe linke was looſed from the chaine,
And that ſome durſt vpon bloud royall grate.
How tickle a hold had I of mine eſtate?
When the chiefe poſt lay flat vpon the flore,
Mought not I thinke my ſtaffe then next the dore?

So mought I alſo dame *Margaret* the Queene,
By meane of whom this miſchiefe firſt began,
Did ſhe (trow ye) her ſelfe not ouerweene
Death to procure to that moſt worthy man?
Which ſhe and hers afterward mought well ban,
On whom did hang (as I before haue ſaid)
Her husbands life, his honour and his ayd.

For whilſt he liued which was our ſtable ſtay,
Yorke and his impes were kept as vnder yoke,
But when the Piller remoued was away,
Then burſt out flame, that late before was ſmoke,
The traytour couert then caſt off his cloke,
And from his den came forth in open light,
With titles blind which he ſet forth for right.

But this to bring about, him firſt behoued
The King and his kin aſunder for to ſet:
Who being perforce or practiſe remoued,
Then had they avoided the principall let,
Which kept the ſought pray ſo long from the net:
The next point after, was, themſelues to place
In rule aboue the reſt, next vnto his Grace.

Therefore was I firſt whom they put out of place,
No cauſe pretending but the common-weale,
The Crowne of England was the very caſe,
Why to the Commons they burned ſo in zeale.
My faults were clokes their practiſe to conceale,
In counſaile hearing conſider the intent,
For in pretence of truth treaſon oft is ment.

So their pretence was only to remoue
Counſaile corrupt from place about the King.
But O ye Princes, you it doth behoue
This caſe to conſtrue as no fained thing,
That neuer traytour did ſubdue his King,
But for his plat, ere it could ſurder wade,
Againſt his friends the quarell firſt hee made.

And

And if by hap he could ſo bring about,
Them to ſubdue at his owne wiſh and will,
Then would hee wax ſo arrogant and ſtout,
That no reaſon his outrage might fulfill,
But to proceed vpon his purpoſe ſtill
Til King and counſaile brought were in one caſe:
Such is their folly to rebels to giue place.

So for the fiſh caſting forth a net,
The next point was in driuing out the plat,
Commons to cauſe in rage to fume and fret,
And to rebell, I cannot tell for what,
Requiring redreſſe of this and of that:
Who if they ſpeed, the ſtander at receit
Graſp will the pray, for which he doth await.

Then by ſurmiſe of ſome thing pretended,
Such to diſplace as they may well ſuſpect,
Like to withſtand their miſchiefe intended,
And in their roomes their banders to elect,
The aduerſe party proudly to reiect,
And then with reports the ſimple to abuſe,
And when theſe helps faile, open force to vſe.

So this Dukes traines were couert and not ſeene,
Which ment no leſſe, that he moſt pretended,
Like to a Serpent couert vnder greene,
To the wealepublique ſeemed wholly bended:
Zealous hee was, and would haue all things mended,
But by that mendment nothing els he ment
But to be King, to that marke was his bent.

For had he beene plaine, as he ment indeed,
Henry to depoſe from the royall place,
His haſte had been waſte, and much worſe his ſpeed,
The King then ſtanding in his peoples grace.
This Duke therefore ſet forth a goodly face,
As one that ment no quarell for the Crowne,
Such as bare rule he only would put downe.

But all for nought ſo long as I bare ſtroke
Serued theſe drifts, and proued all vaine:
The beſt help then was people to prouoke,
To make commotion and vprores amaine:
Which to appeaſe the King himſelfe was faine,
From Blacke Heath in Kent to ſend me to the Tower,
Such was the force of rebels in that hower.

The troublous ſtorme yet therewith was not ceaſed,
For Yorke was bent his purpoſe to purſue,
Who ſeing how ſpeedily I was releaſed,
And ill ſucceſſe of ſufferance to enſue:
Then like *Iudas* vnto his Lord vntrue,
Eſteeming time loſt any longer to defarre,
By *Warwickes* ayd proclaimed open warre.

At S. Albanes towne both our hoſtes did meete,
Which to try a field was no equall place,
Forſt we were to fight in euery lane and ſtreete,
No feare of foes could make me ſhun the place:
There I and *Warwicke* fronted face to face,
At an Inne dore, the Caſtle was the ſigne,
Where with a ſword was cut my fatall line.

Oft was I warned to come in Caſtle none,
Hauing no miſtruſt of any common ſigne,
I did imagine a Caſtle built with ſtone,
For of no Inne I could the ſame diuine:
In Prophets skill my wit was neuer fine,
A foole is he that ſuch vaine dreames doth dred,
And more foole he that will by them be led.

My life I loſt in that vnluckily place,
With many Lords that leaned to my part:
The ſtout Earle *Percy* had no better grace,
Clyfford couragious could not ſhun the dart,
Buckingham heir was as this more all mart,
Babthorp th'Attourney with his skill in lawe,
In pleading heere appeared very rawe.

King *Henrie* thus disarmed of his hands,
His friends and followers wanting assistence,
Was made a prey vnto his enemies hands,
Depriued of power and Princely reuerence,
And as a pupill void of all experience,
Innocent plaine, and simplie witted,
Was as a Lambe vnto the Wolfe committed.

A Parliament then was called with speed,
A Parliament? nay, a plaine conspiracie,
When against right it was decreed,
That after the death of the sixt *Henrie*,
Yorke should succeed vnto the regalie,
And in his life the charge and protection,
Of King and Realme at the Dukes direction.

And thus was *Yorke* declared Protectour,
Protectour said I? nay, Proditor plaine:
A rancke rebell the Princes directour,
A vassall to leade his Lord and Soueraigne.
What honest heart would not conceiue disdaine
To see the foot surmount aboue the head?
A monster is in spite of nature bred.

Some happily heere will moue a farther doubt,
And as for *Yorkes* part alledge an elder right:
O braineless heads that so run in and out.
When length of time a state hath firmely pight,
And good accord hath put all strife to flight,
Were it not better such titles still to sleepe,
Then all a Realme about the triall weepe?

From the female came *Yorke*, and all his seed,
And we of *Lancaster* from the heire male,
Of whom three Kings in order did succeed,
By iust descent: this is no fained tale.
Who would haue thought that any storme or gale
Our ship could shake, hauing such anker hold?
None I thinke sure, vnlesse that God so would.

After this hurle the King was faine to flee
Northward in poſt, ſee fortune and reliefe!
O bleſſed God how ſtrange it was to ſee,
A rightfull Prince purſued as a thefe?
To thee O England, what can be more repreefe?
Then to purſue thy Prince with armed hand,
What greater ſhame may be to any land?

Traytours did triumph, true men lay in duſt,
Reuing and robbing roiſted euery where,
VVill ſtood for skill, and law obeyed luſt,
Might trode downe right, of King there was no feare,
The title was tried only by ſhield and ſpeare.
All which vnhaps that they were not foreſeene,
Suffolke was in fault, who ruled King and Queene.

Some heere perhaps, do looke I ſhould accuſe
My ſelfe of ſleight, or ſubtilcie vniuſt,
VVherein I ſhould my Princes eares abuſe
Againſt the Duke, to bring him in miſtruſt?
Some part whereof, though needs confeſſe I muſt,
My fault only conſiſted in conſent,
Leaning to my foes, whereof I do repent.

If I at firſt when brands began to ſmoke,
The ſparkes to quench by any way had ſought,
Neuer had England felt this mortall ſtroke,
VVhich now too late lamenting helpeth nought.
Two points of wit, too dearely haue I bought,
The firſt, that better is timely to forſee,
Then after ouer late a counſellour to bee.

The ſecond is, not eaſily to aſſent
To aduice giuen againſt thy faithfull friend,
But of the ſpeaker ponder the intent,
The meaning full, the point, and finall end.
A Saint in ſhew, in prooſe is found a Feend,
The ſubtill man the ſimple to abuſe,
Much pleaſant ſpeech and eloquence doth vſe.

And so was I abus'd and other moe
By *Suffolke* sleights, who sought to please the Queene,
Forecasting not the miserie and woe
VVhich therefore came, and soone was after seene:
VVith glosing tongue he made vs fooles to weene,
That *Humfrey* did to Englands Crowne aspire,
VVhich to preuent, his death they did conspire.

VVhat should I more of mine vnhaps declare,
VVhereof my death at last hath made an end?
Not I alone was void of all this care,
Some besides me there were that did offend.
None I accuse, nor yet my selfe defend,
Faults I know I had, as none liues without,
My chiefe fault was folly, I put thee out of doubt.

Folly was the chiefe, the naughtie time was next,
VVhich made my Fortune subiect to the chiefe:
If England then with strife had not been vext,
Glorie might haue growen whereas ensued griefe.
Yet one thing is my comfort and reliefe,
Constant I was in my Princes quarrell
To die or liue, and spared for no parrell.

VVhat though Fortune enuious was my foe?
A noble heart ought not the sooner yeeld,
Nor shrinke abacke for any weale or woe,
But for his Prince lie bleeding in the feeld:
If priuie spight at any time me helde,
The price is paid: and grieuous is my guerdon,
As for the rest me God (I trust) will pardon.

G. Ferrers.

HOW RICHARD PLANTAGENET DVKE OF YORKE, was slaine through his ouer rash boldnes, and his sonne the Earle of Rutland, for his lacke of valiaunce, An. Dom. 1460.

TRust not in chance, in whom was neuer trust,
Of foolish men that haue no better grace,
All rest, renowne and deeds lie in the dust,
Of all the sire that sire her slipper trace:
What meanest thou *Baldwine* for to hide thy face?
Thou needest not feare although I misse my head,
Nor yet to mourne for this my sonne is dead.

The cause why thou I lead him in my hand,
His skin with blood and teares so sore bestaind,
Is that thou maist the better vnderstand,
How hardly Fortune hath for vs ordaind,
In whom her loue and hate be wholy contain'd.
For I am *Richard* Prince of *Plantagenet*,
The Duke of Yorke in royall race begot.

From *Lionel* the third begotten sonne
Of Kingly *Edward* by descent I came:
From *Philip* hight his heire we first begun
The crowne as due to vs by right to claime:
And in the end we did obtaine the same,
She was sole heire by due descent of line,
Whereby her right and title (all) were mine.

But marke me now, I pray thee *Baldwine* marke,
And see how force doth ouerbeareth right:
Way how vsurpers tyrannously warke,
To keepe by murther that they get by might,
And note what troublous dangers do alight
On such as seeke to repossesse their owne,
And how through rigour, right is ouerthrowne.

The

The Duke of Herford, *Henrie Bolenbroke*,
Of whom Duke *Mowbray* told thee now of late,
When void of cauſe he had King *Richard* toke:
He murdered him, vſurped his eſtate,
Without all right or title, ſauing hate
Of others rule, or loue to rule alone:
Theſe two excepted, title had he none.

The Realme and Crowne was *Edmund Mortimers*,
Whoſe father *Roger* was King *Richards* heire:
Which cauſed *Henrie* and the *Lancaſters*
To ſeeke all ſhift our houſholds to appaire,
For ſure he was to ſit beſide the chaire,
Were we of power to claime our lawfull right,
Againſt vs therefore he did all he might.

His curſed ſonne enſued his cruell path,
And kept my guiltleſſe coſin ſtrait in durance:
For whom my father hard entreated hath.
But liuing hopeleſſe of his liues aſſurance,
He thought it beſt by politike procurance,
To ſlay the King, and ſo reſtore his friend:
Which brought himſelfe to an infamous end.

For when King *Henrie* of that name the fift,
Had tane my father in his conſpiracie,
He from Sir *Edmund* all the blame to ſhift,
Was faine to ſay the French King *Charles* his alley
Had hired him this traytorous act to trie,
For which condemned ſhortly he was ſlaine,
In helping right this was my fathers gaine.

Thus when the liuage of the *Mortimers*
Was made away by his vſurping line,
Some hang'd, ſome ſlaine, ſome pined priſoners,
Becauſe the Crowne by right of law was mine,
They gan as faſt againſt me to repine,
In feare alwaies leſt I ſhould ſtir ſome ſtriſe,
For guiltie hearts haue neuer quiet life,

Yet

Yet at the laſt in *Henries* dayes the ſixt,
I was reſtored to my fathers lands,
Made Duke of Yorke: where through my mind I fixt
To get the Crowne and Kingdome in my hands,
For aide wherein I knit aſſured bands
With *Nevils* ſtocke, whoſe daughter was my make,
Who for no woe would euer me forſake.

O Lord what hap had I through mariage,
Foure goodly boyes in youth my wife ſhe bore,
Right valiant men and prudent for their age,
Such brethren ſhee had and nephues in ſtore
As none had erſt, nor any ſhall haue more:
The Earle of Salisbury, and his ſonne of Warwicke,
Were matchleſſe men from Barbary to Barwicke.

Through helpe of whom and Fortunes lonely looke,
I vndertooke to claime my lawfull right,
And to abaſh ſuch as againſt me tooke,
I raiſed power at all points preſt to fight:
Of whom the chiefe that chiefly bare me ſpight,
Was *Sommerſet* the Duke, whom to annoy
I alway ſought, through ſpite, ſpite to deſtroy.

And maugre him, ſo choice lo was my chance,
Yea though the Queene that all rul'd cooke his part,
I twice bare rule in Normandy and France,
And laſt Lieutenant in Ireland, where my hart
Found remedy for euery kinde of ſmart.
For through the loue my doings there did breed,
I had their helpe at all times in my need.

This ſpitefull Duke, his ſilly King and Queene,
With armed hoſts I thrice met in the field,
The firſt vnfought through treaty made betweene,
The ſecond ioind, wherein the King did yeeld,
The Duke was ſlaine, the Queene enforſt to ſhield
Her ſelfe by flight. The third the Queene did fight,
Where I was ſlaine being ouer matcht by might.

Before

Before this laſt were other battailes three:
The firſt the Earle of Salisbury led alone,
And fought on Bloreheath, and got victory:
In the next I with kinſfolke euery one.
But ſeeing our ſouldiers ſtale vnto our fone,
We warely brake our company on a night,
Diſſolu'd our hoſt, and tooke our ſelues to flight.

This Boy and I in Ireland did vs ſaue,
Mine eldeſt ſonne with *Warwicke* and his father
To Calais got, whence by the read I gaue
They came againe to London, and did gather
An other hoſt, whereof I ſpake no rather:
And met our foes, ſlewe many a Lord and Knight,
And took the King and draue the Queene to flight.

This done I came to England all in haſte,
To make a claime vnto the Realme and Crowne:
And in the houſe while parliament did laſt,
I in the Kings ſeate boldly ſate me downe,
And claimed it, whereat the Lords did frowne,
But what for that? I did ſo well proceed,
That all at laſt confeſt it mine indeed.

But ſith the King had raigned now ſo long,
They would he ſhould continue till he died,
And to the end that then none did me wrong,
In ech place heire apparant they me cried.
But ſith the Queene and others this denied,
I ſped me towards the North where then ſhee lay,
In minde by force to cauſe her to obay.

Whereof ſhe warnd prepard a mighty powre,
And ere that mine were altogether ready,
Came ſwift to Sandale and beſieged my bowres:
Where like a beaſt I was ſo raſhand heady,
That out I would, there could be no remedy,
With ſcant fiue thouſand ſouldiers, to aſſaile
Foure times ſo many, encampt to moſt auaile.

And

And so was slaine as first: and while my child
Scarce twelue yeare old, sought secretly to part,
That cruell *Clifford*, Lord, nay Lorell wilde
While th'infant wept, and prayed him rue his smart,
Knowing what he was, with dagger cloue his heart:
This done, he came to th'campe where I lay dead,
Despoil'd my corps and cut away my head.

Which with a painted paper Crowne thereon,
He for a present sent vnto the Queene:
And she for spite commanded it anon
To Yorke fast by: where, that it might be seene,
They placed it where other traytours beene.
This mischiefe Fortune did me after death,
Such was my life, and such my losse of breath.

Wherefore see *Baldwine* that thou set it forth,
To th'end the fraud of Fortune may be knowen,
That eke all Princes well may weigh the worth
Of things, for which the seeds of warre be sowen:
No state so sure but soone is ouerthrowen.
No worldly good can counterpoize the prise,
Of halfe the paines that may thereof arise.

Better it were to lose a piece of right,
Then limbes and life in striuing for the same:
It is not force of friendship nor of might,
But God that causeth things to fro or frame,
Not wit but lucke doth wield the winners game.
Wherefore if we our follies would refraine,
Time would redresse all wrongs we void of paine.

VVherefore warne Princes not to wade in war
For any cause except the Realmes defence:
Their troublous tides are vnworthie far
The blood, the life, the spoile of innocence:
Of friends, of foes behold my foule expence,
And neuer the neere: best therefore tarie time,
So right shall reigne, and quiet calme each crime.

HOW THE LORD CLIFFORD FOR HIS STRANGE and abominable crueltie, came to as *strange and sudden a death*, Anno, 1461.



Open confession asketh open penance,
And wisdome would a man his shame to hide:
Yet sith forgiuenes commeth through repentance,
I thinke it best that men their crimes abride,
For nought so secret but at length bis spide:
For couer fire, and it will neuer linne
Till it breake forth, in like case shame and sinne.

As for my selfe my faults be out so plaine,
And published abroad in euery place,
That though I would I cannot hide a graine.
All care is bootlesse in a cureless case,
To learne by others griefe some haue the grace:
And therefore *Baldwine* write my wretched fall,
The briefe whereof I briefely vtter shall.

I am the same that slue Duke *Richards* child,
The louely babe that begged life with teares:
Whereby mine honor foully I defil'd,
Poore silly Lambes the Lion neuer teares:
The feeble mouse may lie among the beares;
But wrath of man his rancour to requite,
Forgets all reason, ruth, and vertue quite.

I meane by rancour the parentall wreake
Surnam'd a vertue (as the vicious say)
But little know the wicked what they speake,
In boldning vs our ennies kin to slay.
To punish sin is good, it is no nay.
They wreake not sinne, but merite wreake for sinne,
That wreake the fathers finde vpon his kinne.

Because

Because my father Lord *Iohn Clyfford* died,
Slaine at Saint *Albanes*, in his Princes aide,
Against the Duke my heart for malice fried,
So that I could from wrecke no way be stayed,
But to auenge my fathers death, assay'd
All meanes I might the Duke of Yorke t'annoy,
And all his kin and friends for to destroy.

This made me with my bloodie dagger wound
His guiltlesse sonne, that neuer 'gainst me stor'd:
His fathers bodie lying dead on ground
To pierce with speare, eke with my cruell sword
To part his necke, and with his head to bord
Enuested with a royall paper crowne,
From place to place to beare it vp and downe.

But crueltie can neuer scape the scourge
Of shame, of horror, or of sudden death.
Repentance selfe that other sinnes may purge
Doth flie from this, so sore the soule it slayeth.
Despaire dissolues the tyrants bitter breathing
For sudden vengeance suddenly alights
On cruell deeds, to quite their cruell slights.

This find I true, for as I lay in stale
To fight with this Duke *Richards* eldest son,
I was destroy'd not far from Dittingdale,
For as I would my gorget haue vndone
T'euent the heat that had me nigh vndone,
An headlesse arrow strake me through the throte,
Where through my soule forsooke his filthie cote.

Was this a chance? no sure, Gods iust award,
Wherein due iustice plainly doth appeare:
An headlesse arrow paid me my reward,
For heading *Richard* lying on his beare,
And as I would his child in no wise heare,
So sudden death bereft my tongue the power
To aske for pardon at my dying houre.

Wherefore

Wherefore, good *Baldwine*, warne the bloodie sort,
To leaue their wrath, their rigour to refraine:
Tell cruell iudges horror is the port
Through which they saile to shame and sudden paine:
Hell halleth tyrants downe to death amaine.
Was neuer yet nor shall be cruell deed
Left vnrewarded with as cruell meed.

THE INFAMOVS END OF THE LORD TIPTOFT EARLE OF WORcester, for cruelly executing his Princes butcherly commandements. *Anno Dom.* 1470.

THe glorious man is not so loth to lurke,
As the infamous glad to lie vnknowen:
Which makes me *Baldwine*, disallow thy worke,
Where Princes faults so openly be blowen.
I speake not this alonly for mine owne
Which were my Princes (if that they were any)
But for my Peeres in number very many.

Or might report vprightly vse her tongue,
It would lesse grieue vs to augment the matter.
But sure I am thou shalt be forst among,
To wrench the truth the liuing for to flatter:
And other whiles in points vnknowen to smatter.
For time nere was, nor nere I thinke shall bee
That truth vnshent should speake in all things free.

This doth appeare (I dare say) by my storie,
Which diuers writers diuerslie declare:
But storie writers ought for neither glorie,
Feare, nor fauour, truth of things to spare.
But still it fares as alway it did fare,
Affections, feare, or doubts that daily brue,
Do cause that stories neuer can be true.

Vnfruitfull

Vnfruitfull *Fabian* follows of the fame
Of time and deedes, but let the cauſe ſlip:
Which *Hall* hath added, but with double grace,
For feare I thinke leſt trouble might him trip:
For this or that (ſaith he) be felt the whip.
Thus ſtory writers leaue the cauſes out,
Or ſo rehearſe them as they were in dout.

But ſeing cauſes are the chiefeſt things
That ſhould be noted of the ſtory writers,
That men may learne what ends all cauſes brings,
They be vnworthy name of Chroniclers
That leaue them cleane out of their regiſters,
Or doubtfully report them: for the fraiſe
Of reading ſtories ſtandeth in the ſuite.



And therefore *Baldwine* either ſpeake vpright
Of our affaires, or touch them not at all:
As for my ſelfe I way all things ſo light,
That nought I paſſe how men report my fall.
The truth whereof yet plainly ſhew I ſhall,
That thou maiſt write and others thereby leed,
What things I did whereof they ſhould take heed.

Thou heardſt of *Tiptoft* Earles of Worceſter,
I am that Lord that lie'd in *Edwards* daies
The fourth, and was his friend and counſailour,
And butcher too, as common rumor ſaies.
But peoples voice is neither ſhame nor praiſe:
For whom they would alriue deuoure to day,
To morow dead they'll worſhip what they may.

But though the peoples verdict go by chance,
Yet was there cauſe to call me as they did:
For I enforſt by meane of gouernance,
Did execute what ere my King did bid,
From blame herein my ſelfe I cannot rid:
But fie vpon the wretched ſtate that muſt
Defame it ſelfe to ſerue the Princes luſt.

The chiefeſt crime wherewith men doe me charge,
In death of th'Earle of *Deſmond* noble ſonne,
Of which the Kings charge doth me cleere diſcharge,
By ſtrait commandement and iniunctions:
Th'effect whereof ſo rigorouſly runnes,
That or I muſt procure to ſee them dead,
Or for contempt as guiltie loſe my head.

What would mine foemen doe in ſuch a caſe,
Obay the King or proper death procure?
They may well ſay their fancy for a face,
But life is ſweet, and loue hard to recure.
They would haue done as I did, I am ſure:
For ſeldom will a wealthy man at eaſe
For others cauſe his Prince in ought diſpleaſe.

How much leſſe I, which was Lieutenant then
In th'Iriſh Iſle, preferred by the King:
But who for loue or dread of any man
Conſents t'accompliſh any wicked thing,
Although chiefe fault thereof from other ſpring,
Shall not eſcape Gods vengeance for his deed,
Who ſcuſeth none that dare do ill for dreed.

This in my King and me may well appeere,
Which for our faults did not eſcape the ſcourge:
For when we thought our ſtate moſt ſure and cleere,
The wind of *Warwicke* blew vp ſuch a fourge,
As from the Realme and Crowne the King did pourge,
And me both from mine office, friends, and wife,
From good report, from honeſt death and life.

For th'Earle of Warwicke through a cancard grudge
Which to King *Edward* cauſeleſſe he did beare,
Out of his Realme by force did make him trudge,
And ſet King *Henry* againe vpon his chaire.
And then all ſuch as *Edwards* louers were
As traytours tane, were grieuouſly oppreſt,
But chiefly I, becauſe I had him beſt.

And, for my goods and liuings were not small,
The gapers for them bare the world in hand
For ten yeares space, that I was cause of all
The executions done within the land.
For this did such as did not vnderstand
Mine enmies drift, thinke all reports were true:
And so did hate me worse then any Iew.

For seldome shall a ruler lose his life,
Before false rumours openly be spread:
Whereby this prouerbe is as true as rife,
That rulers rumours hunt about a head,
Frowne Fortune once all good report is fled:
For present shew doth make the many blind,
And such as see dare not disclose their mind.

Through this was I King *Edward* butcher named,
And bare the shame of all his cruell deeds:
I cleare me not, I worthily was blamed,
Though force was such I must obey him needs,
With highest rulers seldome well it speeds,
For they be euer nerest to the nip,
And fault who shall, for all feele they the whip.

For when I was by Parliament attainted,
King *Edwards* euils all were counted mine,
No truth auailed, so lies were fast and painted,
Which made the people at my life repine,
Crying *Crucifige*, kill that butchers line:
That when I should haue gone to Blockharn feast,
I could not passe, so sore they on me preast.

And had not beten the officers so strong,
I thinke they would haue eaten me aliue,
Howbeit hardly haled from the throng,
I was in Fleet fast throuded by the Shriue.
Thus one daies life their malice did me giue:
Which when they knew, for spite the next day after
They kept them calme, so [illegible]

Now tell me *Baldwine*, what faule doſt thou find
In me, that juſtly ſhould ſuch death deſerue?
None ſure, except deſire of honor blind,
Which made me ſeeke in offices to ſerue:
What mind ſo good that honors make not ſwerue?
So maiſt thou ſee it only was my ſtate
That caus'd my death, and brought me ſo in hate.

VVarne therefore all men wiſely to beware,
VVhat offices they enterpriſe to beare:
The higheſt alway moſt maligned are,
Of peoples grudge, and Princes hate in feare.
For Princes faults his faultors all men teare.
VVhich to auoid, let none ſuch office take,
Saue he that can for right his Prince forſake.

HOW SIR RICHARD NEVILL EARLE OF WARWICKE, AND HIS BROTHER IOHN, Lord Marquiſe *Montacute*, through their too much boldnes were ſlaine at Barnet, the 14. of *April*, Anno 1471.

AMong the heauie heape of haplie Knights
VVhom Fortune ſtal'd vpon her ſlayleſſe ſtage,
Oft hoiſt on high, oft pight in wretched plights,
Behold me, *Baldwine*, *A per ſe* of my age,
Lord *Richard Nevill*, Earle by mariage
Of VVarwicke Duchie, of Sarum by deſcent,
Which erſt my father through his mariage hent.

VVould'ſt thou behold falſe Fortune in her kind?
Note well my ſelfe, ſo ſhalt thou ſee her naked:
Full faire before, but too too foule behind,
Moſt drowſie ſtill when moſt ſhe ſeemes awaked:
My fame and ſhame her ſhifts full oft hath ſhaked,
By enterchange alow and vp aloft,
The Lyſard like that changeth hue full oft.

For while the Duke of Yorke in life remaind
Mine vncle deare, I was his happy hand:
In all attempts my purpose I attaind,
Though King and Queene and moſt Leads of the land
With all their power did often me withſtand:
For God gaue Fortune, and my good behauiour
Did from their Prince ſteale me the peoples fauour.

So that through me in fields right manly fought,
By force mine vncle tooke King *Henry* twice:
As for my cosin *Edward* I ſo wrought,
When both our ſires were ſlaine through raſh aduice,
That he atchieu'd his fathers enterpriſe:
For into Scotland King and Queene we chaſed,
By meane whereof the Kingdome he embraced.

Which after he had held in quiet peace,
(For ſhortly after was King *Henry* take,
And put in hold) his power to encreaſe,
I went to France and match him with a make,
The French Kinges daughter, whom hee did forſake:
For while with paine I brought this ſuite to paſſe,
He to a widow raſhly wedded was.

This made the French King ſhrewdly to miſtruſt,
That all my treaties had but ill pretence,
And when I ſaw my King ſo bent to luſt,
That with his faith he paſt not to diſpence,
Which is a Princes honours chiefe defence:
I could not reſt till I had found a meane
To mend his miſſe, or els to marre him cleane.

I me allied with his brother *George*,
Inceenſing him his brother to maligne,
Through many a tale I did againſt him forge:
So that through power that we from Calais bring
And found at home, we drais'd to the King,
That he did flie to Freeſchlandward amaine,
Whereby King *Henry* had the Crowne againe.

Then

Then put we th'Earle of Worcester to the ſith,
King *Edwards* friend, a man loe ſoule defamed:
And in the while came *Edward* into breath,
For with the Duke of Burgoine ſo he framed,
That with the power that he to him had named,
Vnlooked for he came to England ſtreight,
And got to Yorke, and tooke the towne by ſleight.

And after through the ſufferance of my brother,
Which like a beaſt occaſion foulely loſt,
He came to London ſafe with many other,
And tooke the towne to good King *Henries* coſt:
Who was through him from poſt to piller toſt,
Till th'Earle of Oxford, I and other more,
Aſſembled power his freedome to reſtore.

Whereof King *Edward* warned came with ſpeed,
And camped with his hoſt in Barnet towne,
Where we right fierce encountred him indeed
On Eaſter day right earely on the downe:
There many a man was ſlaine and ſtricken downe
On either ſide, and neither part did gaine,
Till that I and my brother both were ſlaine.

For we to heart our ouermatched men,
Forſooke our ſteeds, and in the thickeſt throng
Ran preaſing forth on foot, and fought ſo then
That downe we draue them were they nere ſo ſtrong;
But we ere lucke had laſted very long
With force and number were ſo foulely cloyed,
And reſcue fail'd, that quite we were deſtroyed.

Now tell me, *Baldwine*, haſt thou heard or read
Of any man that did as I haue done?
That in his time ſo many armies led,
And victorie at euery voyage won?
Haſt thou ere heard of ſubiect vnder ſun,
That plac'd and bac'd his Soueraignes ſo oft
By enterchange, now low, and then aloft?

Perchance thou think'ſt my doings were not ſuch
As I and other do affirme they were:
And in thy mind I ſee thou muſeſt much
What meanes I vs'd, that ſhould me ſo preſer:
Wherein becauſe I will thou ſhalt not erre,
The truth of all I will at large recite,
The ſhort is this: I was no Hypocrite.

I neuer did nor ſaid ſaue what I ment,
The commonweale was ſtill my chiefeſt care:
To priuate gaine or good was I nere bent,
I neuer paſt vpon delicious fare.
Of needfull food my boord was neuer bare,
No creditour did curſe me day by day,
I vſed plainneſſe, euer pitch and pay.

I heard poore ſouldiers and poore workemen whine
Becauſe their duties were not truly pai'd:
Againe I ſaw how people did repine
At thoſe through whom their payment was delai'd:
And proofe did oft aſſure (as Scripture ſaid)
That God doth wreake the wretched peoples greeues,
I ſaw the polles cut off from polling theeues.

This made me alway iuſtly for to deale,
Which when the people plainly vnderſtood,
Becauſe they ſaw me mind the Commonweale,
They ſtill endeuoured how to do me good,
Readie to ſpend their ſubſtance, life, and blood,
In any cauſe whereto I did them moue:
For ſure they were it was for their behoue.

And ſo it was. For when the Realme decayed
By ſuch as good King *Henrie* ſore abuſed,
To mend the ſtate I gaue his enemies aide:
But when King *Edward* ſinfull prankes ſtill vſed,
And would not mend, I likewiſe him refuſed,
And holpe King *Henrie*, better of the twaine,
And in his quarell (iuſt I thinke) was ſlaine.

And therefore *Baldwine* teach by proofe of mee,
That such as couet peoples loue to get,
Must see their works and words in all agree,
Liue liberally and keepe them out of det,
On Commonwealth let all their care be set:
For vpright dealing, debts paid, poore sustained,
Is meane whereby all hearts are throwly gained.

HOW KING HENRIE THE SIXT, A VERTVOVS PRINCE, WAS, AFter many other miseries, cruelly murdered in the Tower of London the 22. of May, Anno, 1471.

NEuer wofull wight had cause to rue his state,
Or by his ruefull plight to moue men mone his fate,
My piteous plaint may preasse my misshap to rehearse,
Wherof the least most lightly heard, the hardest hart may pierce.

What heart so hard can heare of innocence oppresst
By fraud in worldly goods, but melteth in the brest?
When guildesse men be spoil'd, imprisoned for their owne,
Who walleth not their wretched case to whom ỹ case is knowen?

The Lion lickes the sores of silly wounded sheepe,
The dead mans corps may cause the Crocodile to weepe,
The waues that waste the rockes refresh the rotten reeds,
Such ruth the wracke of innocence in cruell creatures breeds.

What heart is then so hard, but will for pitie bleed,
To heare so cruell lucke so cleare a life succeed?
To see a silly soule with woe and sorrow sounst,
A King depriu'd, in prison pent, to death with daggers dounst.

Would God the day of birth had brought me to my bere,
Then had I neuer sest the change of Fortunes chere:
Would God the graue had gript me in her greedie woombe,
When crowne in cradle made me King with oile of holy thombe.

Would God the rufull tombe had been my royall throne,
So should no Kingly charge haue made me make my mone:
O that my soule had flowen to heauen with the ioy,
When one sort cried, God saue the King, another, *Viue le Roy.*

So had I not been washt in waues of worldly wo,
My minde to quiet bent, had not been tossed so:
My frends had been aliue: my subiects not oppresst:
But death or cruell destiny denied me this rest.

Alas what should we count the cause of wretches cares,
The starres do stirre them vp, Astronomy declares:
Our humors saith the leach, the double true diuines
To'th will of God, or ill of man, the doubtfull cause assignes.

Such doltish heads as dreame that all things driue by haps,
Count lacke of former care for cause of after claps,
Attributing to man a power fro God bereft,
Abusing vs, and robbing him through their most wicked theft.

But God doth guide the world, and euery hap by skill,
Our wit and willing power are poized by his will:
What wit most wisely wards, & will most deadly vrkes (workes.
Though all our power would presse it down, doth dash our warke.

Then destiny, our sinne, Gods will or else his wreake
Doe worke our wretched woes, for humours be too weake,
Except we take them so as they prouoke to sinne,
For through our lust by humours fed all vicious deeds beginne.

So sinne and they be one, both working like effect,
And cause the wrath of God to wreake the soule infect,
Thus wrath and wreake diuine, mans sinnes and humours ill
Concurre in one, though in a sort, ech doth a course fulfill.

If likewise such as say the welkin Fortune warkes,
Take Fortune for our fate and Starres thereof the markes,
Then destiny with fate and Gods will all be one:
But if they meane it otherwise, skath causers skies be none.

Thus

Thus of our heauy haps chiefe causes be but twaine,
Whereon the rest depend, and vnder put remaine:
The chiefe the will diuine, cald destiny and fate,
The other sinne through humours holpe, which God doth highly hate.

The first appointeth paine for good mens exercise,
The second doth deserue due punishment for vice:
This witnesseth the wrath, and that the loue of God,
The good for loue, the bad for sinne God beateth with his rod.

Although my sundry sinnes doe place me with the worst,
My haps yet cause me hope to be among the first:
The eye that searcheth all and seeth euery thought,
Is Iudge how sore I hated sinne, and after vertue sought.

The solace of my soule my chiefest pleasure was,
Of worldly pomp, of fame, or game I did not passe:
My Kingdomes nor my Crowne I prised not a crum:
In Heauen were my riches heapt, to which I sought to come.

Yet were my sorowes such as neuer man had like,
So diuers stormes at once, so often did me strike:
But why, God knowes, not I, except it were for this,
To shew by paterne of a Prince, how brittle honour is.

Our kingdomes are but cares, our state deuoid of stay,
Our riches ready snares, to hasten our decay:
Our pleasures priuy pricks our vices to prouoke,
Our pompe a pumpe, our fame a flame, our power a smouldring smoke.

I speake not but by proofe, and that may many rue,
My life doth cry it out, my death doth try it true:
Whereof I will in briefe rehearse the heauy hap,
That *Baldwine* in his woefull warpe, my wretchednesse may wrap.

In Windsore borne I was, and bare my fathers name,
Who wonne by warre all France to his eternall fame,
And left to me the crowne, to be receiu'd in peace,
Through mariage made with *Charles* his heire vpon his life's decease.

Which

Which ſhortly did enſue, yet died my father furſt,
And both the Realmes were mine ere I a yeare were nurſt:
Which as they fell too ſoone, ſo faded they as faſt.
For *Charles* and *Edward* got them both or forty yeares were paſt.

This *Charles* was eldeſt ſonne of *Charles* my father in law,
To whom as heire of France, the Frenchmen did them draw,
But *Edward* was the heire of *Richard* Duke of Yorke,
The heire of *Roger Mortimer*, ſlaine by the kerne of Korke.

Before I came to age *Charles* had recouered France,
And kild my men of warre, ſo happy was his chance:
And through a mad contract I made with *Raymerds* daughter
I gaue and loſt all Normandy, the cauſe of many a ſlaughter.

Firſt of mine vncle *Humfrey*, abhorring ſore this act,
Becauſe I thereby brake a better precontract:
Then of the flattering Duke that firſt the mariage made,
The iuſt reward of ſuch as dare their Princes ill perſwade.

And I poore ſilly wretch abode the brunt of all,
My mariage luſt ſo ſweet was mixt with bitter gall.
My wife was wiſe and good, had ſhe ben rightly ſought,
But our vnlawfull getting it, may make a good thing nought.

Wherefore warne men beware how they iuſt promiſe breake,
Leſt proofe of painfull plagues doe cauſe them waile the wreake,
Aduiſe well ere they grant, but what they grant performe:
For God will plague all doublenes although we feele no worme.

I falſly borne in hand, beleeued I did well,
But all things bee not true that learned men doe tell:
My clergie ſaid a Prince was to no promiſe bound,
Whoſe words to be no goſpell tho, I to my griefe haue found.

For after mariage ioind Queene *Margaret* and me,
For one miſhap afore, I dayly met with three:
Of Normandy and France *Charles* got away my Crowne,
The Duke of Yorke and other ſought at home to put me downe.

Bellona

Bellona rang the bell at home and all abroad,
With whoſe miſhaps amaine fell Fortune did me load:
In France I loſt my ſorts, at home the foughten field,
My kinred ſlaine, my friends oppreſt, my ſelfe enforſt to yeeld.

Duke *Richard* tooke me twice, and forſt me to reſine
My Crowne and titles due vnto my fathers line:
And kept mee as a ward, did all things as him lift,
Till that my wife through bloudy ſword had tane me from his fiſt.

But though we ſlew the Duke my ſorowes did not ſlake,
But like to *Hydraes* head ſtill more and more awake:
For *Edward* through the aid of *Warwicke* and his brother
From one field draue me to the Scots, and toke me in another.

Then went my friends to wrack, for *Edward* ware the Crowne,
For which for nine yeares ſpace his priſon held me downe:
Yet thence through *Warwickes* worke I was againe releaſt,
And *Edward* driuen fro the realme to ſeeke his friends by Eaſt.

But what preuaileth paine or prouidence of man
To helpe him to good hap, whom deſtiny doth ban?
Who moileth to remoue the rocke out of the mud,
Shall mire himſelfe, and hardly ſcape the ſwelling of the flud.

This all my friends haue found, and I haue felt it ſo,
Ordain'd to be the touch of wretchedneſſe and woe:
For ere I had a yeare poſſeſt my ſeat againe,
I loſt both it and liberty, my helpers all were ſlaine.

For *Edward* firſt by ſtelth and ſith by gathred ſtrength
Arriu'd, and got to Yorke and London at the length:
Tooke me and tied me vp, yet *Warwicke* was ſo ſtout,
He came with power to Barnet field, in hope to helpe me out.

And there alas was ſlaine, with many a worthy knight,
O Lord that euer ſuch luck ſhould hap in helping right:
Laſt came my wife and ſonne, that long lay in exile,
Defied the King, and fought a field, I may bewaile the while,

For

For there mine only ſonne, not thirteene yeares of age,
Was tane, and murdred ſtraight by *Edward* in his rage:
And ſhortly I my ſelfe to ſtint all further ſtrife,
Stab'd with his brothers bloodie blade in priſon loſt my life.

Lo heere the heauie haps which hapned me by heape,
See heere the pleaſant fruits that many Princes reape,
The painfull plagues of thoſe that breake their lawfull bands,
Their meed which may and will not ſaue their friends from bloo-
(die hands.
God grant my woful haps, too grieuous to rehearce,
May teach all States to know how deepely dangers pierce,
How fraile all honors are, how brittle worldly bliſſe,
That warned through my fearefull fate they feare to do amiſſe.

HOW GEORGE PLANTAGENET THIRD SONNE OF THE DVKE OF Yorke, was by his brother King *Edward* wrongfully impriſoned, and by his brother *Richard* miſerably *murdered, the* 11. *of Ianuarie, Ao. Dom.* 1478.

THe fowle is foule men ſay, that files the neſt.
Which makes me loth to ſpeak now, might I chuſe,
But ſeeing time vnburdened hath her breſt,
And fame blowne vp the blaſt of all abuſe,
My ſilence rather might my life accuſe
Then ſhroud our ſhame, though faine I would it ſo,
For truth will out, although the world ſay no.

And therefore *Baldwine* I do thee beſeech
To pauſe a while vpon my heauie plaint,
And vnneth though I vtter ſpeedie ſpeech,
No fault of wit nor folly makes me faint:
No headie drinkes haue giuen my tongue attaint
Through quaffing craft: Yet wine my wits confound,
Not that I dranke, but wherein I was drown'd.

What

What Prince I am although I need not shew,
Because my wine bewrayes me by the smell:
For neuer man was sousht in *Bacchus* dew
To death but I, through Fortunes rigour fell;
Yet that thou maist my storie better tell,
I will declare as briefely as I may,
My wealth, my woe, and causers of decay.

The famous house surnam'd *Plantagenet*,
Whereat Dame Fortune frowardly did frowne,
While *Bolenbroke* vniustly sought to set
His Lord King *Richard* quite beside the Crowne,
Though many a day it wanted due renowne,
God so prefer'd by prouidence and grace,
That lawfull heires did neuer faile the race.

For *Lionel* King *Edwards* eldest child,
Both Eame and heire to *Richard* issuelesse,
Begot faire *Philip* hight, whom vndefil'd
The Earle of March espous'd, and God did blesse
With fruit assign'd the kingdome to possesse:
I meane Sir *Roger Mortimer*, whose heire
The Earle of Cambridge maried *Anne* the faire.

This Earle of Cambridge *Richard* clept by name,
Was sonne to *Edmund Langley* Duke of Yorke:
Which *Edmund* was fift brother to the same
Duke *Lionel*, that all this line doth korke:
Of which two houses ioyned in a forke,
My father *Richard* Prince *Plantagenet*
True Duke of Yorke was lawfull heire beget.

Who tooke to wife as ye shall vnderstand
A mayden of a noble house and old,
Ralph Nevils daughter Earle of Westmerland,
Whose sonne Earle *Richard* was, a Baron bold,
And had the right of Salisbury in hold,
Through mariage made with good Earle *Thomas* heire,
Whose earned praises neuer shall appaire.

The

The Duke my father had by this his wife
Foure sonnes, of whom the eldest *Edward* hight,
The second *Edmund*, who did lose his life,
At Wakefield slaine by *Clifford* cruell Knight,
I *George* am third, of Clarence Duke by right:
The fourth borne to the mischiefe of vs all,
Was Glocesters Duke, whom men did *Richard* call.

When as our sire in sute of right was slaine,
(Whose life and death himselfe declared earst)
My brother *Edward* plied his cause amaine,
And got the Crowne as *Warwicke* hath rehearst:
The pride whereof so deepe his stomacke pearst
That he forgot his friends, despis'd his kin,
Of oath or office passing not a pin.

Which made the Earle of Warwicke to maligne
My brothers state, and to attempt a way
To bring from prison *Henrie* fillie King,
To helpe him to the kingdome if he may,
And knowing me to be the chiefest stay
My brother had, he did me vndermine
To cause me to kil treasons to encline.

Whereto I was prepared long before,
My brother had been to me so vnkind:
For sure no canker fretteth flesh so sore,
As vnkind dealing doth a louing mind.
Loues strongest bands vnkindnes doth vnbind,
It moueth loue to malice, zeale to hate,
Chiefe friends to foes, and brethren to debate.

And though the Earle of Warwicke subtill fire
Perceiu'd I bare a grudge against my brother,
Yet toward his feate to set me more on fire,
He kindled vp one firebrand with another:
For knowing fancie was the forcing rother
Which stirreth youth to any kind of strife,
He offered me his daughter to my wife.

Where

Where through and with his craftie filed tongue,
He ſtole my heart that erſt vnſteadie was:
For I was witleſſe, wanton, fond and yongue,
Whole bent to pleaſure, brittle as the glaſſe:
I cannot lie, *In vino veritas.*
I did eſteeme the beautie of my bride
Aboue my ſelfe and all the world beſide.

Theſe fond affections ioynt with lacke of ſkill,
(Which trap the heart, and blind the eyes of youth,
And pricke the mind to practiſe any ill)
So tickled me, that void of kindly truth,
(Which if it want all wretchedneſſe enſueth)
I ſtinted not to perſecute my brother,
Till time he left his kingdome to another.

Thus carnall loue did quench the loue of kind,
Till luſt were loſt through fancie fully fed:
But when at length I came vnto my mind,
I ſaw how leaudly lightnes had me led,
To ſeeke with paine the perill of my head:
For had King *Henrie* once been ſetled ſure,
I was aſſur'd my daies could not endure.

And therefore though I bound my ſelfe with oath
To helpe King *Henrie* all that ere I might,
Yet at the treatie of my brethren both,
Which reaſon granted to require but right,
I left his part, whereby he periſht quite:
And reconcil'd me to my brethren twaine,
And ſo came *Edward* to the Crowne againe.

This made my ſire in law to fret and fume,
To ſtampe and ſtare, and call me falſe forſworne;
And as the length with all his power preſume,
To helpe King *Henrie* vtterly forlorne.
Our friendly profers ſtill he tooke in ſcorne;
Refuſed peace, and came to Barnet field,
And there was kill'd becauſe he would not yeeld.

His

His brother alſo there with him was ſlaine,
Whereby decayed the keyes of chiualrie:
For never liu'd the matches of them twaine,
In manhood, power, and martiall policie,
In vertuous thewes, and friendly conſtancie,
That would to God if it had been his will
They might haue turn'd to vs and liued ſtill.

But what ſhall be ſhall be: there is no choyce,
Things needs muſt driue as deſtiny decreeth,
For which we ought in all our haps reioyce,
Becauſe the eye eterne all things foreſeeth
Which to no ill at any time agreeth,
For il's too ill to vs, be good to it,
So far his skilles exceed our reach of wit.

The wounded man which muſt abide the ſmart
Of ſtitching vp, or ſearing of his ſore,
As thing too bad, reproues the Surgeons art
Which notwithſtanding doth his health reſtore:
The child likewiſe to ſcience plied ſore,
Counts knowledge ill, his teacher to be wood,
Yet Surgerie and ſciences be good.

But as the patients griefe and ſchollers paine,
Cauſe them deeme bad ſuch things as ſure be beſt,
So want of wiſdome cauſeth vs complaine
Of euery hap, whereby we ſeeme oppreſt:
The poore do pine for pelfe, the rich for reſt,
And when as loſſe or ſickeneſſe vs aſſaile
We curſe our fate, our fortune we bewaile.

Yet for our good, God worketh euery thing:
For through the death of theſe two noble Peeres
My brother liu'd and raign'd a quiet King,
Who had they liu'd perchance in courſe of yeares
Would haue deliuered *Henrie* from the breares,
Or holpe his ſonne t'enioy the careſull Crowne,
Whereby our line ſhould haue been quite put downe.

A carefull Crowne it may be iuſtly named,
Not only for the cares thereto annext.
To ſee the ſubiect well and duly framed,
With which good care few Kings are greatly vext,
But for the dred wherwith they are perplext,
Of loſing Lordſhip, liberty, or life:
Which wofull wracks in kingdoms happen rife.

The which to ſhun while ſome too ſore haue ſought,
They haue not ſparde all perſons to ſuſpect:
And to deſtroy ſuch as they guilty thought,
Though no apparance proued them infect,
Take me for one of this wrong puniſht ſect,
Impriſond firſt, accuſed without cauſe,
And done to death, no proceſſe had by lawes.

Wherein I note how vengeance doth acquite
Like ill for ill, how vices vertue quell:
For as my mariage loue did me excite
Againſt the King my brother to rebell,
So loue to haue his children proſper well,
Prouoked him againſt both law and right,
To murder me, his brother and his knight:

For by his Queene two Pincelike ſonnes he had,
Borne to be puniſht for their parents ſinne:
Whoſe Fortunes calked made the father ſad,
Such wofull haps were found to be therin:
Which to auouch, writ in a rotten skin
A propheſie was found, which ſaid a G,
Of *Edwards* children ſhould deſtruction be.

Me to be G, becauſe my name was *George*
My brother thought, and therefore did me hate,
But woe be to the wicked heads that forge
Such doubtfull dreames to breed vnkind debates:
For God, a Gleue, a Gibbet, Grate, or Gate,
A Gray, a Griffeth, or a Gregory,
As well as George are written with a G.

Such doubtfull riddles are no propheſies.
For propheſies, in writing though obſcure,
Are plaine in ſenſe, the darke be very lies:
What God foreſheweth is euident and pure,
Truth is no Harold nor no Sophiſt ſure:
She noteth not mens names, their ſhields nor creaſts,
Though ſhe compare them vnto birds and beaſts.

But whom ſhe doth foreſhew ſhall raigne by force,
She tearmes a Wolfe, a Dragon, or a Beare:
A wilfull Prince, a raineleſſe raging horſe:
A bold, a Lion: a Coward much in feare,
A Hare or Hart: a craftie, pricked eare:
A leacherous, a Bull, a Goat, a Foale:
An vnderminer, a Mold warpe, or a Mole.

By knowen beaſts thus truth doth plaine declare
VVhat men they be of whom ſhe ſpeakes before.
And whoſo can mens properties compare,
And marke what beaſt they doe reſemble moſt,
Shall ſoone diſcerne who is the grieſly Boare.
For God by beaſts expreſſeth mens conditions,
And not their badges, Harolds ſuperſtitions.

And learned *Merlin* whom God gaue the ſpirite
To know and vtter Princes acts to come,
Like to the Iewiſh Prophets, did recite
In ſhade of beaſts their doings all and ſome,
Expreſſing plaine by maners of the dome,
That Kings and Lords ſuch properties ſhould haue
As haue the beaſts whoſe name he to them gaue.

Which while the fooliſh did not well conſider,
And ſeeing Princes vſde for difference
And knowledge of their iſſues mix together
All maner beaſts for badges of pretence,
There tooke thoſe badges to expreſſe the ſence
Of *Merlines* mind, and thoſe did giue the name
To be the Princes noted by their name.

And hereof ſprang the falſe nam'd propheſies,
That go by letters, ciphers, armes or ſignes:
VVhich all be fooliſh, falſe, and craftie lies
Deuis'd by gheſſe, or guiles vntrue diuines:
For when they ſaw that ſome of many lines
Giue armes alike, they wiſt not which was he
VVhom *Merline* meant the noted beaſt to be.

For all the brood of *Warwickes* gaue the Beare,
The *Buckinghams* do likewiſe giue the Swan:
But which Beare-bearer ſhould the Lion teare
They were as wiſe as *Gooſe* the ferry man:
Yet in their skill they ſeaſed not to ſcan,
And to be deemed of the people wiſe,
Set forth their gloſes vpon propheſies.

And whom they doubted openly to name
They darkely tearm'd or by ſome letter ment,
For ſo they thought how ere the world did frame,
To keepe themſelues from ſhame or being ſhent.
For howſoeuer contrary it went,
They might expound their meaning otherwiſe,
As haps in things ſhould newly ſtill ariſe.

And thus there grew of a miſtaken truth,
An art ſo falſe as made the true ſuſpect:
Whereof hath come much miſchiefe, more the ruth
That errors ſhould our minds ſo much infect,
True Prophets haue oft foulely been reiect:
The falſe which breed both murder war and ſtrife
Beleeu'd, to loſſe of many a good mans life.

And therefore *Baldwine* teach men to diſcerne,
VVhich propheſies be falſe, and which be true:
And for a ground this leſſon let them learne,
That all be falſe which are deuiſed new.
The age of things are iudged by the hue.
All riddles made by letters, names or armes,
Are yong and falſe, far worſe then witches charmes.

I know thou muſeſt at this lore of mine,
How I no ſtudient ſhould haue learned it:
And doſt impute it to the fume of wine
That ſtirres the tongue, and ſharpneth vp the wit.
But hearke, a friend did teach me euery whit,
A man of mine, in all good knowledge rife,
For which he guiltleſſe loſt his learned life.

This man abode my ſeruant many a day,
And ſtill in ſtudy ſet his whole delight:
Which taught me more then I could beare away
Of euery arte: and by his ſearching ſight
Of things to come he would foreſhew as right.
As I rehearſe the pageants that were paſt:
Such perfectnes God gaue him at the laſt.

He knew my brother *Richard* was the Bore,
Whoſe tuſks ſhould teare my brothers boies and me,
And gaue me warning therof long before.
But wit nor warning can in no degree
Let things to hap, which are ordaind to bee.
Witneſſe the painted Lioneſſe, which ſlue
A Prince empriſoned, Lions to eſchewe.

He told me eke my yoke-fellow ſhould dy,
(Wherein would God he had been no diuine)
And ſhe being dead I ſhould woo earneſtly
A ſpouſe, wherat my brother would repine,
And find the means ſhe ſhould be none of mine.
For which ſuch malice ſhould among vs riſe,
As ſaue my death no treaty ſhould deciſe.

And as he ſaid, ſo all things came to paſſe:
For when King *Henry* and his ſonne were ſlaine,
And euery broile ſo throughly quenched was,
That then my brother quietly did raigne,
I, reconciled to his loue againe,
In proſperous health did lead a quiet life,
For fiue yeares ſpace with honours laden rife.

And to augment the fulneſſe of my bliſſe,
Two louely children by my wife I had:
But froward hap whoſe maner euer is
In chiefeſt ioy to make the happie ſad,
Bemixt my ſweet with bitternes too bad:
For while I ſwam in ioyes on euery ſide,
My louing wife, my chiefeſt Iewel dide,

Whoſe lack when ſole I had bewail'd a yeare,
The Duke of Burgoines wife dame *Margaret*
My louing ſiſter willing me to cheere,
To wed againe did kindly me entreate
And wiſh'd me matched with a maiden nete
A ſtep-daughter of hers, Duke *Charles* his heire,
A noble damſell, yong, diſcreete and faire.

To whoſe deſire becauſe I did incline,
The King my brother doubting my degree
Through Propheſies, againſt vs did repine:
And at no hand would to our willes agree,
For which ſuch rancour pierſt both him and mee,
That face to face we fell at flat defiance,
But were appeas'd by friends of our alliance:

Howbeit my mariage vtterly was daſht:
Wherein becauſe my ſeruant ſaid his mind,
A meane was ſought whereby he might be laſht,
And, for they could no crime againſt him find,
They forg'd a fault the peoples eyes to blind,
And told he ſhould by ſorceries pretend
To bring the King vnto a ſpeedie end.

Of all which points he was as innocent
As is the babe that lacketh kindly breath:
And yet condemned by the Kings aſſent,
Moſt cruelly put to a ſhamefull death.
This fir'd my heart, as foulder doth the heath:
So that I could not but exclame and crie,
Againſt ſo great and open iniurie.

For this I was commanded to the Tower,
The King my brother was ſo cruell harted:
And when my brother *Richard* ſaw the hower
Was come, for which his hart ſo ſore had ſmarted,
He thought it beſt take time before it parted.
For he endeuour'd to attaine the Crowne,
From which my life muſt needs haue held him downe.

For though the King within a while had died,
As needs he muſt, he ſurfaited ſo oft,
I muſt haue had his children in my guide,
So *Richard* ſhould beſide the Crowne haue coſt:
This made him ply the while the wax was ſoft,
To finde a meane to bring me to an end,
For realmrape ſpareth neither kin nor frend.

And when he ſaw how reaſon can aſſwage
Through length of time my brother *Edwards* ire,
With forged tales he ſet him newe in rage,
Till at the laſt they did my death conſpire.
And though my truth ſore troubled their deſire,
For all the world did know mine innocence,
Yet they agreed to charge me with offence.

And couertly within the Tower they calde
A queſt, to giue ſuch verdit as they ſhould.
Who what with feare and what with fauour thrald,
Durſt not pronounce but as my brethren would.
And though my falſe accuſers neuer could
Proue ought they ſaid, I guiltleſſe was condemned:
Such verdits paſſe where iuſtice is contemned.

This feate atchieud yet could they not for ſhame
Cauſe me be kild by any common way,
But like a wolfe the tyrant *Richard* came,
(My brother, nay my butcher I may ſay)
Vnto the Tower when all men were away,
Saue ſuch as were prouided for the feate:
Who in this wiſe did ſtrangely me entreate.

His

His purpoſe was with a prepared ſtring
To ſtrangle me: but I beſtird me ſo,
That by no force they could me therto bring,
Which cauſed him that purpoſe to forgo:
Howbeit they bound me whether I would or no,
And in a But of Malmeſey ſtanding by,
New chriſtned me becauſe I ſhould not cry.

Thus drownd I was, yet for no due deſert,
Except the zeale of Iuſtice be a crime:
Falſe prophecies bewitcht King *Edwards* hart,
My brother *Richard* to the Crowne would clime.
Note theſe three cauſes in thy rufull rime,
And boldly ſay they did procure my fall,
And death of deaths moſt ſtrange and hard of all.

And warne all Princes prophecies t'eſchue
That are too dark and doubtfull to be knowne:
What God hath ſaid, that cannot but enſue,
Though all the world would haue it ouerthrowne,
When men ſuppoſe by ſetches of their owne
To ſly their fate, they further on the ſame
Like quenching blaſts which oft reuiue the flame.

Will Princes therefore not to thinke by murder
They may auoid what prophecies behight,
But by their meanes their miſchiefes they may furder,
And cauſe Gods vengeance heauier to alight:
Woe worth the wretch that ſtriues with Gods foreſight.
They are not wiſe, but wickedly doe erre,
Which thinke ill deedes due deſtinies may barre.

For if we thinke that prophecies be true,
We muſt beleeue it cannot but betide,
Which God in them foreſheweth ſhall enſue:
For his decrees vnchanged doe abide.
Which to be true my brethren both haue tried,
Whoſe wicked workes warne Princes to deteſt,
That others harmes may keepe them better bleſt.

HOW KING EDWARD THE FOVRTH THROVGH HIS SVRFETING and vntemperate life, ſuddenly died in the middeſt of his proſperitie, *the ninth of Aprill, Anno* 1483.

Miſereminí mei ye that be my friends,
This world hath form'd me downe to fall:
How may I endure when that euery thing ends?
What creature is borne to be eternall?
Now there is no more but pray for me all,
Thus ſay I *Edward* that late was your King,
And twentie two yeares ruled this Imperiall,
Some vnto pleaſure and ſome to no liking:
Mercie I aske of my miſdoing,
What auaileth it friends to be my foe?
Sith I cannot reſiſt, nor amend your complaining,
Quia ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I ſleepe now in mould as it is naturall,
As earth vnto earth hath his reuerture:
What ordained God to be terreſtriall,
Without recourſe to the earth by nature?
Who to liue euer may himſelfe aſſure?
What is it to truſt to mutabilitie?
Sith that in this world nothing may endure.
(For now am I gone that was late in proſperitie)
To preſume thereupon it is but vanitie.
Not certaine, but as a cherie faire full of wo.
Raigned not I of late in great proſperitie?
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where

Where was in my life ſuch an one as I,
While Lady Fortune had with me continuance:
Granted not ſhe me to haue victorie.
In England to raigne and to contribute France?
She tooke me by the hand and led me a dance,
And with her ſugred lips on me ſhe ſmiled,
But what for diſſembled countenance,
I could not beware till I was beguiled.
Now from this world ſhe hath me exiled,
When I was lotheſt hence for to go,
And am in age (who ſaith) but a child,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I had enough, I held me not content,
Without remembrance that I ſhould die:
And moreouer to encroch readie was I bent,
I knew not how long I ſhould it occupie,
I made the Tower ſtrong I wiſt not why.
I knew not to whom I purchaſed Tarterſoll.
I mended Douer on the mountaine high,
And London I prouoked to fortifie the wall.
I made Notingham a place full royall.
Windſore, Eltam, and many other mo,
Yet at the laſt I went from them all,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where is now my conqueſt and victorie?
Where is my riches and royall array?
Where be my courſers and my horſes hie?
Where is my mirth, my ſolace, and my play?
As vanitie to nought all is withered away:
O Lady *Bes* long for me may you call,
For I am departed vntill domes day:
But loue you that Lord that is Soueraigne of all.
Where be my Caſtles and buildings royall?
But Windſore alone now haue I no moe,
And of Eton the prayers perpetuall,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Why

Why ſhould a man be proud or preſume high?
Saint *Bernard* thereof nobly doth treate,
Saying a man is but a ſacke of ſtercorie,
And ſhall returne vnto wormes meat:
Why, what became of *Alexander* the great?
Or elſe of ſtrong *Sampſon*, who can tell?
Were not wormes ordain'd their fleſh to freat?
And of *Salomon*, that was of wit the Well,
Abſolon preferred his haire for to ſell,
Yet for his beautie wormes eat him alſo,
And I but late in honors did excell,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I haue played my pageant, now am I paſt,
Ye wot well all I was of no great elde.
Thus all things concluded ſhall be at the laſt,
When death approcheth then loſt is the field:
Then ſeeing the world me no longer vpheld,
(For nought would conſerue me heere in this place;
In manus tuas Domine my ſpirit vp I yeeld,
Humblie beſeeching thee O God of thy grace.
O you courteous Commons your hearts embrace
Benignely now to remember me alſo,
For right well you know your King I was:
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

HOW SIR ANTHONY WODVILE Lord *Riuers* and *Scales*, gouernour of Prince EDWARD, was with his Nephew Lord *Richard Gray* and other *cauſeleſſe impriſoned, and cruelly murdered, Anno*, 1483.

AS ſilly ſuiters letted by delayes
To ſhew their Prince the meaning of their mind,
That long haue bought their brokers yeas and nayes:
And nere the nigher, do daily wait to find
The Princes grace, from waighty affaires vntwind:
Which time attain'd, by attending all the yeare,
The wearied Prince will then no ſuiters heare:

My

My caſe was ſuch not many daies ago.
For after bruite had blazed all abroad
That *Baldwine* through the aide of other mo,
Offame or ſhame fall'n Princes would vnload,
Out from our graues we got without abode,
And preaſed forward with the rufull rout,
That ſought to haue their doings boulted out.

But when I had long tended for my turne
To tell my tale, as diuers other did:
In hope I ſhould no longer while ſoiourne
But from my ſuits haue ſpeedily been rid,
When courſe and place both orderly had bid
Me ſhew my mind, and I prepar'd to ſay,
The hearers paus'd, aroſe, and went their way.

Theſe doubtfull doings draue me to my dumpes,
Vncertaine what ſhould moue them ſo to do:
I feared leſt affections lothly lumpes
Or inward grudge had driuen them thereto,
Whoſe wicked ſtings all ſtories truth vndo,
Oft cauſing good to be reported ill,
Or drown'd in ſuds of *Lethes* muddie ſwill.

For hitherto ſlie writers wilie wits
Which haue engroſſed Princes chiefe affaires,
Haue been like horſes ſnaffled with the bits
Of fancie, feare, or doubts full deepe deſpaires,
Whoſe raines enchained to the chiefeſt chaires,
Haue ſo been ſtrain'd of thoſe that bare the ſtroke
That truth was forſt to chow or elſe to choke.

This cauſed ſuch as lothed loud to lie,
To paſſe with ſilence ſundrie Princes liues.
Leſſe fault it is to leaue, then leade awrie,
And better droun'd, then euer bound in giues:
For fatall fraud this world ſo fondly driues,
That whatſoeuer writers braines may bruе
Be it neuer ſo falſe, at length is tane for true.

What

What harme may hap by helpe of lying pens,
How written lies may leaudly be maintain'd,
The lothly rites, the diuellish idoll dens,
With guiltlesse blood of vertuous men bestain'd,
Is such a proofe as all good hearts haue plain'd,
The taly grounds of stories throughly tries,
The death of Martyrs vengeance on it cries.

The freshest wits I know will soone be wearie,
In reading long what euer booke it bee,
Except it be vaine matter, strange, or merrie,
Well saust with lies, and glared all with glee,
VVith which becaus no graue truth may agree,
The closest stile for stories is the meetest,
In rufull meanes the shortest forme is sweetest:

And seeth the plaints alreadie by thee pen'd,
Are briefe enough, the number also small,
The tediousnesse I thinke doth none offend,
Saue such as haue no lust to learne at all:
Regard none such: no matter what they brall.
Warne thou the warie lest they hap to stumble:
As for the careless, care not what they mumble.

My life is such as (if thou note it well)
May cause the wittie wealthie to beware.
For their sakes therefore plainly will I tell,
How false and cumbrous worldly honors are,
How cankred foes bring careless folke to care,
How tyrants suffered and not quell'd in time,
Do cut their throats that suffer them to clime.

Nor will I hide the chiefest point of all,
VVhich wisest Rulers least of all regard,
That was and will be cause of many a fall.
This cannot be too earnestly declar'd,
Because it is so seeld, and slackly hard.
Th'abuse and scorning of Gods ordinances,
Is chiefest cause of care and wofull chances.

Gods

Gods holy orders highly are abuſed
When men do change their ends for ſtrange reſpects:
They ſcorned are, when they be cleane refuſed,
For that they cannot ſerue our fond affects:
The one our ſhame, the other our ſinne detects,
It is a ſhame for Chriſtians to abuſe them,
But deadly ſinne for ſcorners to refuſe them.

I meane not this alonely of degrees
Ordaind by God for peoples preſeruation,
But of his law, good orders, and decrees,
Prouided for his creatures conſeruation;
And ſpecially the ſtate of procreation,
Wherein we here the number of them encreaſe,
Which ſhall in Heauen enioy eternall peace.

The only end why God ordained this,
Was for th'encreaſing of that bleſſed number
For whom he hath prepard eternall bliſſe.
They that refuſe it for the care or cumber
Being apt thereto are in a ſinfull ſlumber:
No fond reſpect, no vaine deuiſed vowes
Can quit or bar what God in charge allowes.

It is not good for man to liue alone:
Said God: and therefore made he him a make:
Sole life ſaid *Chriſt* is granted few or none,
All ſeed-ſheders are bound like wiues to take:
Yet not for luſt, for lands, or riches ſake,
But to beget and foſter ſo their fruite
That Heauen and Earth be ſtored with the ſuite.

But as the ſtate is damnably refuſed
Of many apt and able thereunto,
So is it likewiſe wickedly abuſed
Of all that vſe it as they ſhould not doe:
Wherein are guilty all the greedy who
For gaine, for friendſhip, lands, or honours wed,
And theſe pollute the vndefiled bed.

And therfore God through iuſtice cannot ceaſe
To plague theſe faults with ſundry ſorts of whips:
As diſagreement, healths or wealths decreaſe,
Or lothing ſore the neuerliked lips.
Diſdiane alſo with rigout ſome times nips
Preſuming mates, vnequally that match:
Some bitter leauen ſowers the muſty batch.

We worldly folke account him very wiſe
That hath the wit moſt wealthily to wed:
By all meanes therefore alwaies we deuiſe
To ſee our yſſue rich in ſpouſals ſped.
We buy and ſell rich orphanes: babes ſcant bred
Muſt marry ere they know what mariage meanes,
Boyes marry old trots, old fooles wed yong queanes.

We call this wedding which in any wiſe
Can bee no mariage, but pollution plaine.
A new found trade of humane merchandiſe,
The diuels net, a filthy fleſhly gaine:
Of kinde and nature an vnnaturall ſtaine;
A foule abuſe of Gods moſt holy order,
And yet allow'd almoſt in euery border.

Would God I were the laſt that ſhall haue cauſe
Againſt this creeping canker to complaine,
That men would ſo regard their makers lawes,
That all would leaue the leaudneſſe of their braine,
That holy orders holy might remaine,
That our reſpects in wedding ſhould not choke
The end and fruite of Gods moſt holy yoke.

The Sage King *Solon* after that he ſaw
What miſchiefes follow miſſought mariages,
To barre all baits, eſtabliſhed this law:
No friend nor father ſhall giue heritages,
Coine, cattell, ſtuffe, or other carriages
With any maid for dowry or wedding ſale,
By any meane, on paine of banning bale.

Had

Had this good law in England been in force,
My ſire had not ſo cruelly been ſlaine,
My brother had not cauſeleſſe loſt his corps,
Our mariage had not bred vs ſuch diſdaine,
My ſelfe had lack'd great part of grieuous paine:
VVe wedded wiues for dignitie and lands,
And left our liues in enuies bloodie hands.

My father hight Sir *Richard Woduile*: he
Eſpouſed Bedford Ducheſſe, and by her
Had iſſue males my brother *Iohn*, and me
Call'd *Anthony*: King *Edward* did preſer
Vs far aboue the ſtate wherein we were:
He eſpous'd our ſiſter *Elizabeth*,
Whom Sir *Iohn Gray* made widow by his death.

How glad were we, thinke you, of this alliance?
So neerely coupled with ſo great a King.
VVho durſt with any of vs be at defiance
Thus made of might the mightieſt to wring?
But fie, what cares do higheſt honors bring?
VVhat careleſneſſe our ſelues or friends to know?
VVhat ſpite and enuie both of high and low?

Becauſe the King had made our ſiſter Queene,
It was his honor to prefer her kin:
And ſith the readieſt way (as wiſeſt weene)
VVas firſt by wedding wealthie heires to win,
It pleas'd the Prince by like meane to begin:
To me he gaue the rich Lord *Scales* his heire,
A vertuous maid, in my mind very faire.

He ioyned to my brother *Iohn*, the old
Duches of Northfolke noble of fame.
My nephew *Thomas* (who had in his hold
The honor and right of Marquiſe Dorſets name)
Eſpouſed *Cicelie* a right wealthie dame,
Lord *Bonuiles* heire: by whom he was poſſeſt
In all the rights wherethrough that houſe was bleſt.

The

The honours that my Sire attaind were diuers,
Firſt Chamberlaine, then Conſtable he was:
I doe omit the gainfulleſt, Earle *Riuers*.
Thus gliſtred we to glory cleere as glaſſe.
Suchmiracles can Princes bring to paſſe
Among their lieges whom they mind to heaue
To honours falſe, who all their gueſts deceiue.

Honours are like that cruell King of Thrace,
With new come gueſts that fed his hungry horſes:
Or like the tyrant *Buſiris*, whoſe grace
Offred his Gods all ſtrangers ſtrangled corſes.
To forrenners ſo hard falſe honors force is,
That all her bourders, ſtrangers either geaſts
She ſpoiles to feede her Gods and greedy beaſts.

Her Gods be thoſe whom God by law or lot,
Or kinde by birth doth place in higheſt roomes,
Her beaſts be ſuch as greedily haue got
Office or charge to guide the ſilly groomes.
Theſe officers in law or charge are broomes,
Which ſweep awhy the ſweet from ſimple wretches,
And ſpoile th'enriched by their crafty fetches.

Theſe plucke downe thoſe whom Princes ſet aloft,
By wreſting lawes, and falſe conſpiracies:
Yea Kings themſelues by theſe are ſpoiled oft,
When wilfull Princes careleſly deſpiſe
To heare th'oppreſſed peoples beauy cries,
Nor will correct their polling theeues, then God
Doth make thoſe reues the reeklesſ Princes rod.

The ſecond *Richard* is a proofe of this,
Whom crafty Lawyers by their lawes depoſed:
Another patern good King *Henry* is,
Whoſe right by them hath diuerſly beene gloſed,
Good while he grew, bad when he was vnroſed:
And as they fodred theſe and diuers other,
With like deceit they vſde the King my brother.

While

While he preuail'd they ſaid he owed the Crowne,
All lawes and rights agreed with the ſame:
But when by drifts hee ſeemed to be downe,
All lawes and right extremely did him blame,
Nought ſaue vſurping traytour was his name.
So conſtantly the Iudges conſtrue lawes,
That all agree ſtill with the ſtronger cauſe.

Theſe (as I ſaid) and other like in charge
Are honours horſes, whom ſhee feedes with geſts,
For all whom Princes frankly doe enlarge
With dignities, theſe barke at in their breſts,
Their ſpite, their might, their falſehood neuer reſts
Till they deuour them, ſparing neither bloud,
Ne lim, ne life, and all to get their good.

The Earle of *Warwicke* was a pranſing courſer,
The hauty heart of his could beare no mate:
Our wealth through him waxt many a time the worſer,
So cankardly he had our kin in hate.
He troubled oft the Kings vnſteady ſtate,
And that becauſe he would not be his ward
To wed and worke as he ſhould liſt award.

He ſpited vs becauſe we were preferd
By mariage to dignities ſo great,
But craftily his malice he deferd
Till traytorouſly he found meanes to entreate
Our brother of Clarence to aſſiſt his feate:
Whom when he had by mariage to him bound,
Then wrought he ſtraight our linage to confound.

Through ſlanderous brutes he brued many a broile
Throughout the Realme, againſt the King my brother,
And raiſed trayterous rebels thirſting ſpoile
To murder men: of whom among all other
Robin of Kiddeſdale many a ſoule did ſmother,
His raſcall rable at my father wroth
Tooke fire and ſonne, and quicke beheaded both.

This heynous act although the King deteſted,
Yet was he faine to pardon: for the rout
Of rebels all the Realme ſo ſore infeſted,
That euery way aſſaild, he ſtood in doubt:
And though he were of courage high and ſtout,
Yet he aſſaid by faire meanes to aſſwage
His enemies ire, reueld by rebels rage.

But *Warwicke* was not pacified thus,
His conſtant rancour cauſeles was extreme,
No meane could ſerue the quarell to diſcus,
Till he had driuen the King out of the Realme.
Nor would he then be waked from his dreame:
For when my brother was come and plac'd againe,
He ſtinted not till he was ſtoutly ſlaine.

Then grew the King and Realme to quiet reſt,
Our ſtocke and friends ſtill ſtying higher and higher:
The Queene with children fruitfully was bleſt:
I gouernd them, it was the Kings deſier.
This ſet their vncles furiouſly on fier,
That we the Queenes bloud were aſſignd to gouern
The Prince, not they, the Kings owne bloud and brethren.

This cauſde the Duke of Clarence ſo to chafe,
That with the King he braineleſſe fell at bate:
The Counſaile warily to keepe him ſafe
From raiſing tumults as he did of late,
Impriſoned him: where through his brothers hate
He was condemnd, and murdered in ſuch ſort
As he himſelfe hath truly made report.

Was none abhord theſe miſchiefs more then I,
Yet could I not be therewith diſcontented,
Conſidering that his rancour touchte mee ny:
Els would my conſcience neuer haue conſented
To wiſh him harme, could he haue beene contented.
But feare of hurt, for ſauegard of our ſtate
Doth cauſe more miſchiefe then deſert or hate.

Such

Such is the ſtate that many wiſh to beare,
That or we muſt with others bloud be ſtaind,
Or leade our liues continually in feare.
You mounting mindes behold here what is gaind
By coumbrous honour, painfully attaind:
A damned ſoule for murdring them that hate you,
Or doubtfull life, in danger leſt they mate you.

The cauſe (I thinke) why ſome of high degree
Do deadly hate all ſeekers to aſcend,
Is this: The clowne contented can not be
With any ſtate, till time he apprehend
The higheſt top: for therto climers tend:
Which ſeldome is attaind without the wracke
Of thoſe betweene that ſtay and beare him back.

To ſaue themſelues they therfore are compeld
To hate ſuch climers, and with wit and power
To compaſſe meanes where through they may be queld,
Ere they aſcend their honours to deuoure.
This cauſd the Duke of Clarence frowne and lowre
At me and other, whom the King promoted
To dignities: wherein he madly doted.

For ſeeing we were his deare allied frends,
Our furtherance ſhould rather haue made him glad
Then enmy-like to wiſh our wofull ends.
We were the neereſt kinſfolk that he had.
We ioyed with him, his ſorow made vs ſad:
But he eſteem'd ſo much his painted ſheath,
That he diſdaind the loue of all beneath.

But ſee how ſharply God reuengeth ſinne:
As he maligned me and many other
His faithfull friends, and kindeſt of his kin,
So *Richard* Duke of Gloceſter his owne brother,
Maligned him and beaſtly did him ſmother,
A diuelliſh deed, a moſt vnkindly part,
Yet iuſt reuenge for his vnnaturall hart.

Although this brother-queller, tyrant fell
Enuide our ſtate as much and more then he:
Yet did his cloaking flattery ſo excell
To all our friends ward, chiefly vnto mee,
That he appear'd our truſtie ſtay to bee:
For outwardly he wrought our ſtate to furder,
Where inwardly hee minded nought ſaue murder.

Thus in appearance who but I was bleſt?
The chiefeſt honours heaped on my head:
Belou'd of all, enioying quiet reſt.
The forward Prince by me alone was led,
A noble impe, to all good vertues bred:
The King my Liege without my counſaile knowne
Agreed nought: though wiſeſt were his owne.

But quiet bliſſe in no ſtate laſteth long
Aſſailed ſtill by miſchief many waies:
Whoſe ſpoyling battrie glowing hote and ſtrong,
No flowing wealth, no force nor wiſdome ſtaies,
Her ſmoakles powder beaten ſouldiers ſlaies.
By open force ſoule miſchiefe oft preuailes,
By ſecret ſleight, ſhe ſeeld her purpoſe failes.

The King was bent too much to fooliſh pleaſure,
In banqueting he had ſo great delight:
This made him grow in groſſeneſſe out of meaſure,
Which, as it kindleth carnall appetite,
So quencheth it the liuelines of ſprite.
Whereof enſue ſuch ſicknes and diſeaſes
As none can cure ſaue death that all diſpleaſes.

Through this fault furdered by his brothers fraud
(Now God forgiue me if I iudge amiſſe)
Or through that beaſt his ribald or his baud
That larded ſtill theſe ſinfull luſts of his,
He ſodainely forſooke all worldly bliſſe.
That loathed leach, that neuer welcome death,
Through *Spaſmons* humours ſtopped vp his breath.

That

That time lay I at Ludloe Wales his border,
For with the Prince the King had ſent me thither
To ſtay the robberies, ſpoile, and foule diſorder
Of diuers outlawes gathered there together:
Whoſe banding tended no man wiſt well whither,
VVhen theſe by wiſdome ſafely were ſuppreſſed,
Came wofull newes, our ſoueraigne was deceaſſed.

The griefe whereof when reaſon had aſſwaged,
Becauſe the Prince remained in my guide,
For his defence great ſtore of men I waged,
Doubting the ſtormes which at ſuch time betide.
But while I there thus warely did prouide,
Commandement came to ſend them home againe
And bring the King thẽce with his houſhold traine.

This charge ſent from the Counſell and the Queene
Though much againſt my minde I beaſt obayed:
The diuell himſelfe wrought all the drift I weene,
Becauſe he would haue innocents betraied:
For ere the King were halfe his way conuayed,
A ſort of traytors falſly him betrapt
I caught afore, and cloſe in priſon clapt.

The Duke of Gloceſter that incarnate deuill
Confedred with the Duke of Buckingham,
VVith eke Lord *Haſtings*, haſty both to euill
To meete the King in mourning habit came,
(A cruell VVolfe though clothed like a Lambe)
And at Northampton, where as then I baited,
They toke their Inne as they on me had waited.

The King that night at Stonyſtratford lay,
A towne too ſmall to harbour all his traine:
This was the cauſe why he was gone away
VVhile I with other did behind remaine.
But will you ſee how falſly friends can faine?
Not *Synon* ſly, whoſe fraud beſt fame rebukes,
VVas halfe ſo ſubtle as theſe double Dukes.

Firſt to mine Inne commeth in my brother falſe,
Embraceth me: well met good brother *Scales*,
And weepes withall: the other me enhalſe
With welcome coſin, now welcome out of Wales:
O happie day, for now all ſtormie gales
Of ſtrife and rancour vtterly are ſwaged,
And we our owne to liue or die vnwaged.

This proferd ſeruice ſauſt with ſalutations
Immoderate, might cauſe me to ſuſpect:
For commonly in all diſſimulations
Th'exceſſe of glauering doth the guile detect:
Reaſon refuſeth falſehood to direct:
The will therefore for feare of being ſpide
Exceedeth meane, becauſe it wanteth guide.

This is the cauſe why ſuch as faine to weepe
Do houle outright, or wailing crie ah, ah,
Tearing themſelues, and ſtraining ſighes moſt deepe:
Why ſuch diſſemblers as would ſeeme to laugh
Breath not tihhee, but bray out, hah hah hah:
Why beggers faining brauery are the proud'ſt,
Why cowards bragging boldneſſe, wrangle loud'ſt.

For commonly all that do counterfeat
In any thing, exceed the naturall meane,
And that for feare of failing in their feat.
But theſe conſpirers couched all ſo cleane
Through cloſe demeanour, that their wiles did weane
My heart from doubts, ſo many a falſe deuice
They forged freſh, to hide their enterpriſe.

They ſupt with me, propounding friendly talke
Of our affaires, ſtill giuing me the prayſe:
And euer among the cups to me ward walke:
I drinke to you good Cuz each tray tour ſayes.
Our banquet done, when they ſhould go their waies
They took their leaue, oft wiſhing me good night,
As heartily as any creature might.

A noble heart they ſay is Lion like,
It cannot couch, diſſemble, crouch, nor faine.
How villanous were theſe, and how vnlike?
Of noble ſtocke the moſt ignoble ſtaine.
Their woluiſh hearts, their trayterous foxly braine
Or proue them baſe, of raſcall race engendred,
Or from hault linage baſtard like degendred.

Such polling heads as praiſe for prudent policie
Falſe practiſes, I wiſh were pact on poles:
I meane the baſtard law-brood, which can mollifie
All kind of cauſes in their craftie noles.
Theſe vndermine all vertue, blind as Moles,
They bolſter wrong, they racke and ſtraine the right,
And prayſe for law both malice, fraud, and might.

Theſe quench the worthie flames of noble kind,
Prouoking beſt borne to the baſeſt vices:
Through crafts they make the boldeſt courage blind,
Diſliking highly valiant enterprices,
And prayſing vilely villanous deuices.
Theſe make the Bore a Hog, the Bull an Oxe,
The Swan a Gooſe, the Lion a Wolfe or Foxe.

The Lawyer *Cateſby* and his craftie feeres
A rout that nere did good in any reame,
Are they that had transform'd theſe noble peeres:
They turn'd their blood to melancholike fleumes,
Their courage hault to cowardlie extreame,
Their force and manhood into fraud and malice,
Their wit to wiles, ſtout *Hector* into *Paris*.

Theſe glauerers gone, my ſelfe to reſt I laid,
And doubting nothing ſoundly fell a ſleepe:
But ſuddenly my ſeruants ſore afraid
Awaked me: and drawing ſighes full deepe,
Alas (quoth one) my Lord we are betrai'd.
How ſo (quoth I) the Dukes are gone their waies,
Th'haue bar'd the gates, and borne away the kaies.

While he thus ſpake, there came into my mind
This fearefull dreame, whereout I waked was:
I ſaw a riuer ſtopt with ſtormes of winde,
Where through a Swan, a Bull, and Bore did paſſe,
Franching the fiſh and frie, with teeth of braſſe,
The riuer dri'd vp ſaue a little ſtreame,
Which at the laſt did water all the Reame.

Me thought this ſtreame did drowne the cruell Bore
In little ſpace, it grew ſo deepe and brode:
But he had kill'd the Bull and Swan before.
Beſides all this I ſaw an vglie Tode
Crale toward me, on which me thought I trode:
But what became of her, or what of mee
My ſudden waking would not let me ſee.

Theſe dreames conſidered with this ſudden newes,
So diuers from their doings ouer night,
Did cauſe me not a little for to muſe,
I bleſt me, roſe in all the haſt I might.
By this, *Aurora* ſpred abroad the light,
Which from the ends of *Phœbus* beames he tooke,
Who then the Bulles chiefe gallery forſooke.

When I had open'd the window to looke out,
There might I ſee the ſtreets each where beſet,
My Inne on each ſide compaſſed about
With armed watchmen, all eſcapes to let:
Thus had theſe *Neros* caught me in their net,
But to what end I could not throughly gheſſe,
Such was my plainnes, ſuch their doubleneſſe.

My conſcience was ſo cleare I could not doube
Their deadly drift, which leſſe apparant lay,
Becauſe they caus'd their men returne the rout
That rode toward Stonyſtratford as they ſay,
Becauſe the Dukes will firſt be there to day:
For this (thought I) they hinder me in ieſt,
For guiltleſſe minds do eaſely deeme the beſt.

By

By this the Dukes were come into mine Inne,
For they were lodged in another by.
I got me to them, thinking it a sinne
Within my chamber coldly so lye.
And merrily I ask'd my brother why
He vs'd me so? he sterne in euill sadnes
Cried out: I arrest thee traytour for thy badnes.

How so (quoth I) whence riseth your suspicion?
Thou art a traytour (quoth he) I thee arrest.
Arrest (quoth I) why where is your commission?
He drew his weapon, so did all the rest,
Crying: yeeld thee traytour. I so sore distrest
Made no resistance: but was sent to ward,
None saue their seruants signed to my gard.

This done they sped him to the King in post,
And after humble reuerence to him done,
They trayterously began to rule the roste
They pickt a quarell to my sisters son
Lord *Richard Gray*: the King would not be won
To agree to them, yet they against all reason
Arrested him, thay said for haynous treason.

Sir *Thomas Vaughan* and Sir *Richard Haute*
Two worthie Knights were likewise apprehended,
These all were guiltie in one kind of fault,
They would not like the practise they pretended:
And seeing the King was here with sore offended,
Backe to Northampton they brought him againe,
And thence discharged most part of his traine.

There loe Duke *Richard* made himselfe Protector
Of King and Realme, by open proclamation,
Though neither King nor Queene were his electors,
Thus he presum'd by lawlesse vsurpation.
But will you see his deepe dissimulation?
He sent me a dish of dainties from his bord
That day, and with it, this false friendly word

Commend

Commend me to him, all things shall be well,
I am his friend, bid him be of good cheere:
These newes I prayed the messenger to tell
My Nephew *Richard*, whom I lou'd full deere.
But what he ment by well, now shall you heere:
He thought it well to haue vs quickly murdred,
Which not long after thorowly he furdred.

For straight from thence we closely were conueied
From iayle to iayle Northward, we wist not whither:
Where, after a while we had in sunder staied,
At last we met at Pomfret all together.
Sir *Richard Ratcliffe* bade vs welcome thither,
Who openly, all law and right contemned,
Beheaded vs before, we were condemned.

My cosin *Richard* could not be diuine
To leaue his life, because he wist not why,
Good gentleman that neuer had meant
Therefore he asked wherefore he should die
The Priest his ghostly father did replie
With weeping eyes: I know no iust cause,
The Realme hath no other right but Lords not lawes.

Sir *Thomas Vaughan* chusing cried still
This tyrant *Gloucester* is the graceless G,
That will his brothers children beastly kill,
And, left the people through his talke might see
The misciefes toward, and thereto not agree,
Our tormenting thus faithfull pertured Knights
Bad stop our mouthes, with words of high despights.

Thus di'd we guiltlesse, processe heard we none,
No cause alleag'd, no Iudges, nor yet accuser,
No Quest empanel'd passed vs vpon,
That murdrer *Ratcliffe*, law and right refusing,
Did all to flatter *Richard* his abuser.
Vnhappie both that euer they were borne,
Through guiltlesse blood that haue their soules forlorne.

In

In part I grant I well deserued this,
Because I caus'd not speedie execution
Be done on *Richard* for that murder of his,
When first he wrought King *Henries* close confusion,
Not for his brothers hatefull persecution;
These cruell murders painfull death deserued,
Which had he suffred, many had been preserued.

Warne therefore all that charge or office beare,
To see all murdrers speedily executed;
And spare them not for fauour or for feare;
By guiltlesse blood the earth remaines polluted,
For lacke of Iustice kingdomes are transmuted,
They that saue murdrers from deserued paine,
Shall through those murdrers miserably be slaine.

HOW THE LORD HASTINGS WAS BETRAYED BY TRVSTING TOO MVCH to his euill Counseller *Catesby*, and villanously murdered in the Tower of London, by *Richard* Duke of *Glocester*, the 13. of *Iune*, *Anno* 1483.

I Am that *Hastings* whose too hastie death,
They blame that know wherefore I lost my breath;
With others fearing lest my headlesse name
Be wrong'd, by partiall brute of flattering Fame.
Hearing O *Baldwine* that thou mean'st to peu,
The liues and falles of English Noblemen,
My selfe heere present; do present to thee
My life, my fall, and forced destinie,
Ne feare to staine thy credit by my tale:
In *Lethes* floud, long since, in *Stigian* vale,
Selfe leue I drown'd. What time hath sin'd for true,
And ceaseth not, (though stale) still to renue:
Recount I will: whereof take this for proofe,
That blase I will my praise, and my reproofe.
We naked ghosts are but the very man
Nor of our selues more then we ought, we scan.

And

The Heauens high, and Earthly vile belowe,
Yet ring his Fame, whose deedes so great did grow.
Edward the fourth ye know vnnam'd I meane,
Whose noble nature so to me did leane,
That I his staffe was, I his onely ioy,
And euen what *Pandare* was to him of Troy:
VVhich mou'd him first, to make me Chamberlaine,
To serue his sweets, to my most sower paine.

VVherein, to iustly prais'd for secretnesse
(For now my guilt with shriking I confesse)
To him too true too vntrue to the Queene,
Such hate I wan, as lasted long betweene
Our families: Shores wife was my Nice cheat,
The holy whore, and eke the wily peat.
I fed his lust with louely peeces so,
That Gods sharp wrath I purchast, my lust wo.

See here the difference of a noble minde.
Some vertue raiseth, some by vice haue climde,
The first, though onely of themselues begon,
Yet circlewise into themselues do ron.
VVithin themselues their force vnited so,
Both endlesse is, and stronger gainst their foe.
For, when end'th it that neuer hath begon?
Or how may that, that hath no end, b'vndone?

Th'other as by wicked meanes they grue,
And raigned by flatterie, so soone they rue.
First tumbling step fro honours old, is vice.
VVhich once stept downe, some linger, none arise
To former type: But they catch vertues spray,
VVhich raiseth them that climbe by lawfull way.
Beware to rise by seruing princely lust.
Surely to stand, one meane is rising iust.

[illegible] learne by me, whom let it helpe t'excuse,
[illegible]full now my selfe I do accuse,
[illegible]my Prince I euer pleas'd with such,

As

As harmed none, and him contented much.
In vice some fauour, or leſſe hate let win,
That I ne wried to worſer end my ſin.
But vſde my fauour to the helpe of ſuch,
As death in later warre to liue did grutch.

For as on durt (though durtie) ſhin'th the Sunne:
So, euen amidſt my vice, my vertue ſhoane.
My ſelfe I ſpared with his cheate to ſtaine,
For loue or reuerence ſo I could refraine.
Giſippus wife erſt *Titus* would deſire
With friendſhips breach: I quencht that brutiſh fire.
Manly it is, to loth the pleaſing luſt.
Small vant to flie, that of conſtraint thou muſt.

Theſe faults except, if ſo my life thou ſcan,
Lo! none I hurt but furdred euery man.
My Chamber England was, my ſtaffe the law:
Whereby ſaunce rigour, all I held in awe.
So kind to all, and ſo belou'd of all,
As, (what enſued vpon my bloodie fall
Though I ne felt) yet ſurely this I thinke,
Full many a trickling teare their mouthes did drinke.

Diſdaine not Princes eaſie acceſſe, meeke cheare,
We know then Angels ſtatelier port ye beare
Of God himſelfe: too maſſie a charge for ſprits.
But then, my Lords, conſider, he delights
To vaile his grace to vs poore earthly wants,
To ſimpleſt ſhrubs, and to the dunghill plants.
Expreſſe him then, in might, and mercies meane:
So ſhall ye win, as now ye ruſe the Reame.

But all too long I feare I do delay
The many meanes, whereby I did bewray
My zealous will, to earne my Princes grace.
Leſt thou defer, to thinke me kind percaſe.
As nought may laſt, ſo Fortunes changing cheare
With pouting lookes gan lower on my ſire,

And

And on her wheele, aduanſt high in his rome
The Warwick Earle, admir'd through Chriſtendome.

Beſides the tempting proweſſe of the foe.
My Princes brother did him then forgoe.
The cauſe was lik'd, I was his link'd allie.
Yet nor the cauſe, nor brothers treacherie,
Nor enmies force, nor band of mingled blood:
Made *Haſtings* beare any other mind then good.
But tane, and ſcap'd from *Warwickes* griping pawes,
With me he fled through Fortunes froward flawes.

To London come, at large we might haue ſeemed,
Had not we then the Realme a priſon deemed.
Each buſh, a bar, each ſpray, a banner ſplayed,
Each houſe, a fort, our paſſage to haue ſtayed.
To Lin we leape, where while w'await the tide,
My ſecret friends in ſecret I ſuppli'd,
In mouth to further *Henrie* ſixt their King,
And vſe my beſt meanes *Edward* in to bring.

The reſtleſſe tide, to bar the emptie bay,
With waltring waues roames wambling forth. Away
The merrie Mariner hales. The bragging boy,
To maſts high top vp hies. In ſigne of ioy
The wauering flag is vanſt. The ſurging ſeas
Their ſwelling ceaſe: to calmeſt euen peace
Sinkes downe their pride. With drunkenneſſe 'gainſt all care
The Seamen arm'd, await their noble fare.

On bord we come. The maſſie anchors wai'd,
One Engliſh ſhip, two hulks of Holland, aid
In ſuch a pinch. So ſmall though was the traine,
Such his conſtraint, that now, that one with paine
Command he might, who late might many moe:
Then ghaſtly Greekes erſt brought to Tenedo.
So nought is ours that we by hap may loſe,
What neareſt ſeemes, is fartheſt off in woes.

As

As banished wights, such ioyes we might haue made.
Eas'd of aye threatning death that late we drade.
But once our countries sight (not care) exempt,
No harbour shewing, that might out feare relent,
No couert caue, no shrub to shroud our liues.
No hollow wood, no flight that oft depriues
The mightie his prey, no sanctuarie left
For exil'd Prince, that shrouds each slaue for theft:
In prison pent whose woodie walles to passe
Of no lesse perill then the dying was:
With th'Ocean moated battred with the waues,
(As chain'd at oares the wretched galley slaues,
At mercie sit of sea and enmies shot,
And shun with death that they with flight may not)
But greenish waues, and heauie lowring skies
All comfort else forclosed our exiled eies:

Lo lo from highest top the slauish boy
Sent vp, with sight of land our hearts to ioy:
Descries at hand a fleete of Easterlings
As then hot enmies of the British Kings.
The Mouse may sometime helpe the Lion in need,
The bittle Bee once spilt the Aegles breed.
O Princes seeke no foes. In your distresse,
The earth, the seas, conspire your heauinesse.

Our foe descried by flight we shun in hast
And laid with canuas now the bending mast,
The ship was rackt to trie her sailing then,
As Squirels climbe the troupes of trustie men.
The steersman seekes a readier course to run,
The souldier stirs, the Gunner hies to gun.
The Flemmings sweate, the English ship disdaines
To wait behind to beare the Flemmings traines.

Forth flieth the Barke, as from the violent Goone
The pellet breakes all staies, and stops effsoone.
And swift she swindg'th, as oft in Sunnie day,

The Dolphin fleetes in ſeas, in merrie May.
As we for liues, ſo th'eaſterlings for gaine,
Thwack on the ſailes, and after make amaine.
Though heauie they were, and of burthen great:
A King to maſter yet, what Swine nold ſweat?

So mid the vale the Greyhound ſeeing ſtart
The fearefull Hare, purſueth before ſhe ſtert,
And where ſhe turn'th he turn'th her, there to beare.
The one prey pricketh, th'other ſafeties feare.
So were we chas'd, ſo fled we 'fore our foes.
Bet flight then fight in ſo vneuen cloſe.
I end. Some thinke perhaps, too long he ſtaieth
In perill preſent ſhewing his fixed faith.

This ventred I, this dread I did ſuſtaine,
To trie my truth, my life I did diſdaine.
But, loe! like triall 'gainſt his ciuill foe,
Faiths worſt is triall, which reſerues to woe.
I paſſe our ſcape, and ſharpe returning home,
Where we were welcom'd by our wonted ſone.
To battell maine deſcends the Empires right,
At Barnet ioyne the hoſts in bloodie fight.

There ioyn'd three battels ranged in ſuch array,
As might for terror, *Alexander* fray.
What ſhould I ſtay to tell the long diſcourſe?
Who wan the Palme? who bare away the worſe?
Sufficeth ſay by my reſerued hand,
Our enemies fled, we had the vpper hand.
My iron armie held her ſteadie place,
My Prince to ſhield, his feared foe to chaſe.

The like ſucceſſe befell in Tewkesbury field.
My furious force, their force perforc'd to yeeld
My Princes foe: and render to my King
Her only ſonne, leſt he more bate might bring.
Thus haſt a mirrour of a Subiects mind,
Such as perhaps is rare againe to find.

The

The caruing cuts, that cleaue the truſty ſteele,
My faith, and due allegeance, could not feele.

But out alas, what praiſe may I recount,
That is not ſtain'd with ſpot, that doth ſurmount
My greateſt vaunt? bloudy for VVarre, to ſeete
A Tiger was I, all for peace vnmeete,
A ſouldiers hands muſt oft be died with goare,
Leſt ſtarke with reſt, they ſinewd waxe and hoare.
Peace could I win by VVarre, but peace not vſe.
Few daies liue he, who VVarlike peace doth chuſe.

VVhen Crofts a Knight preſented Henries Heire
To this our Prince, in furious moode enquere
Of him he gan, what folly or phrenſy vaine,
With Armes forſt him t'inuade his Realme againe?
Whom anſwering, that he claim'd his fathers right:
With Gauntlet ſmit, commanded from his ſight,
Glocester, *Clarence*, I and *Dorſet* ſlewe:
The guilt whereof we ſhordy all did rue.

Clarence, as *Cyrus*, drown'd in bloud like Wine,
Dorſet I furthered to his ſpeedy pine.
Of me, my ſelfe am ſpeaking preſident,
Nor eaſier fate the briſtled Boare is lent.
Our blouds haue paid the vengeance of our guilt,
His bones, ſhall broile for bloud which he hath ſpilt.
O deadly murther, that attaineth our fame,
O wicked Traytours awaiting worthy name.

Who as miſchieuouſly of men deſerue,
As they merit well, who doe mens liues preſerue.
If thoſe therefore were reckon heauenly wights,
Theſe may we well deeme Feendes, and damned Sprits,
And while on earth they walke, diſguiſed deuils,
Sworne foes of vertue, factours for all euils.
Whoſe bloudy hands torment their goared harts,
Through bloudſheds horrour, in ſound ſleepe he ſtarts.

O happy world were the Lions men,
All Lions ſhould at leaſt be ſpared then.
No ſuerty now, no laſting league is bloud.
A meacocke is he, who dreadth to ſee bloud ſhed.
Old is the Practiſe of ſuch bloudy ſtriſe,
While ij. weare Armies, ij. the Iſſues of firſt Wife,
With armed hart and hand, the one bloudy brother,
With cruell chaſe purſueth, and murdreth th'other.

Which who abhorreth not? yet who ceaſeth to ſue?
The bloudy Caines their bloudy ſire renue.
The horror yet is like in common fraies.
For in ech murther, brother brother ſlaies.
Traytours to nature, countrey kin and kinde.
Whom no band ſerueth in brothers loue to bind.
O ſimple age, when ſlaunder ſlaughter was,
The tongues ſmal euil, how doth this miſchief paſſe?

Hopeſt thou to cloake thy couert miſchiefe wrought?
Thy conſcience, Caitif, ſhal proclaime thy thought,
A viſion, Chaucer ſheweth diſcloaſd thy crime.
The Foxe deſcrie the crowes and chattring pien,
And ſhal thy fellow felons, not bewray
The guilteleſſe death, whom guiltie hands do ſlay?
Vnpuniſhed ſcaped for hainous crime ſome one,
But vnaduenged, in minde or body none.

Vengeance on minde, the freating furies take,
The ſinful corps, like earthquake agues ſhake,
Their frowning lookes, their troubled minds bewray,
In haſt they runne, and mids their race they ſtaie,
As gidded Roe. Amids their ſpeech they whiſt,
At meate they muſe. No where they may perſiſt
But ſome feare netleth them. Ay hang they ſo
So neuer wanteth the wicked murtherer woe.

An infant rent with Lions ramping pawes?
Why ſlaunder I Lions? They feare the ſacred lawes
Of royall bloud. Ay me more beaſts then beaſt.

With infants sides, (Lycaons pie) to feast.
O tyrant Tigers, O insaciate woolues,
O English courtesie, monstrous mowes and gulfes.
Onely because our Prince displeas'd we saw
With him, we slue him straight before all law.

Before our Prince commanded once his death,
Our bloudie swords on him we did vnsheath,
Preuenting law, and euen our Princes heft,
We hid our weapons in the younglings breft.
VVhom not desire of raigne did driue to field,
But mothers pride, who longd the Realme to wield.
But straight my death shall shew my worthie meed,
If first to one other murther I proceed.

VVhile *Edward* liued, dissembled discord lurked
In double hearts, yet so his reuerence worked.
But when succeeding tender feeble age,
Gaue open gap to tyrants rushing rage:
I holpe the Boare, and Bucke, to captiuate
Lord *Riuers*, *Grey*, sir Thomas *Vaughan* and *Hawte*.
If land would helpe the sea, well earnd that ground
It selfe, to be with conquering waues surround.

Their speedie death by priuie dome procured,
At Pomfret: tho my life short while endured.
My selfe I slue, when them I damned to death,
At once my throate I riued, and reft them breath.
For that selfe day, before or neere the hower
That withred *Atropos* nipt the springing flower
VVith violent hand, of their forth running life:
My head and body, in Tower twinde like knife.

By this my paterne all ye peeres beware.
Oft hangeth he himselfe who others weeneth to snare:
Spare to be each others butcher. Feare the Kite,
VVho soareth aloft, (while frog and mouse do fight
In ciuil combat, grappling void of feare
Of forreine foe) stronge al both to beare.

Which plainer by my pitied plaints to see,
A while anew your listning lend to me.

Too true it is two sundrie assemblies kept,
At Crosbies place, and Baynards Castle set:
The Dukes at Crosbies, but at Baynards we.
The one to crowne a king, the other to be.
Suspicious is secession of foule frends,
When eithers drift to th'others mischief tends,
I fear'd the end, my *Catesbies* being there
Discharg'd all doubts. Him held I most entire.

Whose great preferment by my meanes, I thought
Some spurre, to pay the thankfulnesse hee ought.
The trust he ought me, made me trust him so,
That priuie he was both to my weale and wo.
My hearts one halfe, my cheft of confidence,
Mine only trust, my ioy dwelt in his presence.
I lou'd him *Baldwine*, as the apple of mine eye:
I loath'd my life when *Catesby* would me die.

Flie from thy chanel Thames, forsake thy streames,
Leaue the Adamant Iron: *Phœbus* lay thy beames:
Cease heauenly Spheares at last your weary warke,
Betray your charge, returne to *Chaos* darke.
At least, some ruthlesse Tiger hang her whelp,
My *Catesby* so with some excuse to help.
And me to comfort, that I alone, ne seeme
Of all dame natures workes left in extreeme.

A Golden treasure is the tried frend,
But who may Gold from Counterfaits defend?
Trust not too soone, nor yet too soone mistrust:
With th'one thy selfe, with th'other thy friend thou hurt'st.
VVho twin'th betwixt, and steareth the golden meane,
Nor rashly loueth, nor mistrusteth in vaine.
In friendship soueraigne it is as Mithridate,
Thy friend to loue as one, whom thou maist hate.

Of tickle credit ne had bin the miſchiefe,
What needed *Virbius* miracle doubled life?
Credulity ſurnamed firſt the *Ægean* Seas.
Miſtruſt, doth reaſon in the truſtieſt raiſe.
Suſpicious *Romulus*, ſtain'd his Walls firſt reard
With brothers bloud, whom for light leape he feard.
So not in brotherhood ielouſie may be borne,
The ielous Cuckold weares the Infamous Horne.

A beaſt may preach by triall, not foreſight.
Could I haue ſhund light credit, nere had light
The dreaded death, vpon my guilty head.
But Fooles aye wont to learne by after read.
Had *Catesby* kept vnſtaind the truth he plight,
Yet had yet enioied me, and I yet the light:
All *Derbies* doubts I cleared with his name.
I knew, no harme could hap me without his blame.

But ſee the fruites of tickle light beleefe.
The ambitious Dukes corrupt the Traitor theefe,
To grope mee, if allured I would aſſent,
To bin a Partner of their curſed intent.
Whereto, when as by no meanes friendſhip vail'd,
By Tyrant force behold they me aſſail'd,
And ſummond ſhortly a Counſell in the Tower,
Of Iune the fifteenth, at appointed hower.

Alas, are Counſels wried to catch the good?
No place is now exempt from ſheading bloud,
Sith counſels, that were carefull to preſerue
The guilteleſſe good, are meanes to make them ſtarue,
VVhat may not miſchiefe of Mad man abuſe?
Religious cloake ſome one to vice doth chuſe,
And maketh God Protectour of his crime.
O monſtrous world, well ought we wiſh thy fine.

The fatall skies, roll on the blackeſt day,
VVhen doubled bloud ſhed, my bloud muſt repay.
Others none forceth. To me ſir *Thomas Haward*

As ſpurre is buckled, to prouoke me forward.
Derbie who feared the parted ſittings yore,
Whether, much more he knew by experience hoare,
Or better minded, clearelier truth could ſee:
At midnight darke this meſſage ſends to mee.

Haſtings away, in ſleepe the gods foreſhow
By dreadfull dreame, fell fates vnto vs two.
Me thought a Bore with tuske ſo raced our throate,
That both our ſhoulders of the blood did ſmoake.
Ariſe to horſe, ſtraight homeward let vs hie:
And ſeeth our foe we cannot match, O flie.
Of Chanteclere you learne dreames ſooth to know,
Thence wiſemen conſtrue, more then the cock doth crow.

While thus he ſpake, I held within mine arme
Shores wife, the tender piece, to keepe me warme.
Fie on adulterie, fie on leacherous luſt.
Marke in me ye Nobles all, Gods iudgements iuſt.
A Pander, Murderer, and Adulterer thus,
Only ſuch death I die, as I ne bluſh.
Now leſt my dame might thinke appall'd my hart
With eager moad vp in my bed I ſtart.

And, is thy Lord (quoth I) a Sorcerer?
A wiſeman now become? a dreame reader?
What though ſo *Chanteclere* crowed? I reck it not?
On my part pleadeth as well dame *Partelot*.
Vniudg'd hang'th yet the caſe betwixt them tway.
Nay was his dreame cauſe of his hap I ſay.
Shall dreaming doubts from Prince my ſeruing ſlack?
Nay, then might *Haſtings* life and liuing lacke.

He parteth. I ſleepe, my mind ſurcharg'd with ſinne,
As *Phœbus* beames by miſtie cloud kept in,
Ne could miſgiue, ne dreame of my miſhap:
As blocke, I tumbled to mine enemies trap.
Securitie cauſeleſſe through my fained frend,
Reft me foreſight of my approching end.

So

So *Cateſby* clawed me, as when the Cat doth play,
Dallying with Mouſe whom ſtraight ſhe meanes to ſlay.

The morow come, the lateſt light to me,
On Palfray mounted, to the Tower I hie,
Accompanied with that *Haward* my mortall foe,
To ſlaughter led, thou God didſt ſuffer ſo.
(O deepe diſſemblers, honoring with your cheare,
Whom in hid heart you trayterouſly teare)
Neuer had Realme ſo open ſignes of wrack,
As I had ſhewed me of my heauie hap.

The viſion firſt of *Stanley* late deſcried:
Then mirth ſo extreame, that neare for ioy I died.
Were it, that Swanlike I foreſong my death,
Or merrie mind foreſaw the loſſe of breath
That long it coueted, from this earths annoy,
But euen as ſiker as th'end of woe is ioy,
And glorious light to obſcure night doth tend:
So extreame mirth, in extreame mone doth end.

For why, extreames are haps rackt out of courſe,
By violent might far ſwinged forth perforce.
Which as they are piercing'ſt while they violent'ſt moue,
For that they are neare to cauſe that doth them ſhoue:
So ſooneſt fall from that their higheſt extreame,
To th'other contrarie that doth want of meane.
So laughed he erſt, who laughed out his breath:
So laughed I, when I laugh'd my ſelfe to death.

The pleaſing'ſt meanes bode not the luckieſt ends.
Not aye, found treaſure to like pleaſure tends.
Mirth meanes not mirth all time, thrice happie hire
Of wit, to ſhun the exceſſe that all deſire.
But this I paſſe. I hie to other like.
My palfrey in the plaineſt paued ſtreete,
Thrice bowed his bones, thrice kneeled on the flower
Thrice ſhun'd (as *Balams* aſſe) the dreaded Tower.

What? should I thinke he had sense of after haps?
As beasts foreshow the drought or rainie drops,
As humours in them want or else abound,
By influence from the heauens, or change of ground?
Or do we interpret by successe each signe?
And as we fancie of each hap diuine?
And make that cause, that kin is to th'effect?
Not hauing ought of consequence respect?

Bucephalus kneeling only to his Lord,
Shewed only he was Monarch of the world.
Why may not then the steed foreshew by fall,
What casuall hap the sitter happen shall?
Darius horse by braying brought a Realme,
And what letteth, why he ne is (as the asse) Gods meane
By speaking signe, to shew his hap to come,
Who is deafe hearer of his speaking dome?

But forward yet. In Tower-street I stai'd,
Where (could I haue seene) loe *Haward* all bewrai'd:
For as I commond with a Priest I met:
Away my Lord, quoth he, your time is ne yet
To take a Priest. Lo, Sinon might be seene,
Had not the Troians hares soolish forthright eyen,
But since the time was come that I should die,
Some grace it was to die with wimpled eye.

Nay was this all. For euen at Tower-wharfe,
Neere to those walles within the which I starfe,
Where erst, in sorow sousd, and deepe distresse,
I empaled all my pining pensiueneese
With *Hastings*: (so my Pursеuant men call)
Euen there, the same to meete it did me fall,
Who gan to me most dolefully renue,
The wofull conference had erst in that lieu.

Hastings (quoth I) according now they fare,
At Pomfret this day dying, who caus'd that care.
My selfe haue all the world at my will,

With

With pleaſures cloyed, engorged with the fill.
God grant it ſo, quoth herwhy doubteſt thou tho
Quoth I? and all in chafe, to him gan ſhew
In ample wiſe, our drift with tedious tale:
And entred ſo the Tower to my bale.

What ſhould we thinke of ſignes? They are but haps,
How may they then, be ſignes of afterclaps?
Doth euery chance foreſhew or cauſe ſome other?
Or ending at it ſelfe, extend th no further?
As th'ouerflowing floud ſome mount doth choake,
But to his aide ſome other floud it yoake:
So, if with ſignes thy ſinnes once ioyne, beware.
Elſe whereto chances tend, do neuer care.

Had not my ſinne deſerued my death as wreake,
What might my mirth haue hurt? or horſes becke?
Or *Hawards* bitter ſcoffe? or *Haſtings* talke?
What meane then foole Aſtrologers to talke?
That twinckling ſtarres fling downe the fixed fate?
And all is guided by the ſtarrie ſtate?
Perdy a certaine charge aſſign'd they haue
To ſhine, and times diuide, not fate to graue.

But grant they ſomewhat giue it at one inſtant
Of euery babe the birth in heauen ſo ſcand,
That they that reſtleſſe roll, and neuer ſtay,
Should in his life beare yet ſo violent ſway:
That, not his actions only next to birth,
But all his life and death he ſwayed therewith?
How may one motion make ſo ſundrie affects?
Or one impreſſion tend to ſuch reſpects?

Some rule there is yet. Elſe, why were defer'd
Till now, theſe plagues, ſo long ere now deſerv'd?
Iffor they are trifles, they ne ſeeme of care:
But toyes with God the ſtately ſcepters are.
Yet in them too plaine doth appeare foreſet,
The certaine rule and fatall limits ſet.

Yea

Yet thinke we not, this ſure foreſetting fate,
But Gods faſt prouidence for each princely ſtate.

And hath he erſt reſtrain'd his prouidence?
Or is he nigard of his free diſpence?
Or is he vncertaine foreſet drifts to driue?
That not dame Chance but he all goods may giue?
A heathen god they hold whom Fortune keepe,
To deale them haps while god they weene aſleepe:
Mocke-gods they are and many gods induce,
Who fortune faine to father their abuſe.

How ſo it be, it might haue warned me,
But, what I could not, that in me ſee ye,
Who run in race, the honor like to win,
Whoſe faireſt forme nought may deforme but ſin,
Alas, when moſt I did deſie all dread,
By ſingle haire deaths ſword hung ouer my head,
For hearke the end and liſten now my fall:
This is the laſt, and this the fruit of all.

To Counſell chamber come, a while we ſtaid
For him without whom nought was done or ſaid:
At laſt he came, and courteouſly excuſed,
That he ſo long our patience had abuſed.
And pleaſantly began to paint his cheere,
And ſaid: My Lord of Elie, would we had heere
Some of the ſtrawberries, whereof you haue ſtore:
The laſt delighted me ſo as nothing more.

Would, what ſo you wiſh, I might as well command,
My Lord (quoth he) as thoſe. And out of hand
His ſeruant ſendeth to Ely place for them.
Out goeth from vs the reſtleſſe diuell againe:
Belike (I thinke) ſcarce yet perſwaded full,
To worke the miſchiefe that did mad his ſcull.
At laſt determin'd, of his bloodie thought
And force ordain'd, to worke the wile he ſought;

Frowning

Frowning he enters, with ſo changed cheare,
As for milde May had chopped ſoule Ianuere:
And lowring on me with the goggle eye,
The whetted tuske, and fur'wed forehead hie,
His crooked ſhoulder briſtlelike ſet vp,
With frothie iawes, whoſe fome he chaw'd and ſup'd,
With angrie lookes that flamed as the fire:
Thus gan at laſt to grunt the grimmeſt ſire.

What merit they, whom me, the kingdomes ſtay,
Contriued haue counſell trayterouſly to ſlay?
Abaſhed all ſate. I thought I might be bold,
For conſcience cleareneſſe and acquaintance old,
Their hire is plaine, quoth I. Be death the leaſt
To whoſo ſeeketh your grace ſo to moleſt.
Withouten ſtay: the Queene and the whore *Shores* wife,
By witchcraft (quoth he) ſeeke to waſte my life.

Lo heere the withered and bewitched arme,
That thus is ſpent by thoſe two Sorcereſſe charme:
And bared his arme and ſhewed his ſwimiſh skin.
Such cloakes they vſe, that ſeeke to cloud their ſin.
But out alas, it ſerueth not for the raine,
To all the houſe the colour was too plaine:
Nature had giuen him many a maimed marke
And it amongſt to note her monſtruous warke.

My doubtfull heart diſtracted this replie.
For th'one I cared not. Th'other nipt ſo nie
That whiſt I could not: but forthwith brake forth.
If ſo it be, of death they are doubtleſſe worth.
If, traytour quoth he? plai'ſt thou with ifs and ands?
Ile on thy bodie auow it with theſe hands.
And therewithall he mightly bounced the bord.
In ruſh'd his bil-men, one himſelfe beſtird,

Laying at Lord *Stanley*, whoſe braine he had ſurely cleft,
Had he not downe beneath the table crept.
But *Ely*, *Yorke*, and I were taken ſtraight,

Impriſoned

Imprisoned they: I should no longer wait,
But charged was to shriue me, and shift with haſt.
My Lord muſt dine, and now midday was paſt.
The Bores firſt diſh, not the bores head ſhould be,
But *Haſtings* head the boriſh beaſt would ſee.

VVhy ſtay I his dinner? vnto the chappel ioineth
A greeniſh hil, that body and ſoule oft twineth.
There on a blocke my head was ſtricken off,
As *Baptiſts* head, for *Herod* bloudy gnoſſe.
Thus liu'd I *Baldwine*, thus dide I, thus I fel,
This is the ſumme, which al at large to tel
VVould volumes fil: whence yet theſe leſſons note
Ye noble Lords, to learne and ken by rote.

By filthie riſing feare your names to ſtaine;
If not for vertues loue, for dread of paine.
VVhom ſo the mindes vnquiet ſtate vpheaues,
Be it for loue or feare: when fancie reaues
Reaſon her right, by mocking of the wit,
If once the cauſe of this affection flit,
Reaſon preuailing on the vnbridled thought:
Downe falth he who by fancie climbe aloft.

So hath the riſer foule no ſtale from fall,
No not of thoſe that raiſd him firſt of all.
His ſuretie ſtands in mainteining the cauſe
That beau'd him firſt, which reſt by reaſons lawes,
Not onely falth he to his former ſtate,
But liueth for euer in his princes hate.
And marke my Lords, God for adulterie ſleath,
Though ye it thinke too ſweete a ſinne for death.

Serue trulie your Prince and feare not rebels might,
On Princes halues the mightie God doth fight.
O much more then forſweare a forrein foe,
Who ſeeketh your realme and country to vndo.
Murther deteſt, haue hands vnſtaind with bloud.
Aie with your ſuccour do protect the good.

Chaee

Chace treason where truſt ſhould be wedded your ſpend
Your heart and power, to your liues laſt end.

Flie tickle credit, ſhun alike diſtruſt:
Too true it is, and credit is vnluſtie,
The iealous nature wanteth no ſtormie ſtriſe,
The ſimple ſoule aye leadeth a ſower life.
Beware of flatterers, friends in outward ſhow:
Beſt is of ſuch to make your open foe,
What all men ſeeke, that all men ſeeke to faine,
Some ſuch to be, ſome ſeem to ſeeme, them paine.

Marke Gods iuſt iudgements, puniſhing ſin by ſinne,
And ſlipperie ſtate wherein aloft we ſwimme.
The prouerbe, all day vp if we be fall,
Agreeth well to vs high heaued worldlings all,
From common ſort vpraiſ'd, in honors weed
We ſhine: while Fortune falſe (whom none erſt feed
To ſtand with ſtay and forſweare tickleneſſe;)
Sowſeth vs in mire of durtie brittleneſſe.

And learne ye Princes by my wronged ſprite,
Not to miſconſter what is meant aright,
The winged words too oft preuent the wis,
When ſilence ceaſeth afore the lips to ſit.
Alas, what may the words yeeld worthie death?
The words worſt is, the ſpeakers ſtinking breath.
Words are but winde, why coſt they then ſo much?
The guiltie kicke, when they too ſmartly touch.

Forth irreturnable flieth the ſpoken word,
Be it in ſcoffe, in earneſt, or in bourd.
Without returne, and vnreceiu'd, it hangs,
And at the takers mercie, of rigour ſtands,
Which if he ſowerly wreſt with wrathfull cheare,
The ſhiuering word turnes to the ſpeakers feare.
If friendly courteſie do the word expound,
To the ſpeakers comfort ſweetly it doth redound.

Euers

Euen as the vapour which the fire repels,
Turnes not to earth, but in mid aire dwels,
Where while it hangeth, if *Boreas* frostie flawes
With rigour rattle it: not to raine it thawes,
But thunder, lightnings, ratling haile or snow
Sends downe to earth, whence first it rose below:
But if faire *Phœbus* with his countenance sweete
Resolue it, downe the dew, or Manna fleete.

(The Manna dew, *that in the Easterne lands,*
Excell'th the labour of the bees small hands,)
Else for her Memnon gray *Aurora* teares,
On the earth it stilleth, the partener of her feares,
Or sendeth sweet showers to glad their mother earth,
Whence first they tooke their first inconstant birth,
To so great griefes, ill taken words do grow:
Of words well taken, such delights do flow.

This learned, thus be heere at length an end,
What since ensued, to thee I will commend.
Now farewell *Baldwine*, shield my torne name,
From slanderous trumpe of blasting blacke defame,
But ere I part, hereof thou record beare:
I claime no part of vertues reckoned heere.
My vice my selfe, but God my vertues take,
So hence depart I, as I entred nak'd.

Thus ended *Hastings* both his life and tale,
Containing all his worldly blisse and bale.
Happie he liued, too happie but for sinne,
Happie he died whom right his death did bring.
Thus euer happie. For there is no meane
Twixt blissefull liues and mortall deaths extreame,
Yet feared not his foes to staine his name,
And by these slanders to procure his shame.

In rustie armour as in extreame shifte,
They clad themselues, to cloake their diuelish drift.
And forthwith for substantiall witnes sent,

Declar-

Declaring to them, *Hastings* forged intent
Was to haue slaine the Duke: and to haue seised
The Kings yong person, slaying whom he had pleas'd.
But God of Iustice had withstum'd that fate,
Which where it ought, light on his proper pate.

Then practised they by proclamation spread,
Nought to forget, that mought defame him deade
Which was so curious, and so cleerkly pend,
So long withall: that when some did attend
His death so yong: they saw that long before
The shroud was shaped, then babe to die was bore.
So wonteth God to blind the worldly wise,
That not to see, that all the world espies.
One hearing it cried out: A goodly cast,
And well contriued; foule cast a way for haste
Whereto another gan in scoffe replie,
First pend it was by enspiring prophecie
To cleare the innocent, and shame the wrong,
So can God sift vp secret mischiefes wrought,
To the confusion of the workers thought.
My Lords, the rub, that drownd the Clarence Duke,
Drownd not his deeds, nor yet his deaths rebuke.
Your politique secrets guarded with subtile loyaltie
So shall they lurke in most assured secrecie.
By Hastings death, and after fates ye learne,
The earth for murder crieth out reuengeance sterne.
Flie from his faults, and feare to hurt his fame:
The eager hounds forbeare their slaine game,
Dead, dead, auaunt Curs from the conquered chase.
Ill might he liue who loueth the dead to race.

Thus liued this Lord, thus died he, thus he slept.
Mids forward race when first to rest he stept,
Enuious death that bounceth as well with mace
At *Kesars* courts, as at the poorest gates:
When nature seem'd too slow, by this sloape meane,
Conueighed him sooner to his liues extreame.

Happie in preuenting woes that after happ'd,
In slumber sweete his liuing lights he lapp'd.

Whose hastie death, if it do any grieue,
Know he, he liu'd to die, and dide to liue;
Vntimely neuer comes the liues last met.
In cradle death may rightly claime his debt,
Straight after birth due is the fatall beere.
By deaths permission the aged linger heere,
Euen in the swath bands of her commission goeth:
To loose thy breath, that yet but yongly bloweth.

Happie, thrice happie, who so loos'th his breath,
That life he gaineth by his godly death.
As *Hastings* heere. Whom time and truth agree,
To engraue by fame in strong eternitie.
Who spareth not speaking, with danger of his blood:
Yet loe this noble Lord did thinke it good
To cleare the innocent not to spare to speake,
Although his shoulders with his blood should reake.

Worthie to liue, who liu'd not for himselfe,
But prised his fame more then this worldly pelfe.
Whose name and line, if any yet preserue,
We wish they line like honors to deserue.
Whether thou seeke by martiall prowesse praise,
Or *Pallas* policie high thy name to raise,
Or trustie seruice honor to aquire,
Hastings foreled: vnake heere the bloodie traine.

FINIS. *Master D.*

See Warton's Eng. Poetry. Vol. iii. p. 215. n. S.

THE

THE COMPLAINT OF HENRIE DVKE of Buckingham.

WHo truſts too much to honors higheſt throne,
And warily watch not ſlie dame Fortunes ſnares:
Or who in Court will beare the ſwing alone,
And wiſely weigh not how to weild the care,
Behold he me, and by my death beware:
Whom flattering Fortune falſely ſo beguilde,
That loe ſhe ſlew, where erſt full ſmooth ſhee ſmilde.

And *Sackuill* ſith in purpoſe now thou haſt
The wofull fall of Princes to deſcriue,
Whom Fortune both vplift and eke downe caſt,
To ſhew thereby th'vnſuretie in this life,
Marke well my fall, which I ſhall ſhew beliue,
And paint it forth, that all eſtates may know:
Haue they the warning, and be mine the woe.

For noble blood made me both Prince and Peere,
Yea peereleſſe too, had reaſon purchaſt place,
And God with gifts endow'd me largely heere.
But what auailes his gifts where failes his grace?
My mothers ſire ſprung of a kingly race,
And call'd was *Edmund* Duke of Sommerſet,
Bereft of life ere time by nature ſet.

Whoſe faithfull heart to *Henrie* ſixt ſo wrought
That he him nere in weale, or woe forſooke,
Till laſtly he at Tewkesbury field was cought
Where with an axe his violent death he tooke:
He neuer could King *Edwards* partie brooke,
Till by his death he vouchſt that quarrell good,
In which his Sire, and Grand-ſire ſpilt their blood.

And such was erst my fathers cruell chance,
Of Stafford Earle by name that *Humfrey* hight
Who euer prest did *Henries* part aduance,
And neuer ceast till at Saint Albones fight
He lost his life, as then did many a Knight:
Where eke my Grandsire, Duke of Buckingham
Was wounded sore, and hardly scapt vntane.

But what may boote to stay the Sisters three,
When *Atropos* perforce will cut the thred?
The dolefull day was come when you might see
Northampton field with armed men orespred,
VVhere fate would algates haue my Grandsire dead:
So rushing forth amids the fiercest fight,
He liu'd, and di'd there in his Masters right.

In place of whom as it befell my lot,
Like on a stage, so stept I in streightway,
Enioying there but wofully God wot,
As he that had a slender part to play:
To teach thereby, in earth no state may stay,
But as our parts abridge, or length our age,
So passe we all, while others fill the stage.

For of my selfe the dreerie fate to plaine,
I was sometime a Prince withouten peere,
VVhen *Edward* fift began his ruefull raigne,
Ay me, then I began that hatefull yeare,
To compasse that which I haue bought so deare:
I bare the swinge, I and that wretched wight,
The Duke of Glocester that *Richard* hight.

For when the fates had reft that Roiall Prince
Edward the fourth, chiefe mirrour of that name,
The Duke, and I fast ioined euer since,
In faithfull loue, our secret drifts to frame:
VVhat he thought best, to me so seem'd the same,
My selfe not bent so much for to aspire,
As to fulfill that greedy Dukes desire.

Whose restlesse minde sore thirsting after rule,
When that he saw his nephewes both to bin
Through tender yeares as yet vnfit to rule,
And rather ruled by their Mothers kin,
There sought he first his mischiefe to begin,
To pluck from them their Mothers friends asslinde,
For well he wist they would withstand his minde.

To follow which he ran so headlong swift,
With eagre thirst of his desired draught,
To seeke their deaths that sought to dash his drift,
Of whom the chiefe the Queenes allies he thought,
That bent thereto with mounts of mischiefe fraught,
He knew their liues would be so sore his let,
That in their deaths his onely help he set.

And I most cursed caitiffe that I was,
Seeing the state vnstedfast how it stood,
His chiefe complice to bring the same to passe,
Vnhappie wretch consented to their blood:
Yee Kings, and Peeres that swim in worldly good,
In seeking bloud the end aduert you plaine,
And see if bloud ay aske not bloud againe.

Consider *Cyrus* in your cruell thought,
A matchlesse Prince in riches, and in might,
And weigh in minde the bloudy deedes he wrought,
In sheading which he set his whole delight:
But see the guerdon lotted to this wight,
He whose huge power no man might ouerthrow,
Tamiris Queene with great despite hath slow.

His head dismembred from his mangled corps,
Her selfe she cast into a vessell fraught
With clottered bloud of them that felt her force.
And with these words a iust reward she taught:
Drinke now thy fill of thy desired draught.
Loe marke the fine that did this Prince befall:
Marke not this one, but marke the end of all.

Behold *Cambises*, and his fatall day,
Where murders miſchiefe mirrour like is left:
While he his brother *Merzus* caſt to ſlay,
A dreadfull thing, his wits were him bereft.
A ſword he caught, wherewith he pierced eft
His bodie gor'd, which he of life benoomes:
So iuſt is God in all his dreadfull doomes.

O bloodie *Brutus* rightly didſt thou rue,
And thou O *Caſſius*, iuſtly came thy fall,
That with the ſword wherewith thou *Cæſar* ſlue
Murdredſt thy ſelfe, and reft thy life withall.
A Mirrour let him be vnto you all
That murdrers be, of murder to your meed:
For murder cries out vengeance on your ſeed.

Loe *Beſſus* he that arm'd with murdrers knife,
And traytrours heart, againſt his royall King,
With bloodie hands bereft his maſters life,
Aduert the fine his foule offence did bring:
And lothing murder as moſt lothly thing,
Behold in him the iuſt deſerued fall,
That euer hath, and ſhall betide them all.

What booted him his falſe vſurped raigne?
Whereto by murder he did ſo aſcend,
When like a wretch led in an iron chaine,
He was preſented by his chiefeſt friend,
Vnto the foes of him whom he had ſlaine?
That euen they ſhould auenge ſo foule a gilt,
That rather ſought to haue his blood yſpilt.

Take heed ye Princes and ye Prelats all
Of this outrage, which though it ſleepe a while
And not diſclos'd, as it doth ſeld befall,
Yet God that ſuffereth ſilence to beguile
Such guilts, wherewith both earth and aire ye file,
At laſt deſcries them to your foule diſgrace,
You ſee th'examples ſet before your face.

And deeply graue within your ſtony harts,
The dreerie dole that mightie *Macedo*,
With tears vnfolded wrapt in deadly ſmarts,
VVhen he the death of *Clitus* ſorowed ſo,
VVhom erſt he murdred with the deadly blow
Raught in his rage vpon his friend ſo deare,
For which behold loe how his pangs appeare.

The launced ſpeare he writhes out of the wound,
From which the purple bloud ſpins in his face:
His heinous guilt when he returned found,
He throwes himſelfe vpon the corps alas,
And in his armes how oft doth he imbrace
His murdred friend? and kiſſing him in vaine,
Forth flow the flouds of ſalt repentant raine.

His friends amaz'd at ſuch a murder done,
In feareſull flocks begin to ſhrinke away:
And he therat with heapes of griefe fordone,
Hateth himſelfe, wiſhing his latter day.
Now he likewiſe perceiued in like ſtay,
As is the wilde beaſt in the deſert bred,
Both dreading others and him ſelfe adred:

He calles for death, and loathing longer life,
Bent to his bane, refuſeth kindly food:
And plung'd in depth of death and dolours ſtrife,
Had queld himſelfe, had not his friends withſtood.
Loe he that thus hath ſhed the guiltleſſe bloud,
Though he were King and Keſar ouer all,
Yet choſe he death to guerdon death withall.

This Prince whoſe Peere was neuer vnder ſunne,
Whoſe gliſtening fame the earth did ouerglide,
Which with his power welny the world had wonne,
His bloudy hands himſelfe could not abide,
But folly bent with famine to haue dide:
The worthy Prince deemed in his regard,
That death for death could be but iuſt reward.

Yet we that were ſo drowned in the depth
Of deepe deſire, to drinke the guiltleſſe bloud,
Like to the Wolfe, with greedy lookes that lepth
Into the ſnare, to feed on deadly food:
So we delighted in the ſtate we ſtood,
Blinded ſo far in all our blinded traine,
That blind we ſaw not our deſtruction plaine.

We ſpared none whoſe life could ought forlet
Our wicked purpoſe to his paſſe to come.
Foure worthy Knights we headed at Pomfret,
Guilteleſſe (God wot) withouten law or dome.
My heart euen bleedes to tell you all and ſome,
And how Lord *Haſtings* when he feared leaſt,
Diſpiteouſly was murdred and oppreſt.

Theſe rocks vpraught, that threatned moſt our wreck,
We ſeemd to ſaile much ſurer in the ſtreame:
And Fortune faring as ſhe were at becke
Laid in our lap the rule of all the Realme.
The Nephues ſtraight depoſde were by the Eame.
And we aduanſt to that we bought full deere,
He crowned King, and I his chiefeſt Peere.

Thus hauing won our long deſired pray,
To make him King that he might make me chiefe,
Downe throw we ſtraight his ſilly Nephues tway,
From Princes pompe, to wofull priſoners life:
In hope that now ſtint was all further ſtrife.
Sith he was King, and I chiefe ſtroke did beare,
Who ioied but we, yet who more cauſe to feare?

The guiltles bloud which we vniuſtly ſhed,
The roiall babes deueſted from their throne,
And we like trayzours raigning in their ſtead,
Theſe heauy burdens paſſed vs vpon,
Tormenting vs ſo by our ſelues alone,
Much like the felon that purſu'd by night,
Starts at ech huſh, as his foe were in ſight.

Now doubting ſtate, now dreading loſſe of life,
In feare of wrack at euery blaſt of winde,
Now ſtart in dreames through dread of murders knife,
As though euen then reuengement were affinde,
With reſtles thought ſo is the guilty minde
Turmoild, and neuer feeleth eaſe or ſtay,
But liues in feare of that which followes aye.

Well gaue that Iudge his doome vpon the death
Of *Titus Celius* that in bed was ſlaine:
When euery wight the cruell murder laieth
To his two ſonnes that in his chamber laine,
The Iudge, that by the proofe perceiueth plaine,
That they were found faſt ſleeping in their bed,
Hath deemd them guiltles of this bloud yſhed.

He thought it could not be, that they which brake
The lawes of God and man in ſuch outrage,
Could ſo forth with themſelues to ſleepe betake:
He rather thought the horrour and the rage
Of ſuch an heinous guilt could neuer aſwage,
Nor neuer ſuffer them to ſleepe or reſt,
Or dreadles breath one breth out of their breſt.

So gnawes the griefe of conſcience euermore,
And in the heart it is ſo deepe ygraue,
That they may neither ſleepe nor reſt therefore,
Ne thinke one thought but on the dread they haue.
Still to the death foretoſſed with the waue
Of reſtles woe, in terrour and deſpeare,
They lead a life continually in feare.

Like to the Deere that ſtricken with the dart,
Withdrawes himſelfe into ſome ſecret place,
And feeling greene the wound about his hart,
Startles with pangs till he fall on the graſſe,
And in great feare lies gaſping there a ſpace,
Forth braying ſighes, as though [illegible] pang had brought
The preſent death, [illegible] ſo oft:

So we deepe wounded with the bloodie thought,
And gnawing worme that grieu'd our conscience so,
Neuer tooke ease, but as our heart out brought
The stayned sighes in witnes of our woe,
Such restlesse cares our fault did well beknow:
Wherewith of our deserued fall the feates
In euery place rang death within our eares.

And as ill graine is neuer well ykept,
So fared it by vs within a while:
That which so long with such vnrest we reapt,
In dread and danger by all wit and wile,
Loe see the fine, when once it felt the whele
Of slipper Fortune, stay it might no stowne,
The wheele whurles vp, but straight it whurleth downe.

For hauing rule and riches in our hand,
Who durst gainesay the thing that we auer'd?
Will was wisdome, our lust for law did stand,
In sort so strange, that who was not afeard,
When he the sound but of King *Richard* heard?
So hatefull waxt the hearing of his name,
That you may deeme the residue of the same.

But what auail'd the terrour and the feare,
Wherewith he kept his lieges vnder awe?
It rather wan him hatred euery where,
And fained faces forc'd by feare of law:
That but while Fortune doth with fauour blaw,
Flatter through feare: for in their heart lurkes aye
A secret hate that hopeth for a day.

Recordeth *Dionysius* the King,
That with his rigour so his Realme oppreſt,
As that he thought by cruell feare to bring
His subiects vnder, as him liked best:
But loe the dread wherewith himselfe was streſt,
And you shall see the fine of forced feare,
Most Mirrour like in this proud Prince appeare.

All

All were his head with crowne of gold yſpread,
And in his hand the royall ſcepter ſet,
And he with princely purple richly clad;
Yet was his heart with wretched cares orefret,
And inwardly with deadly feare beſet,
Of thoſe whom he by rigour kept in awe,
And fore oppreſt with might of tyrants law.

Againſt whoſe feare, no heapes of gold and glie,
No ſtrength of guard, nor all his hired powre,
Ne proud high towres that preaſed to the skie,
His cruell heart of ſafetie could aſſure:
But dreading them whom he ſhould deeme moſt ſure,
Himſelfe his beard with burning brand would ſeare,
Of death deſeru'd ſo vexed him the feare.

This might ſuffice to repreſent the fine
Of tyrants force, their feares, and their vnreſt:
But heare this one, although my heart repine
To let the ſound once ſinke within my breſt:
Of fell *Pherew* that aboue the reſt,
Such crueltie vpon his people wrought,
As (oh alas) I tremble with the thought.

Some he encaſed in the coats of Beares,
Among wilde beaſts deuoured ſo to be:
And ſome for prey vnto the hunters ſpeares,
Like ſauage beaſts without ruth to die,
Sometime t'encreaſe his horrid crueltie,
The quicke with face to face engraued hee,
Each others death that each might liuing ſee.

Loe what more cruell horror might be found,
To purchaſe feare, if feare could ſtay his raigne?
It booted not, it rather ſtrake the wound
Of feare in him to feare the like againe.
And ſo he did full oft, and not in vaine,
As in his life his cares could witneſſe well,
But moſt of all his wretched end doth tell.

His

His owne deare wife whom as his life he loued,
He durſt not truſt, nor proch ynto her bed,
But cauſing firſt his ſlaue with naked ſword
To go before, himſelfe with trembling dread
Straight followeth faſt, and whurling in his head
His rolling eyne, he ſearched heere and there
The danger deepe that he ſo ſore did feare.

For not in vaine it ran ſtill in his breſt,
Some wretched hap ſhould hale him to his end.
And therefore alway by his pillow preſt
Had he a ſword, and with that ſword he wend,
In vaine (God wot) all perils to defend.
For loe his wife foreirking of his raigne,
Sleeping in bed this cruell wretch hath ſlaine.

What ſhould I more now ſeeke to ſay in this,
Or one iot further linger forth my tale?
With cruell *Nero*, or with *Phalaris*,
Caligula, *Domitian*, and all
The cruell rout? or of their wretched fall?
I can no more, but in my name aduert
All earthly powres beware of tyrants heart.

And as our ſtate endured but a throw,
So, beſt in vs the ſtay of ſuch a ſtate
May beſt appeare to hang on ouerthrow,
And better teach tyrants deſerued hate,
Then any tyrants death tofore or late.
So cruell ſeem'd this *Richard* third to me,
That loe my ſelfe now loth'd his crueltie.

For when alas, I ſaw the tyrant King
Content not only from his nephewes twaine
To riue worlds bliſſe, but alſo all worlds being,
Sauns earthly guilt ycauſing both be ſlaine,
My heart agrieud that ſuch a wretch ſhould raigne,
Whoſe bloodie breaſt ſo ſauag'd out of kind,
That *Phalaris* had nere ſo foule a mind.

Nay

Nay could I brooke him once within my breſt,
But with the thought my teeth would gnaſh withall:
For though I erſt were his by ſworne beheſt,
Yet when I ſaw miſchiefe on miſchiefe fall,
So deepe in blood, to murder Prince and all,
Aye then thought I, alas, and welaway,
And to my ſelfe thus mourning would I ſay:

If neither loue, kindred, nay knot of blood,
His owne allegeance to his Prince of due,
Nor yet the ſtate of truſt wherein he ſtood,
The worlds defame, nor nought could forme him true,
Thoſe guiltleſſe babes, could they not make him rue?
Nor could their youth, nor innocence withall
Moue him from reauing them their life and all?

Alas it could not moue him any iot,
Nay make him once to rue or wet his eye,
Stir'd him no more then that that ſtirreth not:
But as the rocke or ſtone that will not plie,
So was his heart made hard with crueltie,
To murder them: alas I weepe in thought,
To thinke on that which this fell wretch hath wrought.

That now when he had done the thing he ſought,
And as he would, compliſht and compaſt all,
And ſaw and knew the treaſon he had wrought
To God and man, to ſlay his Prince and all,
Then ſeem'd he firſt to doubt and dread vs all,
And me in chiefe, whoſe death all meanes he might,
He ſought to worke by malice and by might.

Such heapes of harmes vpharbar'd in his breſt,
With enuious heart my honor to deface,
And knowing he that I which wotted beſt
His wretched drifts, and all his wretched caſe,
If euer ſprang within me ſparke of grace,
Muſt needs abhorre him and his hatefull race:
Now more and more gan caſt me out of grace.

Which

Which ſudden change when I by ſecret chance
Had well perceiu'd, by proofe of enuious frowne,
And ſaw the lot that did me to aduance
Him to a King that ſought to caſt me downe,
Too late it was to linger any ſtowne:
Sith preſent choice lay caſt before mine eye,
To worke his death, or I my ſelfe to die.

And as the Knight in field among his foes,
Beſet with ſwords, muſt ſlay or there be ſlaine:
So I alas lapt in a thouſand woes,
Beholding death on euery ſide ſo plaine,
I rather choſe by ſome ſly ſecret traine
To worke his death, and I to liue therby,
Then he to liue, and I of force to dye.

Which heauy choice ſo haſtened me to choſe,
That I in part agrieu'd at his diſdaine,
In part to wreake the doleſull death of thoſe
Two tender babes, his ſilly nephewes twaine,
By him, alas, commanded to be ſlaine,
With painted cheere humbly before his face,
Straight tooke my leaue, and rode to Brecknocke place.

And there as cloſe and couert as I might,
My purpoſde practiſe to his paſſe to bring,
In ſecret drifts I lingred day and night,
All how I might depoſe this cruell King,
That ſeemd to all ſo much deſirde a thing,
As therto truſting I empriſde the ſame:
But too much truſting brought me to my bane.

For while I now had Fortune at my becke,
Miſtruſting I no earthly thing at all,
Vnwares alas, leaſt looking for a checke,
She mated me in turning of a ball:
When leaſt I feard, then neereſt was my fall,
And when whole Hoſts were preſt to ſtroy my ſone,
She changed her cheare, and left me poſt alone.

I had vprais'd a mightie band of men,
And marched forth in order of array,
Leading my power amid the forreſt Dene,
Againſt the tyrant banner to diſplay:
But loe my ſouldiers baſely ſhranke away.
For ſuch is Fortune when ſhe liſt to frowne,
Who ſeemes moſt ſure, him ſooneſt whurles ſhe downe.

O let no Prince put truſt in Commontie,
Nor hope in faith of giddie peoples mind,
But let all noble men take heed by me,
That by the proofe too well the paine do find:
Loe, where is truth or truſt? or what could bind
The vaine people, but they will ſwerue and ſway,
As chance brings change, to driue and draw that way.

Rome, thou that once aduanced vp ſo hie,
Thy ſtay, Patron, and flowre of excellence,
Haſt now throwne him to depth of miſerie,
Exiled him that was thy whole defence,
Nay count'ſt it not an horrible offence,
To reuen him of honor and of fame,
That wan it thee when thou hadſt loſt the ſame.

Behold *Camillus*, he that erſt reuiued
The ſtate of Rome, that dying he did find,
Of his owne ſtate is now alas depriued,
Baniſht by them whom he did thus debt-bind:
That cruell folke, vnthankfull and vnkind,
Declared well their falſe vnconſtancie,
And Fortune eke her mutabilitie.

And thou *Scipio*, a Mirrour maiſt thou be
To all nobles, that they learne not too late,
How they once truſt th'vnſtable Commontie.
Thou that recur'd the torne diſmembred ſtate,
Euen when the Conquerour was at the gate,
Art now exil'd, as though thou not deſerued
To reſt in her, whom thou hadſt ſo preſerued.

Ingratefull

Ingratefull Rome haſt ſhew'd thy crueltie
On him, by whom thou liueſt yet in fame,
But not thy deed, nor his deſert ſhall die,
But his owne words ſhall witneſſe aye the ſame:
For loe his graue doth thee moſt iuſtly blame.
And with diſdaine in marble ſaies to thee:
Vnkind countrey, my bones ſhalt thou not ſee.

What more vnworthie then this his exile?
More iuſt then this the wofull plaint he wrote?
Or who could ſhew a plainer proofe the while,
Of moſt falſe faith, then they that thus forgot
His great deſerts? that ſo deſerued not.
His cinders yet loe, doth he them denie,
That him deni'd amongſt them for to die.

Milciades, ô happie hadſt thou ben,
And well rewarded of thy countrey men,
If in the field when thou hadſt forſt to flie,
By thy proweſſe, three hundred thouſand men,
Content they had been to exile thee then:
And not caſt thee in depth of priſon ſo,
Laden with gyues, to end thy life in wo.

Alas how hard and ſteelie hearts had they,
That not contented there to haue thee die,
With fettred gyues in priſon where thou lay,
Increaſt ſo far in hatefull crueltie,
That buriall to thy corps, they eke denie:
Ne will they grant the ſame till thy ſonne haue
Put on thy gyues, to purchaſe thee a graue.

Loe *Hannibal* as long as fixed fate,
And britle Fortune had ordained ſo:
Who euermore aduanſt his countrey ſtate
Then thou that liu'dſt for her and for no mo?
But when the ſtormie waues began to grow,
Without reſpect of thy deſerts erewhile,
Art by thy countrey throwne into exile,

Vnfriendly

Vnfriendly Fortune ſhall I thee now blame?
Or ſhall I fault the fates that ſo ordaine?
Or art thou *Ione* the cauſer of the ſame?
Or crueltie her ſelfe doth ſhe conſtraine?
Or on whom elſe alas ſhall I complaine?
O truſtleſſe world I can accuſen none,
But fickle faith of Commontie alone.

The *Polypus* nor the *Cameleon* ſtrange,
That turne themſelues to euery hue they ſee,
Are not ſo full of vaine and fickle change,
As is this falſe vnſtedfaſt Commontie,
Loe I alas with mine aduerſitie
Haue tri'd it true, for they are fled and gone,
And of an hoſt there is not left me one.

That I alas in this calamitie
Alone was left, and to my ſelfe might plaine
This treaſon, and this wretched cowardie,
And eke with teares beweepen and complaine
My hatefull hap, ſtill looking to be ſlaine:
Wandring in woe, and to the heauens on hie
Cleaping for vengeance of this treacherie.

And as the Turtle that hath loſt her mate,
Whom griping ſorow doth ſo ſore attaint,
With dolefull voice and ſound that ſhe doth make,
Mourning her loſſe, filles all the groue with plaint:
So I alas forſaken, and forfaint,
With reſtleſſe foot the wood roame vp and downe,
Which of my dole all ſhiuering doth reſowne.

And being thus alone, and all forſake,
Amid the thicke, forwandred in deſpaire,
As one diſmaid, nay wiſt what way to take,
Vntill at laſt gan to my mind repaire,
A man of mine cal'd *Humfrey Banaſtaire*:
Wherewith me feeling much recomforted,
In hope of ſuccour to his houſe I fled.

Who

Who being one whom erſt I had vp brought
Euen from his youth, and lou'd and liked beſt,
To gentrie ſtate aduancing him from nought,
And had in ſecret truſt aboue the reſt,
Of ſpeciall truſt now being thus diſtreſt,
Full ſecretly to him I me conuei'd,
Not doubting there but I ſhould find ſome aide.

But out alas on cruell treacherie,
When that this caytife once an inkling heard,
How that King *Richard* had proclaim'd, that he
Which me deſcri'd ſhould haue for his reward
A thouſand pounds, and farther be prefer'd,
His truth ſo turn'd to treaſon, all diſtain'd,
That faith quite fled, and I by truſt was train'd.

For by this wretch I being ſtraight betrayed,
To one *Iohn Mutton*, Sheriffe of Shropſhire then,
All ſuddenly was taken, and conuayed
To Salisbury, with rout of harneſt men,
Vnto King *Richard* there encamped then,
Faſt by the Citie with a mightie hoſt:
Withouten doome where head and life I loſt.

And with theſe words, as if the axe euen there
Diſmembred had his head and corps apart,
Dead fell he downe: and we in wofull feare
Stood mazed when he would to life reuert:
But deadly griefes ſtill grew about his heart,
That ſtill he lay, ſometime reuiu'd with paine,
And with a ſigh becomming dead againe.

Midnight was come, when euery vitall thing
With ſweet ſound ſleepe their wearie limbes did reſt,
The beaſts were ſtill, the little birds that ſing,
Now ſweetly ſlept, beſides their mothers breſt:
The old and all were ſhrowded in their neſt,
The waters calme, the cruell ſeas did ceaſe,
The woods, the fields, and all things held their peace.

The golden ſtars were whirld amid their race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light,
When each thing neſtled in his reſting place,
Forgat daies paine with pleaſure of the night:
The Hare had not the greedy Hounds in ſight,
The fearfull Deere, of death ſtood not in doubt,
The Partridge dropt not of the Falcons ſoote.

The vgly Beare now minded not the ſtake,
Nor how the cruell maſtiues doe him teare,
The Stag lay ſtill vnrouſed from the brake,
The ſomy Boare feard not the hunters ſpeare:
All things were ſtill in deſert, buſh and breare.
With quiet heart now from their trauailes ceaſt,
Soundly they ſlept in midſt of all their reſt.

When *Buckingham* amid his plaint oppreſt,
With ſurging ſorrowes and with pinching paines
In ſort thus ſown'd, and with a ſigh he ceaſt,
To tellen forth the trechery and the traines
Of *Banaſtaire*, which him ſo ſore diſtraines,
That from a ſigh he falls into a ſounde,
And from a ſound li'th raging on the ground.

So twiching were the pangs that he aſſaid,
And he ſo ſore with ruthfull rage diſtraught,
To thinke vpon the wretch that him betraid,
Whom erſt he made a gentleman of naught,
That more and more agrieued with this thought,
He ſtormes out ſighes, and with redoubled ſore,
Struck with the furies, rageth more and more.

Whoſo hath ſeene the Bull chaſed with darts,
And with deepe wounds foregald and gored ſo,
Till he oppreſſed with the deadly ſmarts,
Fall in a rage, and run vpon his foe:
Let him I ſay behold the raging woe
Of *Buckingham*, that in theſe gripes of griefe,
Rageth gainſt him that hath betraid his life.

With bloud red eine he stareth here and there,
Frothing at mouth, with face as pale as clout:
When loe my lims were trembling all for feare,
And I amazde stood still in dread and doubt,
While I mought see him throw his armes about:
And gainst the ground himselfe plunge with such force,
As if the life forthwith should leaue the corps.

With smoke of sighs sometime I might behold
The place all dimd, like to the morning mist:
And straight againe the teares how they down rold
Alongst his cheekes, as if theriuers hist:
Whose flowing streames ne were no sooner whist,
But to the stars such dreadfull shouts he sent,
As if the throne of mighty *Ioue* should rent.

And I the while with sprits welny bereft,
Beheld the plight and pangs that did him straine,
And how the bloud his deadly colour left,
And straight returnd with flaming red againe:
When suddenly amid his raging paine
He gaue a sigh, and with that sigh hee said,
Oh *Banastaire*, and straight againe he staid.

Dead lay his corps, as dead as any stone,
Till swelling sighs storming within his breast
Vpraisd his head, that downeward fell anon,
With lookes vpcast, and sighs that neuer ceast:
Forth streamd the teares records of his vnrest,
When he with shrikes thus groueling on the ground,
Ybraied these words with shrill and dolefull sound:

Heauen and earth, and ye eternall lamps,
That in the heauens wrape, will vs to rest,
Thou bright *Phœbe*, that cleerest the nights damps,
Witnesse the plaints that in these pangs oppresst,
I wofull wretch vnlade out of my brest.
And let me yeeld my last words ere I part,
You, you, I call to record of my smart.

And thou *Alecto* feede mee with thy food,
Let fall thy serpents from thy snaky heare,
For such reliefe well fits mee in this moode,
To feede my plaint with horrour and with feare,
While rage afresh thy venomd worme areare,
And thou *Sibylla* when thou seest mee faint,
Addresse thy selfe the guide of my complaint.

And thou O *Ione*, that with the deepe fordoome
Dost rule the earth, and raigne aboue the skies,
That wreakest wrongs, and giu'st the dreadful doome
Against the wretch that doth thy name despise,
Receiue these words, and wreake them in such wise,
As heauen and earth may witnesse and behold,
Thy heapes of wrath vpon this wretch vnfold.

Thou *Banastaire*, gainst thee I clepe and call
Vnto the Gods, that they iust vengeance take
On thee, thy bloud, thy stained stocke and all.
O *Ione* to thee aboue the rest I make
My humble plaint, guide mee, that what I speake,
May be thy will vpon this wretch to fall,
On thee *Banastaire*, wretch of wretches all.

O would to God the cruell dismal day,
That gaue me light first to behold thy face,
With foule eclipse had reft my sight away:
Th'vnhappy hower, the time, and eke the day,
The Sunne and Moone, the Stars, and all that was
In their aspects helping in ought to thee,
The earth and aire, and all accursed be.

And thou caitiffe, that like a monster swarued
From kind and kindnes, hast thy master lorne,
Whom neither trueth, nor trust wherein thou serued,
Ne his deserts could moue, nor thy faith sworne,
How shall I curse, but wish that thou vnborne
Had beene, or that the earth had rent in tway,
And swallowed thee in cradle as thou laie,

To this did I euen from thy tender youth
Vouchsafe to bring thee vp? did I therefore
Beleeue the oth of thy vndoubted truth?
Adusance thee vp, and truste thee euermore?
By trusting thee that I should die therfore?
O wretch, and worse then wretch, what shall I say?
But clepe and curse gainst thee and thine for aye.

Hated be thou, disdaind of euery wight,
And pointed at where euer that thou goe:
A traiterous wretch, vnworthy of the light
Be thou esteemd: and to encrease thy woe,
The sound be hatefull of thy name also:
And in this sort with shame and sharp reproch,
Lead thou thy life, till greater griefe approch.

Dole and despaire, let those be thy delight,
Wrapped in woes that cannot be vnfold,
To waile the day, and weepe the weary night,
With rainy eine and sighes cannot be told,
And let no wight thy woe seeke to withhold:
But count thee worthy (wretch) of sorowes store,
That suffering much, oughest still to suffer more.

Deserue thou death, yea he thou deemd to die
A shamefull death, to end thy shamefull life,
A sight longed for, loifull to euery eye,
When thou shalt be arraigned as a theefe,
Standing at bar, and pleading for thy life,
With trembling tongue in dread and dolours rage,
Lade with white lockes, and fourscore yeares of age.

Yet shall not death deliuer thee so soone
Out of thy woes, for happy shalt not be:
But to th'eternall shame this is my boone,
That thou maist liue thine eldest sonne to see
Reft of his wits, and in a sondre sorte
To end his daies, in rage and death disherte,
A worthy tombe where one of thine should rest.

Yet after this yet pray I more, thou may
Thy second sonne see drowned in a dike,
And in such sort to close his latter day,
As heard or seene erst hath not been the like:
Ystrangled in a puddle not so deepe
As halfe a foot, that such hard losse of life,
So cruelly chanst, may be the greater griefe.

And not yet shall thy dolefull sorrowes ceasse,
Ione shall not so withhold his wrath from thee,
But that thy plagues may more and more encreasse,
Thou shalt still liue, that thou thy selfe maist see
Thy daughter strucken with the leprosie:
That she that erst was all thy whole delight,
Thou now maist loath to haue her come in sight.

And after that, let shame and sorrowes griefe
Feed forth thy yeares continually in woe,
That thou maist liue in death, and die in life,
And in this sort forwaild and wearied so,
At last thy ghost to part thy bodie fro:
This pray I *Ione*, and with this latter breath,
Vengeance I aske vpon my cruell death.

This said, he flung his retchlesse armes abroad,
And groueling flat vpon the ground he lay,
Which with his teeth he all to gnasht and gnaw'd:
Deepe grones he fet, as he that would away,
But loe in vaine he did the death assay,
Although I thinke was neuer man that knew
Such deadly paines, where death did not ensue.

So stroue he thus a while, as with the death,
Now pale as lead, and cold as any stone,
Now still as calme, now storming forth a breath
Of smokie sighes, as breath and all were gone.
But euery thing hath end: so he anon
Came to himselfe, when with a sigh outbrayed,
With woefull cheere, these woefull words he said.

Ah where am I, what thing, or whence is this?
Who reft my wits? or how do I thus lie?
My limbes do quake, my thought agasted is,
Why figh I so? or wherefore do I
Thus groule on the ground? and by and by
Vprais'd he stood, and with a figh hath staid,
When to himselfe returned, thus he said.

Sufficeth now this plaint and this regrete,
Whereof my heart his bottome hath vnfraught
And of my death let Peeres and Princes wete
The worlds vntruth, that they thereby be taught
And in her wealth, sith that such change is wrought,
Hope not too much, but in the mids of all
Thinke on my death, and what may them befall.

So long as Fortune would permit the fame,
I liu'd in rule and riches with the best:
And past my time in honor and in fame,
That of mishap no feare was in my breast:
But false Fortune whom I suspected least,
Did turne the wheele, and with a dolefull fall
Hath me bereft of honor, life, and all.

Loe what auailes in fickel floods that flowes?
Though she so smil'd, as all the world were his.
Euen Kings and Kesars bidden Fortunes throwes,
And simple sort must beare it as it is:
Take heed by me that blith'd in balefull blisse
My rule, my riches, my all blood and all,
When Fortune frown'd the feller made my fall.

For hard mishaps that happens vnto such,
Whose wretched state erst neuer fell no change,
Agreeue them not in any pain so much,
As their distresse to whom it is so strange,
That all their liues nay passed pleasures range:
Their sudden woe that wont weild wealth at will,
Algates their hearts more piercingly must thrill.

For of my birth, my blood was of the beſt,
Firſt borne an Earle, then Duke by due deſcent:
To ſwing the ſway in Court among the reſt,
Dame fortune me her rule moſt largely lent:
And kind with courage ſo my corps had blent,
That loe on whom but me did ſhe moſt ſmile?
And whom but me loe, did ſhe moſt beguile?

Now haſt thou heard the whole of my vnhap,
My chance, my change, the cauſe of all my care:
In wealth and woe, how Fortune did me wrap,
With world at will, to win me to her ſhare.
Bid Kings, bid Keſars, bid all ſtates beware,
And tell them this from me that tri'd it true:
Who reckleſſe rules, right ſoone may hap to rue.

FINIS. *T. Saxuil.*

HOW COLLINGBOVRNE WAS CRVELLY EXECVTED FOR making a Rime.

BEware, take heed, take heed, I ſay, beware,
You Poets you, that purpoſe to rehearce
By any art what tyrants doings are,
Erynnis rage is growne ſo ſell and fearce,
That vitious acts may not be toucht in verſe:
The *Muſes* freedome, granted them of eld,
Is bar'd, ſlie reaſons treaſons hie are held.

Be rough in rime, and then they ſay you raile,
As *Iuuenal* was, but that doth make no matter:
With *Ieremie* you ſhall be had to faile,
Or forc'd with *Martial*, *Ceſars* faults to flatter.
Clerkes muſt be taught to claw, and not to clatter:
Free *Helicon* and franke *Parnaſſus* hilles,
Are hellie haunts, and ranke pernicious illes.

Touch couertly in termes, and then you taunt,
Though praised Poets alwaie did the like,
Controll vs not, else tray tors vile auaunt,
What passe we what the learned do mislike?
Our sinnes we see, wherein to swarme we seeke,
We passe not what the people say or thinke,
Their shittle hate makes none but cowards shrinke.

We know (say they) the course of Fortunes wheele,
How constantly it whirleth still about,
Arrearing now, while elder headlong reele,
How all the riders alway hang in doubt:
But what for that? we counc him but a lout
That stickes to mount, and basely like a beast
Liues temperatly, for feare of blockam feast.

Indeed we would of all be deemed gods
What ere we do: and therefore partly hate
Rude Preachers, that dare threaten plagues and rods,
And blase the blots whereby we staine our state:
But nought we passe what any such do prate;
Of course and office they must say their pleasure,
And we of course must heare, and mend at leasure.

But when these pelting Poets in their rimes
Shall taunt, or iest, or paint our wicked workes,
And cause the people know and curse our crimes,
This vgly fault, no tyrant liues but irkes.
Wherfore we loath such taunters worse then Turkes,
Whose meaning is to make vs know our misse,
And so to mend: but they but dote in this.

We know our faults as well as any other,
We also doubt the dangers from them due:
Yet still we trust so right to rule the rother,
That scape we shall the scourges that ensue.
We thinke we know more shifts then other knew.
In vaine therefore for vs are counsels writ:
We know our faults, and will not mend a whit.

These

These are the feats of the vnhappie sort,
That preasse for honors, wealth, and pleasures vaine.
Cease therefore *Baldwine*, cease I thee exhort,
Withdraw thy pen, for nothing shalt thou gaine
Saue hate, with losse of paper, inke, and paine.
Few hate their faults, all hate of them to heare,
And faultiest, from fault would seeme most cleare.

Th'intent I know is honest, plaine, and good,
To warne the wise, to fray the fond from ill:
But wicked worldlings are so witlesse wood,
That to the worst they all things construe still.
With rigour oft they recompence good will:
They racke the words till time their sinewes burst,
In dolefull senses strayning still the worst.

A painfull proofe taught me the truth of this,
Through tyrants rage, and Fortunes cruell tourne:
They murdred me, for mesring things amisse.
For wot'st thou what? I am that *Collingbourne*
Which made the rime, whereof I may well mourne.
The Cat, the Rat, and Louell our Dog,
Do rule all England vnder a Hog.

Whereof the meaning was so plaine and true,
That euery foole peceiued it at furst:
Most liked it, for most that most things knew,
In hugger mugger muttred what they durst.
The tyrant Prince of most was held accurst,
Both for his owne, and for his counsels faults,
Of whom were three the naughtiest of all naughts.

Catesby was one, whom I did call a Cat,
A craftie Lawyer, catching all he could.
The second *Ratcliffe*, whom I nam'd a Rat,
A cruell beast to gnaw on whom he should.
Lord *Louell* barkt and bit whom *Richard* would,
Whom I therefore did rightly, tearme our Dog,
Wherewith to rime I call'd the King a Hog.

Till

Till he the Crowne had caught, he gaue the Bore,
In which eſtate would God he had deceaſed,
Then had the Realme not ruined ſo ſore,
His nephewes raigne ſhould not ſo ſoone haue ceaſed,
The noble blood had not been ſo decreaſed.
His Rat, his Cat, and Bloodhound had not noied
Such liegemen true, as after they deſtroyed.

Their lawleſſe acts good ſubiects did lament,
And ſo did I, and therefore made the rimes,
To ſhew my wit how well I could inuent,
To warne withall the careleſſe of their crimes.
I thought the freedome of the ancient times
Stood ſtill in force: *Ridentem dicere verum*
Quis vetat? Nay, nay. *Veritas eſt peſſima rerum.*

Belike no tyrants were in *Horaces* dales,
And therefore Poets freely blamed vice,
Witneſſe their *Satyrs* ſharpe, and tragicke plaies,
With chiefeſt Princes chiefely had in price.
They name no man, they mixe their gall with ſpice,
No more do I, I name no man outright,
But riddlewiſe, I meane them as I might.

When bruite had brought this to their guiltie eares,
Whoſe right ſurnames were noted in the rime,
They all conſpired like moſt greedie Beares,
To charge me ſtraight with this moſt grieuous crime:
And damned me the gallow tree to clime,
And ſtrangled then, in quarters to be cut,
Which ſhould on high ore London gates be put.

This iudgement giuen ſo vehement and ſore,
Made me exclame againſt their tyranny:
Wherewith incenſt, to make my paine the more,
They practiſed a ſhamefull villanie:
They cut me downe aliue, and cruellie
Ript vp my panch and bulke, to make me ſmart,
And lingred long ere they tooke out my hart.

Heere

Heere tyrant *Richard* plai'd the eager Hog,
His graſhing tuskes my tender griſtles ſhore:
His bloodhound *Lovell* plai'd the hungrie Dog,
His woluiſh teeth my guiltleſſe carkaſſe tore:
His Rat and Cat did what they might, and more,
Cat *Cateſby* clawd my guts to make me ſmart,
The Rat *Ratcliffe* gnawed me to the hart.

If Iewes had kill'd the iuſteſt King alive,
If Turkes had burnt vp Churches, gods and all,
What greater paine could cruell hearts contriue,
Then that I ſuffred for this treſpaſſe ſmall?
I was no Prince nor Peere, but yet my fall
Is worthie to be thought vpon for this,
To ſee how cankard tyrants malice is.

To teach alſo all ſubiects to take heed
They meddle not with Magiſtrates affaires,
But pray to God to mend them if it need:
To warne alſo all Poets that be ſtrayers,
To keepe them cloſe in compaſſe of their chayers,
And when they touch that they would wiſh amended,
To ſauce them ſo, that few need be offended.

And ſo to mixe their ſharpe rebukes with mirth,
That they may pierce, not cauſing any paine,
Saue ſuch as followeth euery kindly birth,
Requited ſtraight with gladneſſe of the gaine.
A Poet muſt be pleaſant, not too plaine,
Faults to controule, ne yet to flatter vice,
But ſound and ſweet, in all things ware and wiſe.

The Greekes do paint a Poets office whole
In *Pegaſus*, their fained horſe with wings,
Whom ſhaped ſo *Meduſaes* blood did foale,
Who with his feet ſtrake out the *Muſes* ſprings,
From flintie rockes to *Helicon* that clings.
And then flue vp into the ſtarrie skie,
And there abides among the gods on hie.

For

For he that ſhall a perfect Poet be,
Muſt firſt be bred out of *Mnemoſyne* bloud:
He muſt be chaſt and vertuous as was ſhe,
Who to her powre the Ocean God withſtood.
To th'end alſo his doome be iuſt and good,
He muſt (as ſhe) looke rightly with one eye
Truth to regard, and write nothing awrie.

In courage eke he muſt be like a horſe,
He may not feare to regiſter the right.
What though ſome frowne thereof he may not force,
No bit nor reine his tender iawes may twight,
He muſt be armde with ſtrength of wit and ſprite,
To daſh the rocks, darke cauſes and obſcure,
Till he attaine the ſprings of truth moſt pure.

His hooues alſo muſt pliant be and ſtrong,
To rieue the rocks of luſt and errors blind,
In brainleſſe heads, that alway wander wrong:
Theſe muſt he bruſe with reaſons plaine and kind,
Till ſprings of grace doe guſh out of the mind:
For till affections from the fond be driuen,
In vaine is truth told, or good counſell giuen.

Like *Pegaſus* a Poet muſt haue wings,
To flie to heauen, or where him liketh beſt:
He muſt haue knowledge of eternall things,
Almightie *Ioue* muſt harbour in his breſt:
With worldly cares he may not be oppreſt,
The wings of wit and skill muſt heaue him hier,
With great delight to ſatiſfie deſier.

He muſt alſo be luſty, free, and ſwift,
To trauaile far, to view the trades of men,
Great knowledge oft is gotten by this ſhift:
Things that import he muſt be quicke to pen,
Reprouing vices ſharply now and then.
He muſt be ſwift when touched tyrants chafe,
To gallop thence, to keepe his carkas ſafe.

If I had well theſe qualities conſidered,
Eſpecially that which I touched laſt,
With ſpeedie flight my feet ſhould haue deliuered
My feeble bodie from moſt boiſtrous blaſt,
They ſhould haue caught me, ere I had bin caſt.
But too much truſting to a tyrants grace,
I neuer ſhrunke, nor changed port or place.

I thought the Poets ancient liberties
For pleas had been allowed at the bar:
I had forgot how newfound tyrannies
With truth and freedome were at open war,
That luſt was law, that might did make and mar,
That among tyrants t'is and euer was,
Sic volo, ſic iubeo, ſtet pro ratione voluntas.

Where luſt is law it booteth not to pleade,
No priuiledge nor liberties auaile.
But with the learn'd, whom law and wiſdome leade,
Although through raſhneſſe Poets hap to raile,
A plea of dotage may all quarels quaile:
Their old licence their writings to expound,
Doth quit them cleare from faults by *Momus* found.

This freedome old ought not to be debard
From any wight that ſpeaketh ought, or writeth:
The Authors meaning ſhould of right be heard,
He knoweth beſt to what end he enditeth:
Words ſometime beare more then the heart behiteth.
Admit therefore the Authors expoſition,
If plaine, for truth: if forc'd, for his ſubmiſſion.

In caſe of ſlander, lawes require no more,
Saue to amend that ſeemed not well ſaid:
Or to vnſay the ſlanders ſaid afore,
And aske forgiueneſſe for the haſtie braid:
To Heretikes no greater paine is laid,
Then to recant their errours or retract:
And worſe then theſe can be no writers act.

Yes

Yes (quoth the Cat) thy railing words be treason,
And treason is far worse then hereſie.
Then muſt it follow by this awkeward reaſon,
That Kings be more then God in maieſtie,
And ſoules be leſſe then bodies in degree.
For heretikes both ſoules and God offend,
Traytours but ſeeke to bring mans life to end.

I ſpeake not this t'abaſe the hainous fault,
Of trayterous acts abhor'd by God and man,
But to make plaine their iudgement to be naught,
That hereſie for leſſer ſinne do ban.
I curſe them both as deepe as any can,
And alway did: yet through my fooliſh rime,
They ſtayned me with that moſt hateſull crime.

I neuer meant the King or Counſell harme,
Vnleſſe to wiſh them ſafetie were offence.
Againſt their power I neuer lifted arme,
Nor pen, nor tongue, for any ill preſence.
The rime I made, though rude, was ſound in ſence,
For they ther eift whom I ſo fondly named,
So ruled all, that they were foule defamed.

This was no treaſon, but the very troth,
They ruled all, none could deny the ſame:
What was the cauſe then why they were ſo wroth?
Wilt, is it treaſon in a riming frame
To clip, to ſtretch, to adde, or change a name?
And this reſeru'd, there is no rime nor reaſon,
That any craft can clout to ſeeme a treaſon.

For where I meant the King by name of Hog,
I only alluded to his badge the Bore:
To *Lowels* name I added more our Dog,
Becauſe moſt dogs haue borne that name of yore.
Theſe metaphors I vs'd with other more,
As Cat, and Rat, the halſe names of the reſt,
To hide the ſenſe that they ſo wrongly wreſt.

I pray you now what treaſon find you heere?
Enough: you rub'd the guiltie on the gaule,
Both ſenſe and names do note them very neere.
I grant that was the chiefe cauſe of my faule,
Yet can you find therein no treaſon at all:
There is no word againſt the Prince or State,
No harme to them whom all the Realme did hate.

But ſith the guiltie alwaies are ſuſpicious
And dread the ruine that muſt ſue by reaſon,
They cannot chuſe but count their counſell vicious
That note their faults, and therefore call it treaſon.
All grace and goodneſſe with the leand is geaſon,
This is the cauſe why they good things do wreſt,
Whereas the good take ill things to the beſt.

And therefore *Baldwine* boldly to the good
Rebuke their fault, ſo ſhalt thou purchaſe thankes:
As for the bad, thou ſhalt but moue their mood,
Though pleſantly thou touch their naughty prankes.
Warne Poets all, no wiſe to paſſe the bankes
Of *Helicon*, but keepe within the bound:
So ſhall their freedome to no harme redound.

THE WILFVLL FALL OF THE BLACK-SMITH, AND THE fooliſh end of the Lord *Awdeley*, in Iune, *Anno Dom.* 1496.

WHo is more bold then is the Bayard blind?
Where is more craft then in the clouted ſhone?
Who catch more harme then do the bold in mind?
Where is more guile then where miſtruſt is none?
No plaiſters helpe before the griefe be knowne,
So ſeemes by me who could no wiſdome leare,
Vntill ſuch time I bought my wit too deare.

Who

Who being boyſtrous, ſtout, and brainleſſe bold,
Puſt vp with pride, with fire and furies fret,
Incenſt with tales ſo rude and plainly told,
Wherein deceit with double knot was knit,
I trapped was as ſilly fiſh in net,
Who ſwift in ſwimming, careleſſe of deceit,
Is caught in gin wherein is laid no bait.

Such force and vertue hath this dolefull plaint,
Set forth with ſighes and teares of Crocodile,
Who ſeemes in ſight as ſimple as a Saint,
Hath laid a baite the wareleſſe to beguile,
And as they weepe they worke deceit the while,
Whoſe rufull cheere the rulers ſo relent,
To worke in haſte that they at laſt repent.

Take heed therefore yee Rulers of the Land,
Be blind in ſight, and ſtop your other eare:
In ſentence ſlow, till skill the truth hath ſcand,
In all your doomes both loue and hate forbeare,
So ſhall your iudgement iuſt and right appeare:
It was a ſouthriſt ſentence long agoe,
That haſtie men ſhall neuer lacke much woe.

Is it not truth? *Baldwine* what ſaieſt thou?
Say on thy mind: I pray thee muſe no more:
Me thinke thou ſtar'ſt and look'ſt I wot nothow,
As though thou neuer ſaw'ſt a man before:
Belike thou muſeſt why I teach this lore,
Elſe what I am, that heere ſo boldie dare,
Among the preaſe of Princes to compare.

Though I be bold I pray thee blame not mee,
Like as men ſow, ſuch corne needs muſt they reape,
And nature planted ſo in each degree,
That Crabs like Crabs will kindly crawle and creepe:
The ſuttle Fox vnlike the ſilly ſheepe.
It is according to my education,
Forward to preaſe in rout and congregation.

Behold

Behold my coate burnt with the ſparkes of fire,
My leather apron fild with horſe ſhoe nailes,
Behold my hammer and my pinſers here,
Behold my lookes, a marke that ſeldome failes:
My cheekes declare I was not fed with quailes,
My face, my cloathes, my tooles with all my faſhion,
Declare full well a Prince of rude creation.

A Prince I ſaid, a Prince I ſay againe,
Though not by birth, by craftie vſurpation.
Who doubts but ſome men princehood do obtaine,
By open force, and wrongfull domination?
Yet while they rule are had in reputation.
Euen ſo by me, the while I wrought my feate,
I was a Prince, at leaſt in my conceite.

I dare the bolder take on me the name,
Becauſe of him whom here I leade in hand,
Tychot Lord *Audley* one of birth and fame,
Which with his ſtrength and power ſeru'd in my band,
I was a Prince while that I was ſo mand:
His Butterfly ſtill vnderneath my ſhield
Diſplaied was, from Weſtes to Blackeheath field.

But now behold he doth bewaile the ſame:
Thus after wits their raſhnes do depraue.
Behold diſmaid he dare not ſpeake for ſhame,
He lookes like one that late came from the graue,
Or one that came forth of *Trophonius* caue,
For that in wit he had ſo little pith,
As he a Lord to ſerue a traytour Smith.

Such is the courage of the noble hart,
Which doth deſpiſe the vile and baſer ſort,
He may not touch that ſauours of the cart,
Him liſteth not with each Iack lout to ſport,
He lets him paſſe for pairing of his port:
The iolly Eagles catch not little flees,
The courtly ſilkes match ſeeld with homely frees.

But surely *Baldwine* if I were allow'd
To say the troth, I could somewhat declare:
But clerkes will say, this Smith doth waxe too proud,
Thus in precepts of wisdome to compare.
But Smiths must speake that Clerkes for feare ne dare.
It is a thing that all men may lament;
When Clerkes keepe close the truth lest they be shent.

The Hostler, Barbar, Miller and the Smith,
Heare of the sawes of such as wisdome ken,
And learne some wit, although they want the pith,
That Clerkes pretend: and yet both now and then,
The greatest Clerkes proue not the wisest men:
It is not right that men forbid should bee
To speake the truth, all were he bond or free.

And for because I vs'd to fret and fome,
Not passing greatly whom I should displease,
I dare be bold a while to play the mome,
Out of my sacke some others faults to lease,
And let mine owne behind my backe to pease.
For he that hath his owne before his eie,
Shall not so quicke anothers fault espie.

I say was neuer no such wofull case,
As is when honor doth it selfe abuse:
The noble man that vertue doth embrace,
Represseth pride, and humblenes doth vse,
By wisdome workes, and rashnesse doth refuse.
His wanton will and lust that bridle can,
Indeed is gentle both to God and man.

But where the Nobles want both wit and grace,
Regard no rede, care not but for their lust,
Oppresse the poore, set will in reasons place,
And in their words and doomes be found vniust,
Wealth goeth to wracke till all lie in the dust:
There Fortune frownes, and spite begins to grow,
Till high, and low, and all be ouerthrow.

Then ſith that vertue hath ſo good reward,
And after vice ſo duely waiteth ſhame,
How hap'th that Princes haue no more regard,
Their tender youth with vertue to inflame?
For lacke whereof their wit and will is lame,
Infect with folly, prone to luſt and pride,
Not knowing how themſelues or theirs to guide.

Whereby it hapneth to the wanton wight,
As to a ſhip vpon the ſtormie ſeas,
Which lacking ſterne to guide it ſelfe aright,
From ſhore to ſhore the winde and tide to teaſe,
Finding no place to reſt or take his eaſe,
Till at the laſt it ſinke vpon the ſand:
So fare they all that haue no vertues ſcand.

The plowman firſt his land doth dreſſe and tourne,
And makes it apt or ere the ſeed he ſow,
Whereby he is full like to reape good corne,
Where otherwiſe no ſeed but weed would grow:
By which enſample men may eaſely know,
When youth haue wealth before they can well vſe it,
It is no wonder though they do abuſe it.

How can he rule well in a commonwealth,
Which knoweth not himſelfe in rule to frame?
How ſhould he rule himſelfe in ghoſtly health,
Which neuer learn'd one leſſon for the ſame?
If ſuch catch harme their parents are to blame:
For needs muſt they be blind, and blindly led,
Where no good leſſon can be taught or read.

Some thinke their youth diſcreet and wiſely taught,
That brag, and boaſt, and weare their feather braue,
Can roiſt and rout, both loure and looke aloſe,
Can ſweare and ſtare, and call their fellowes knaue,
Can pill and poll, and catch before they craue,
Can card and dice, both cog and foiſt at fare,
Play on ruffle, till their purſe be bare.

Some teach their youth to pipe, to sing and dance,
To hauke, to hunt, to choose and kill their game,
To wind their horne, and with their horse to prannce,
To play at tenis, set the lute in frame,
Run at the ring, and vse such other game:
Which feats although they be not all vnfit,
Yet cannot they the marke of vertue hit.

For noble youth, there is nothing so meete
As learning is, to know the good from ill:
To know the tongues and perfectly endite,
And of the lawes to haue a perfect skill,
Things to reforme as right and iustice will:
For honour is ordeined for no cause,
But to see right maintained by the lawes.

It spites my heart to heare when noble men
Cannot disclose their secrets to their freind,
In sauegard sure, with paper, inke, and pen,
But first they must a secretary find,
To whom they shew the bottome of their mind:
And be he false or true, a blab or dolte,
To him they must their counsaile needs disclose.

And where they rule that haue of law no skill,
There is no boote, they needes must seeke for ayd:
Then rul'd are they, and rule as others will,
As he that on a stage his part hath plaid:
But he was taught, nought hath he done or said,
Such youth therfore seek science of the sage,
As thinke to rule when that ye come to age.

Where youth is brought vp in feare and obedience,
Kept from ill company, bridled of their lust,
Do serue God duly and know their allegiance,
Learne godly weale which time nor age can rust:
There Prince, people, and Peers needes prosper must,
For happy are the folke, and blessed is that land,
Where truth and vertue both haue got the vier hand.

I ſpeake this *Baldwins* of this rufull Lord,
Whom I perforce do heere preſent to thee,
He faints ſo ſore he may not ſpeake a word:
I pleade his cauſe without reward or fee,
And am enforc'd to ſpeake for him and mee:
If in his youth he had been wiſely tought,
He ſhould not now his wit ſo deare haue bought.

For what is he that hath but halfe a wit,
But may well know that rebels cannot ſpeed?
Marke well my tale, and take good heed to it,
Recount it well, and take it for good reed,
Proue it vntrue I will not truſt my creed:
Was neuer rebell heretofore or ſince,
That could or ſhall preuaile againſt his Prince.

For ere the ſubiect purpoſe to rebell,
Within himſelfe let him conſider well,
Foreſee the danger, and beare in his braine,
How hard it is his purpoſe to obtaine:
For if he once be entred to the breares,
He hath a raging wolfe faſt by the eares.

And when he entred is to rule the rout,
Although he would, he can no way get out:
He may be ſure none will to him reſort,
But ſuch as are the vile and raſcall ſort:
All honeſt men, as well the moſt as leſt,
To taſte of treaſon vtterly deteſt.

Then let him waigh how long he can be ſure,
Where faith nor friendſhip may no while endure:
He whom he truſteth moſt, to gaine a groate
Will fall him from, and ſeeke to cut his throate:
Among the knaues and ſlaues where vice is rooted,
There is no other friendſhip to be looked.

With fooliſh men ſo falſehood is in price,
That faith is ſinne, and vertue counted vice.
And where the quarell is ſo vile and bad,

What hope of aid then is there to be had?
Thinkes he that men will run at this or that,
To do a thing they know not how or what?

Nor yet what danger may thereof betide,
VVhere wisdome would they should at home abide,
Rather then seeke, and know not what to find.
VVise men will first debate this in their mind:
Full sure they are if that they go to wrecke,
Without all grace they lose both head and necke.

They lose their lands and goods, their child and wife,
VVith griefe and shame shall leade a wofull life:
If he be slaine in field he dieth accurst,
VVhich of all wreckes we should account the worst:
And he that dieth defending his liege Lord,
Is blest and blest againe by Gods owne word.

And where the souldiers wages is vnpai'd,
There is the Captaine sleuderly obey'd:
And where the souldier's out of feare and dreed,
He will be lacke when that there is most need,
And priuately he seekes his ease and leasure,
And will be rul'd but at his will and pleasure.

And where some draw forth, other do draw backe,
There in the end must needs be woe and wracke:
To hope for aid of Lords it is but vaine,
Whose foretaught wit of treason knoweth the paine:
They know what powre a Prince hath in his hand,
And what it is with rebels for to stand.

They know by treason honor is defaced,
Their offpring and their progenie disgraced,
They know to praise is not so worthie a thing,
As to be true and faithfull to their King.
Aboue cognisance or armes, or pedigree a far,
An vnspotted coat is like a blasing star:

Therefore the rebell is accurſt and mad,
That hopes for that which rebell neuer had:
Who truſting ſtill to tales doth hang in hope,
Till at the laſt he hang faſt by the rope.
For though that tales be told that hope might ſeed,
Such fooliſh hope hath ſtill vnhappie ſpeed.

Is is a cuſtome neuer will be broken,
In broiles the bag of lies is euer open:
Such lying newes men daily will inuent,
As can the hearers fancie beſt content:
And as the newes do run and neuer ceaſe,
So more and more they daily do encreaſe.

And as they 'ncreaſe, they multiplie as faſt,
That ten is ten hundred, ten thouſand at the laſt.
And though the rebell had once got the field,
Thinkes he thereby to make his Prince to yeeld?
A Princes power within his owne region,
Is not ſo ſoone brought to confuſion.

For Kings through God are ſtrong and ſtoutly harted,
That they of ſubiects will not be ſubuerted:
If Kings would yeeld, yet God would them reſtraine,
Of whom the Prince hath grace and power to raigne:
Who ſtraitly chargeth vs aboue all thing,
That no man ſhould reſiſt againſt his King.

Who that reſiſteth his dread ſoueraigne Lord,
Doth damne his ſoule, by Gods owne very word,
A Chriſtian ſubiect ſhould with honor due,
Obey his Soueraigne though he were a Iew:
Whereby aſſur'd when ſubiects do rebell,
Gods wrath is kindled, and threatneth fire and hell.

It is ſoone knowne when Gods fierce wrath is kindled,
How they ſhall ſpeed with whom he is offended:
If God giue victorie to whom he liketh beſt,
Why looke they for it whom God doth moſt deteſt?
For treaſon is hateſull, and abhor'd in Gods ſight,
Example of *Iudas* that moſt wicked wight:

Which is the chiefe cauſe no treaſon preuailes,
For ill muſt he ſpeed whom Gods wrath aſſailes.
Let traytours and rebels looke to ſpeed then,
VVhen Gods mightie power is ſubiect to men.
Much might be ſaid that goeth more neere the pith,
But this ſufficeth for a rurall Smith.

Baldwine when thou hear'ſt reaſon in this caſe,
Belike thou think'ſt I was not very wiſe,
And that I was accurſt, or elſe wanted grace,
Which knowing the end of my fond enterpriſe,
VVould thus preſume againſt my Prince to riſe:
But as there is a cauſe that moueth euery woe,
Somewhat there was whereof this fore did grow:

And to be plaine and ſimple in this caſe,
The cauſe why I ſuch matter tooke in hand,
VVas nothing elſe but pride and lacke of grace,
Vaine hope of helpe, and tales both falſe and fond:
By meane whereof I did my Prince withſtand,
Deni'd the taxe aſſeſt by conuocation,
To maintaine warre againſt the Scottiſh nation.

VVhereat the Corniſh men did much repine,
For they of gold and ſiluer were full bare,
And liued hardly, digging in the mine,
They ſaid they had no money for to ſpare:
Gan firſt to grudge, and then to ſweare and ſtare,
Forgot their due obeyſance, and raſhly fell to rauing,
And ſaid they would not beare ſuch polling and ſuch ſhauing.

They firſt accus'd the King as author of their griefe,
And then the Biſhop *Morton*, and Sir *Reinold Bray*:
For they then were about the King moſt chiefe,
Becauſe they thought the whole fault in them lay:
They did proteſt to rid them of the way.
Such thanke haue they that rule aboue a Prince,
They beare the blame of other mens offence.

When

VVhen I perceiu'd the Commons in a rage,
Then I and *Flamock* both agreed together,
To whom the people reſorted more and more,
Lamenting and crying, helpe vs now or neuer,
Breake bondage now, then are we free for euer:
VVhereat inflam'd in hope to purchaſe fame,
To be their captaines tooke on vs the name.

Then might you heare the people make a shout,
God ſaue the captaines, and ſend vs all good ſpeed:
Then he that fainted counted was a lout,
The ruffians ran to ſow ſeditious ſeed:
To call for company there was no need,
For euery man his brother did entice,
To be partaker of his wicked vice.

Then all ſuch newes as made for our auaile,
Was brought to me, but ſuch as ſounded ill,
VVas none ſo bold to ſpeake or yet bewaile:
Each one ſo wedded was vnto his will,
That forth they eti'd with bowes, with ſword, and bill.
And what the ruffler ſpake the lout tooke for a verdite,
For there the beſt was worſt, worſt beſt regarded.

For when men rebell, there ſtill the viler ſort
Conſpire together, and will haue all the ſway:
And be it well or ill, they beare the port,
As they will do, the reſt muſt needs obay.
They prattle and prate as doth the Popingay:
They crie vnto the reſt to keepe the ſtray,
Whiles they may range and rob for ſpoile and pray.

And when we had prepared euery thing,
VVe went to Tawnton with all our prouiſion,
And there we ſlew the Prouoſt of Pennyn,
For that he there did ſit in high Commiſſion:
He was not wiſe, nor yet of great diſcretion,
That durſt approch his enmies in their rage,
VVhen wit nor reaſon could their ire aſſwage.

From

From thence we went to Wels, and were resolued
Of this Lord *Audely* as our chiefe captaine,
He had the name, but yet he was deceiued,
For I indeed did rule the clubbish traine,
My eartly Knights true honour did disdaine:
For like doth loue his like, t'will be none other,
A chorle will loue a chorle, before he will his brother.

From Wels and Winchester, to Blackheath field,
And there encamped looking for more aid,
But when none came, we thought our selues beguild.
Such Cornishmen as knew they were betraid,
From vs by night away together straid:
There might we learne how vaine it is to trust
Our fained friends, in quarels so vniust.

But we that thought our power was strong;
Were bent to try what euer should betide:
We were the bolder, for the King so long
Deferred fight: which so increast our pride,
That sure we thought the King himselfe did hide
Within the City, and with courage haule,
We did intend the City to assault.

But he contrary to our expectation,
Was fully bent to let vs ruin our race,
Till we were farthest from our habitation,
Where that of aid or succour was no place,
And then be plagu'd as it should please his grace:
All doubtfull plaints, how euer they did sound,
To our best valle we alway did expound.

When that the King saw time, with courage bold
He sent a power to circumuent vs all:
Where we enclosd as simple sheepe in folde,
Were slaughtered all as beasts in butchers stall:
The King himselfe, what euer might befall,
VVas strongly arm'd within Saint Georges field,
And there abode till that he heard vs yeeld.

Then

Then downe we kneeld, and cride to ſaue our life,
It was too late our folly to bewaile:
There were we ſpoild of armour, coate, and knife:
And we which thought the City to aſſaile,
Were led as priſoners naked as my naile.
Of vs two thouſand they had ſlaine before,
And we of them three hundred and no more.

My Lord and we the Captaines of the Weſt,
Took Inne at Newgate, faſt in fetters tide,
Where after doome we had but litle reſt.
My Lord through London was drawne on a ſlide,
To Tower hill, where with an axe he dide,
Clad in his armour painted all in paper,
Torne and reuers'd in ſpite of his behauer.

With *Flamoke* I and other of our bent,
As traytours at Tiburne our iudgement did obay:
The people lookt I ſhould my fault lament,
To whom I ſpake, that for my fond aſſaie,
I ſhould haue fame that neuer ſhould decay:
Wherby ye may perceiue vaine glory doth enflame
As well the meaner ſort, as men of greater name.

But as the fickle patient, ſometime hath deſire,
To taſt the things that Phyſick hath denide,
And hath both paine and ſorrow for his hire:
The ſame to mee right well may be applide,
Which while I ſought for fame on ſhame did ſlide,
And ſeeking fame, brought forth my bitter bane,
As he that fierd the temple of *Diane*.

I tell thee *Baldwine*, I muſe oft, to ſee
How euery man for wealth and honour gapeth,
How euery man would climbe aboue the skie,
How euery man th'aſſured meane ſo hateth,
How froward Fortune oft their purpoſe mateth:
And if they hap their purpoſe to obtaine,
Their wealth is woe, their honour care and paine.

We-

VVe see the seruant happier then his Lord,
VVe see him liue when that his Lord is dead,
He sleepeth sound, is merry at his bord,
No sorow in his heart doth vex his head:
Happie is he that pouertie can wed.
VVhat gaine the mightie men when they be dead,
By all the spoile, and blood that they haue shed?

The loftie towre where honor hath his seat,
Is high on rockes more slipper then the ice,
VVhere still the whirling winde doth roare and beat,
VVhere sudden qualmes and perils still arise,
And is beset with many sundrie vice,
So strange to men when first they come thereat,
They be amas'd, and do they wot not what.

He that preuailes, and to the towre can clime,
VVith toile and care must needs abridge his daies:
And he that slides may curse the houre and time
He did attempt to giue so fond assaies,
And all his life to griefe and shame obaies.
Thus slide he downe, or to the top ascend,
Assure himselfe repentance is the end.

Baldwine therefore do thou record my name,
For president to such as credit lies,
Or thirst to suck the sugred cup of fame,
Or do attempt against their Prince to rise:
And charge them all to keepe within their sise.
VVho doth assay to wrest beyond his strength,
Let him be sure he shall repent at length.

At my requeste admonish thou all men,
To spend the talent well which God hath lent,
He that hath one, let him not toile for ten,
For one's too much, vnlesse it be well spent:
I haue had proofe, therefore I now repent,
Thrice happie are those men, yea blest is hee,
VVho can contented serue in his degree.

M. Camb.

HOW THE VALIANT KNIGHT SIR NICHOLAS *Burdet*, Chiefe Butler of Normandie, was *slaine at Pontoise, Anno Dom.* 1441.

AFerſt in Kings affaires we counted were of truſt,
To fight in waged warres, as Captaines gainſt the foes,
And might therefore aliue receiue the guerdon iuſt,
Which aye his Maieſtie employ'd on thoſe:
Why ſhould we ſo keepe ſilence now, and not diſcloſe
Our noble acts to thoſe remaine aliue,
T'encourage them the like exploits t'atchiue?

For if when as we warr'd, for Prince and publike weale,
We might to each for both haue time and place to ſpeake,
Then why not now, if we to both appeale?
Sith both well know our dealings were not weake.
We claime as right, in truth our minds to breake,
The rather eke we thinke to ſpeake we franchiz'd are,
Becauſe we ſerv'd for peace and di'd in Princes warre.

VVhich granted ſo, and held deſerued due,
I may full well on ſtage ſupplie the place a while,
Till I haue plainly laid before your view
That I haue cauſe, as theſe, to plaine of Fortunes guile,
VVhich ſmirking though at firſt, ſhe ſeeme to ſmooth and ſmile,
(If Fortune be) who deem'd themſelues in skies to dwell,
She thirleth downe to dread the gulfes of gaſtly hell.

But heere I let a while the Ladie Fortune ſtay,
To tell what time I liu'd, and what our warres were then,
The great exploits we did, and where our armies lay,
Eke of the praiſe of ſome right honorable men,
VVhich things with eyes I ſaw, call'd now to mind agen,
VVhat I performed preſent in the fight,
I will in order and my fall recite.

In

In youth I ſerv'd that roiall *Henry* fift the King,
Whoſe praiſe for martiall feats eternall fame reteines,
When he the Normanes ſtout did in ſubiection bring,
My ſelfe was vnder then his enſignes taking paines.
With loial hart I fought, purſu'd my Prince his gaines,
There dealt I ſo that time my fame to raiſe,
French writers yet my name and manhood praiſe.

And erſt as *Burdets* diuers warlike wights
(In Warwicke ſhire their lands in Arrow ar)
Were for good ſeruice done made worthy Knights,
Whoſe noble acts be yet recounted far:
Euen ſo my ſelfe well fram'd to peace or war,
Of theſe the heire by due diſcent I came,
Sir Nicholas Burdet Knight, which had to name.

That time the noble *Iohn* of *Bedford* Duke bare ſway,
And feared was in France for courage ſtout and fell,
He lou'd me for my fighte and perſon, (though I ſay)
And with reuenues me rewarded yearely well.
I plaid the faithfull ſubiects part, the truth to tell,
And was accounted loiall, conſtant ſtill,
Of ſtomack, worſhip great, and warlike skill.

But then (O greefe to tell) ere long this peereleſſe King,
When he reſtored had his right vnto the Crowne
The Duchie all of Normandy, eke ſubiect bring
The Frenchemen all, and ſet Lieuenants in each towne
High Regent made of France, then Fortune gan to frowne,
He then departed life, too ſoone alas:
Some men ſuppoſe his grace empoiſond was.

Thou Fortune flie, what meanſt thou thus, theſe prancks to play?
Falſe Fortune bleare ey'd blind, vnſteady ſtartling ſtill,
What meanſt thou turning thus thy flattering face away,
Inconſtant where thou beareſt moſt good will?
Is it thy nature then? or iſt thy wonted skill?
It coſt thee nought, they ſay it comes by kind,
As thou art bliſme, ſo are thine actions blind.

I nothing doubt then thou thy ſelfe ſhalt fall.
I truſt to ſee the time when thou ſhalt be forgot.
For why thy pride, and pompe and power muſt vaniſh all,
Thy name ſhall die for aye, and periſh quite I wot.
And when thou ſhalt be counted but a ſot,
The noble wights which liu'd and dide in worthy fame,
In heauen and earth ſhall find an euerlatting name.

But words of courſe are theſe of Fortune had,
When vnto Princes haps chance good or ill:
God ſends to euery ſort theſe tempeſts ſad,
VVhen from his word they ſwarue and heauenly will.
Men muſt endeuour then to pleaſe his goodneſſe ſtill,
And then come life or death, come ioy, come ſmart,
No Fortunes frowne can daunt the doughty hart.

The famous King ſo dead, his ſon but nine months old
Henry the ſixt, of England was proclaimed King:
And then the Frenchmen waxt more ſtout and bold,
His youth occaſion gaue them to conſpire the thing,
Which might them all from due ſubiection bring.
On which the Counſell cald a Parliament:
Of French that might the treaſons high preuent.

VVherein the Duke of Bedford my good Lord and frend
VVas Regent made the Prince his deputy in France:
The Duke of Gloceſter Protectour was, to th'end
To rule in caſes ſuch at home might hap to chance:
They choſe to gard the Prince in honour to aduance
Henry Beuford Biſhop of VVinchester,
And *Thomas* the noble Duke of Exceſter.

But here before thoſe things could well be ſetled ſure,
(As great affaires of Kingdomes longer time doe take)
The Frenchmen did by treaſon, force, and coine procure
Some townes which Engliſh were in France their faith forſake.
A long diſcourſe it were of all recitall make:
But of my chance that time, recite will I,
VVhich ſeru'd in warres my Prince in Normandy.

Before

Before the Mount S. *Michael* as in ſiege I lay,
In confines of the Normans and the Britons land,
From townesmen famiſht nigh we victailes kept away,
And made them oft in danger of diſ-Mounting ſtand:
But it being ſtrong and alſo ſtoutly man'd,
Euen by our loſſes they gate heart of graſſe,
And we declining ſaw what Fortune was.

Yet neretheleſſe we thought by famine make them yeeld,
Eke they by fight or ſuccours hopte the ſiege to raiſe,
T'accompliſh which they ruſht on ſudden out to feeld,
As bent to die or win the wanted food with praiſe:
And we as readie were for them at all aſſaies.
Theſe eager impes whom foodwant feaz'd to fight amaine,
VVe forc'd them die, fall, flie, to take their fort againe.

VVhere I in chaſe purſu'd them euen to the towne,
Tane priſoner was, a while for ranſome lay:
But then the worthie Duke the Regent of renowne,
Did for me quite diſburſe the price requir'd to pay.
The ſiege we rais'd, from thence we went our way,
And I redeemed bare this blanke in mind,
Till of requite I might occaſion find.

VVhich thus ere long befell, to this a while giue eare:
VVhen *Arthur* Earle of Richmond to S, *Iaques* came
De Beuuron where my ſelfe and other Captaines were,
VVhich had repaired well and fortifi'd the ſame,
VVe made him flie, to his immortall ſhame:
Euen thus to him and fortie thouſand moe,
Fiue hundred Engliſh gaue the ouerthroe.

Long while he batterie laid againſt the wall,
Thereby to make a breach for them to enter in:
But well perceiuing ſtill his ſhot to profit ſmall,
And that we weigh'd not of his power a pin,
On euery ſide afreſh he did th'aſſault begin:
Yet we ſo bare them off, and beate them downe,
They durſt not ſeaze or enter on the towne.

But

But wearied with the ſiege and aſſaults they paus'd a while,
Conſulting what were beſt, and ſo did we likewiſe:
They found the feate, they thought ſhould ſurely vs beguile,
And in an euening came t'accompliſh th'enterpriſe.
A ſharp aſſault they gaue. Alarme my mates we riſe:
On both the ſides they ſcald, the fort to gaine:
But from the ſcales and walkes we flang them downe amaine.

It was my charge that time to keepe a bulwarke bace,
Where Britons came along to enter by a ſtrait:
T'was in a bottome low, a pond was by the place,
By which they needes muſt paſſe vp to a poſterne gate.
I meant to make them fiſh the poole without a bait,
Proteſting ere they there ſhould get the wall
We would as Engliſh die, or giue our foes the fall.

The trumpets ſound tan tara, tan tan tara right, (thow,
The guns were ſhot founce-founce-founce, ſomp-fum, fow-pow-
The drums went downe-dun downe, the fluits fit-fite-fit-fite,
The weapons cliſh-clath and the captaines now-now now.
With billes we beat the downe, with ſhafts we ſhot them throw.
The gory ground did groane, the ſmoky ſhot and cries
Dimd all the aire, and thundred through the skies.

S. *Deniſe* cride the French, and Britons *globi-labes*,
S. *George* the Engliſh cride, fight-fight-fight, kill-kill-kill:
Fight-fight (quoth I) come on, they flee, they flee, they flee.
And therewithall we vſe a point of warlike skill,
We cauſd the men within to cry vnto vs ſtill,
Fight *Suffolke* now, fight-fight and *Salsbury*:
Fight fight you noble Earles, the Britons flee they flee.

With that amazed all the Britons gan recoile,
Some drowned in the pond, wherin they ran for feare,
And I purſu'd the flight, to wreeke my captiue ſoile,
We paid them in the chaſe diſordred as they were,
Seuen hundred ſlew, tooke fifty priſoners there,
Gaind eighteene ſtanderds, and one banner more:
Yet I and mine not fully were fourſcore.

Of this exploit when th'Earle of Richmond heard,
Which gaue an hot alluit on th'other side the towne,
No leſſe was he diſpleaſde, amazed, diſcouraged,
To heare the names of thoſe two Earles of high renowne,
His guilty courage quaild, his heart was dasted downe,
He cauſde the trumpets ſound retrait away,
To ſcale our walles he durſt no longer ſtay.

At midnight he diſlodg'd, from ſiege he made depart
The Conſtable of Fraunce (late Earle of Richmond) fled,
And toward Fougiers ſped, with ſuch as tooke his part,
For haſte perhaps with feare leſt he ſhould loſe his head,
They left two hundred pipes of flowre and bisket bread,
Greate gunnes foureteene, three hundred pipes of wine,
Two hundred frailes of figs and raiſons fine.

Fiue hundred barrels they of herring left beſide,
Of pouder for our guiſnes full forty barrels more,
They fled without their tents, the daſted durſt not bide,
For feare they could not ſtay, to take away their ſtore,
Haue you oft heard the like, of cowards ſuch before?
Thoſe forty thouſand, Britons, French, and Scots,
Foure ſcore them foiled, made them flee like ſots.

When this, that noble man, the Duke of Bedford heard,
How I did quit my ſelfe, and ſerud my Prince ſo well,
He me procured of the King as great reward
As my deſerts could wiſh, and more the truth to tell,
Chiefe Butler ſhip of Normandy vnto me fell,
Reuenues eke in Normandy of lands,
A thouſand crownes came yearely to my hands.

Iafter this was ſent to make inrode
Vpon the coaſt of Britaine, for to bate their pride,
A band of horſmen tooke without abode,
The Duke of Somerſet made me their guide,
To many townes about their bounds we ride,
Set them on fire, or make them ranſom pay,
Tooke ſtore of priſners, wrought them much decay.

Returned victours safe to Normandy,
With good successe, for why the cause was good:
And of our Prince were guerdond gratefully
With laud and gifts, as for our service stood.
This makes the Captaines venture life and blood,
And souldiers serue with heart in what they may;
Which are assur'd of honour, praise, and pay.

Yee worthy wights aliue, which loue your Countreis weale,
And for your Princes port such warres doe vndertake,
Learne so for Countrey yours with forraine foes to deale,
See that of manhood good, so great accounts ye make.
It nothing vailes in peace, to sweare, stur, face or crake:
In warres he winnes the fame of noble wight
Who warlike deales, for Prince and publique right.

If you so pointed be, to serue your Prince in war,
As erst was I, and must before the muster take,
Retaine such souldiers as well made, strong, seemely ar,
Brought vp to labour hard, of such account doe make:
These able are at neede to stand and keepe the stake,
When facing soldiers fit for Tiburne fraies:
Are food-sick faint, or hart-sicke run their waies.

At whom a man may find a number euery day,
Which weare their weapons still, as all the world were war,
And keepe a coile to beate the best of blades away,
VVith bucklers braue at backs, to shew what men they are.
In peace at home they sweare, stare, foist, roist, fight, and iar:
But when abroad they feare of warres the smart,
Some better souldiers proue from driuing cart.

In warres so sterne (as we) and weapons haue,
VVhen warlike stormes do rage beseemes a warlike man:
In pleasant peace who sets himselfe to banding braue,
And facing fare at home, abroad doe nothing can,
(Though nere so much he boast) fie on him coward than:
For not in gauntles, sword, targ, clothes, haire, staring eyes:
But in the breast, good courage, vertue lies.

But here perhaps (you say) I fall a note too low,
Beneath the persons of these worthy Peeres and me:
Tis true indeed, and yet such fruite hereof may grow:
As eke the meane hereby, his iarring out may flee;
Without good meane, the song can never sweetly glee.
Leaue out the meane, or let him keepe no time:
And you shall sing when Easter fals in lune.

Euen so, if meaner sorts doe iangle here and iar
To languish vnder *Mars*, but fall good peace with fight,
As discord foule in musicke, for they for the warre
They neuer can atchieue the victory a right.
Lead such as square or feare, then farewell all, good night.
A sheepe is euen as good to starting stand and bea:
As he that iangles, wraigles, rangles, cannes awea.

Then whoso deales for warre, must wisely make his mate,
And choose such souldiers stout will stiffe in warfare stand.
If he not recke what ruffian roisters take his pare,
He weeldes vnwisely then the mace of *Mars* in hand,
He must be able eke, to deeme for sea and land
What men may serue, to best aduantage make,
And them instruct fine warlike points to take.

With skilfull knowledge fraight he must be void of feare,
Of wisedom so discreete, so sober, graue and sage,
To deeme, perceiue, abide, aduentures both to beare
As may in all exploits of fight with Fortune wage:
He must haue eye to wre, and vse not rule by rage:
Wise dealing sets the souldiers fure in ray,
Wilde ouer rashnesse casteth all away:

The cause, ground, place and time, the order of their fight,
The valour of his foes, and what is their intent,
The weather faire or foule, occasion of the night,
What witty wiles and policies may them preuent,
And how the time or howre of th' enemies hurt been spent:
All these (I say) must well be waide before,
By him that sets in warres of credit store.

In all which points that noble Duke his grace did paſſe,
I meane the Regent good, for chuſing, vſing men,
By nature fram'd thereto, he wondrous skilfull was,
And friendly vſed all, inſtructing now and then
Not only Captaines ſtout, that were his countrie men,
But alſo ſundrie ſouldiers as occaſion came,
And taught them how to warres themſelues to frame.

His princely grace and geſture yet me thinkes I ſee,
And how he bare himſelfe, to deale for warre or peace:
In warre full *Mars*-like, hardie, ſterne, and bold was he:
And meek and prudent, merciful, when ſtormes of wars did ceaſe:
Whom pitie mou'd as much inflicted paines to releaſe,
As euer wight in whom the broiles of warre
Or force of fights, had entred in ſo far.

VVhich if againe to rue the loſſe of ſuch a friend,
In ſight with plaints, of teares the fountaines out might flow
So all lamenting Muſes would me wailings lend,
The dolours of my heart in ſight again to ſhow:
I would deplore his death, and Englands cauſe of woe,
With ſuch ſad mourning tunes, and ſuch ſobs, ſighes, and teares
As were not ſeene for one, this ten times twentie yeares.

For why this noble Prince, when we had needed moſt,
To ſet the ſtates of France and England in a ſtay,
That feared was of foes in euery forren coaſt,
Too ſoone (alas) this Duke was taken hence away.
In France he di'd, helaſſe lament his loſſe we may,
That Regent regall, rule of publique right.
Loe how my hurts afreſh beweepe this wanted wight.

" With that his wounds (me thought) gan freſhly bleed,
" And he waxt faint and fell, and my ſalt teares
" Ran downe my ruſull cheekes, with trickling ſpeed,
" (For who could chuſe that ſuch cauſe ſees and heares?)
" O worthie Knight (quoth I) whoſe loyall faith appeares:
" Ceaſe wailes, riſe vp, inſtruct my quiuering pen,
" To tell the reſt of Fortunes doublings then.

I haue (quoth he) noe Fortunes flatterie to accuſe,
Nor Fate nor Deſtinie, nor any fancie faind:
I haue no cauſe t'affirme that theſe could ought miſuſe
This noble Prince, whoſe life & acts ſuch fame and honour gaind,
But our deſerts, our ſinnes, and our offences ſtaind
This noble Ile and vs, our ſinnes (I ſay)
Offending God, he tooke this Prince away.

Helaſſe how loth can I returne, and leaue this pearle in Roane
My Lord *Iohn* Duke of Bedford, there his corps yet lies
Encloſd with coſtly tombe, wrought curiouſly of ſtone,
By North the altar high (delighting many Martiall eyes)
Within our Ladie Church, where fame him lifts to skies,
By daily view his name renoum'd exalted is,
And ſoule, I truſt, full ſweetly ſweames in bliſſe.

Needs muſt I enterlineamy talke a while with this:
And then I will returne to tell you how I ſped.
When once the French men ſaw this noble Duke to miſſe,
Which Engliſh armies all gainſt foes with fortunes led
They liu'd at large, rebeld againſt their ſoueraigne head,
Forſooke their oathes, allegeance all denide,
And Engliſh men with all their force defide.

While he did liue, they durſt not ſo to deale,
They durſt not dare with th'Engliſh oft to fraie,
They found it was not for their owne of publique weale,
To riſe againſt their Lord the Regent in arraie.
Soone after he was dead, departed hence away
Both French and Normanes cloſe to win did cloſe,
And we diuided were, our rights abroad to loſe.

The feend (I thinke) deuiſde a way to make the breach,
By enuie bred in breaſts of two right noble Peeres,
Which miſchiefe hatcht in England, then may teach
All noble men that liue, hence many hundred yeares,
Beware of Enuie blacke, how fat ſhe deares.
Euen their examples tell, how true our Chriſt doth ſay:
Each realme, towne, houſe, in ciuil ſtrife, ſhall deſolate decay.

Perdie

Perdie the Duke of Yorke was Regent made of France,
At which the Duke of Sommerſet did much repine,
He thought they rather ought him ſo t'aduance
King *Henries* kin, for honour of his Princely line:
But marke the grape which grew on this vngracious vine,
I will not ſay it after ſtroid their lines and houſes nie,
But this I ſay, we daily ſaw diſhonour came thereby.

For though the hauty Duke were worthy it to haue,
As well for courage good as vertues honour due:
Yet ſith to'th Duke of Yorke th'election firſt it gaue,
And he the ſaddle miſt, what needed he to rue?
When tumults great and ſturres in France yet daily grew,
He nild the Regent hence diſpatcht in many daies:
That loſſe might win him hurt, or long diſpraiſe.

Wild wengand on ſuch ire, wherby the realme doth loſe,
What gaine haue they, which heaue at honour ſo?
At home diſdaine and greefe, abroad they friend their foes.
I muſt be plaine in that which wrought my webs of woe,
My webs (quoth I?) would God they had wrought no moe.
It was the cauſe of many a bleeding Engliſh breſt,
And to the French, their end of woefull warres addreſt.

I dare auouch if they had firme in friendſhip bode,
And ſoothly as beſeemd ioin'd frendly hand with hands,
They had not felt defame in any forraine rode,
Nor had not ſo beene ſent, with loſſe from Gallia ſtrands:
They might poſſeſſion kept, ſtill of their conquerd lands,
And able been, to tride themſelues ſo true,
As might haue made their enmies ſtill to rue.

For while the Duke of Sommerſet made here ſo great delaies,
That into France the ſuccours ſmall and ſlackly came,
Not only Paris then was loſt, within few daies,
That famous flowre of France, of far renowned fame,
The French (I ſay) not onely gat and kept the ſame,
But by this meanes, in France we daily felt ſuch ſmart,
As might with pitie pierce an adamantine hart,

O great miſhap, the noble Duke of Bedford once being dead,
Our wealth went backe, by diſcords foule deſpite we loſt
Not only townes in France, and Captaines armies led,
But many ſouldiers eke with labour, ſpence and coſt:
And though full oft we made the French men ſmell of the roſt,
Yet in the end we gaine of fight the fame,
And they by craft and treaſon gate the game.

What reſteth more, it were, perdie, too long to tell,
Of battels great and broiles which happened daily ſtill,
The ſtories eke declare aduentures which befell:
Although (God wot) the writers wanted points of skill,
Of whom to ſpeake a while, digreſſe againe I will,
And partly ſhew what one he ought to be,
Which takes on him to write an Hiſtorie.

A Chronicler ſhould well in diuers tongues be ſeene,
And eke in all the arts he ought to haue a ſight,
Whereby he might the truth of diuers actions deeme,
And both ſupplie the wants, correct that is not right:
He ſhould haue eloquence, and full and fitly write,
Not mangle ſtories, ſnatching heere and there:
Nor gloſe to make a volume great appeare.

He ſhould be of ſuch countenance and wit,
As ſhould giue witneſſe to the Hiſtories he writes,
He ſhould be able well his reaſons ſo to knit,
As ſhould continue well the matter he recites:
He ſhould not praiſe, diſpraiſe, for fauour or deſpites,
But ſhould ſo place each thing in order due,
As might approue the ſtories to be true.

But this may haps the time may ſeeke at length redreſſe,
And then ſuch ſtories now and noble acts as die,
May come againe to light (at leaſt defaced leſſe)
If from the Britaines firſt antiquities they trie.
In great defects if they the truth ſupplie,
Then ſhall the readers fuller ſtories find,
And haue whereby to recreate the mind.

But now returne I muſt, and briefly heere declare
Before my death, what ſundrie haps we had.
In warres right variouſly the ſtates of Captaines fare,
Now well, now woe, now ioyfull, now right ſad.
But who well ends, though all his haps were bad,
Let him erſt ſinke or ſwim, loſe, win, be ſlaine, die, fall,
If he die well, h'is thrice and foure times bleſt of all.

In France eight leagues from Paris, Pontoiſe ſtands,
(Tweene that and Roane) which we had won before:
And ſo we held it Engliſh ſafely in our hands.
For to our Prince the men allegeance ſwore,
And they remain'd obedient euermore,
Till from their neckes to reaue the Engliſh yoke,
They might find meanes by whom to ſtrike the ſtroke.

When theſe ſaw Paris loſt, and cities moe beſide,
And what in France and Normandie reuolts had done,
They thought no longer ſubiect to abide,
But ſought occaſion how they might by French be won.
As of our loſſe reports did daily to them run,
So with King *Charles* th'agreed when to betray the towne,
And force the Engliſh flee, or yeeld, or beate them downe.

For why, the powre of France could nor with mightie hoſt
Performe to win by force from vs th'aſſaulted towne,
Them ſcaling often from the walles we toſt.
On euery ſide full faſt we flang the French men downe.
Our noble acts before had gotten ſuch renowne,
And Fortune erſt had paſt with vs ſo farre,
They had ſmall hope to win our forts by warre.

Wherefore King *Charles* aſſai'd the ſecret ſaut,
Not by his force of French, but by his golden fee,
Corrupting diuers Burgeſes to make the faut,
Whereby an entrie ſhould to his oppugning bee:
And they (as erſt is ſaid) were willing to agree,
Like periur'd theeues conſpir'd by ſecret fine deuice,
Gaue Pontoiſe vp, and tooke the promiſt price.

But in Nouember next when it was ſharpe and cold,
And daily froſt had dri'd and parched hard the ground,
We were in hope againe to get of Pontoiſe hold,
Which erſt the towneſmen ſold, for gaine of many a pound
The ſnow fell faſt, lay thicke, and couered well the ground,
And ditches were ſo hard about the towne before,
That on the ice by euery ſide we ſafely might get ore.

The Lord *Iohn Clifford* was chiefe Captaine then,
Which with vs Captaines did this policie deuiſe,
That we in clothing white and ſouldiers euery man,
Should in our armour finely vs diſguiſe:
The next night ſo we ſhould to the aſſault ariſe,
And paſſe the frozen ditch vnto the wall,
With ladders ſcale, and kill the watchmen all.

We ſo prepar'd our ſelues as time occaſion gaue,
And dreſt in white coats trim, it ioy'd our hearts to ſee
How fine we paſt the ditch, what good ſucceſſe we haue:
How on the walles we find the watch nigh frozen bee:
As noble Greekes on Troy, on Pontoiſe ſeaſon'd wee,
We ſlew the watch, we beat the ſouldiers downe,
Some priſoners tooke, and tooke withall the towne.

Of ſtately Captaines French, was *Iohn de Villers* one
Within the taken towne, and *Narnalon* a Knight
Burgunion: yet they fled, away they gate them gone:
They durſt not bide againſt the blanched boyes to fight.
We paid the periur'd knaues the Burgeſſes that night,
And gat as much of honor and renowne
As they gat ſhame and loſſe, which bought and ſold the towne.

Marke well the French mens foiles in all our worthie warre
In theſe two regall *Henries* times, and you ſhall ſee
How we ſurpaſt the French in valour farre:
And bend for Prince and Realme ſo valiant for to bee:
Which if ye ſhall, and deale in ſeruice as did wee,
I nothing doubt renowne and fame ſhall ſay,
That noble England beares for warres the palme away.

But When King *Charles* had heard how Pontoiſe men had ſped,
His armie ſtraight aſſembled he therefore againe,
Wherewith to win this towne afreſh th'aſſaults he led,
He piners ſet to trench and vndermine amaine,
Made baſtiles for defence, yet all this toile was vaine,
For batterie of our walles he ſpent his powder ſtill,
Made freſhly French aſſaults, but did no ill.

The noble Duke of Yorke diſcharged late before,
When now the Earle of Warwicke chanſt at Roane to die,
Being Regent choſen once againe of France, as yore,
(Th'Earle of Warwicke Regent was two yeares perdie)
Arriu'd in France, to rouſe the French King he did hie,
(Which lay beſieging Pontoiſe, as I ſaid)
VVith him to fight, and eke to bring vs aide.

The French King fled, for haſte he left his ſtore behind:
VVhen he was once aſſur'd the Duke of Yorke drue neare,
He durſt not ſtay to bide the time or place aſſign'd
To fight our Regent with, but fled away for feare.
By theſe aſſaies you ſee what men in France they were,
Diſcourag'd oft, ſlaine, put to flight and fall:
By ſight, force, ſight, and names of numbers ſmall.

There when the Duke had fortifi'd our Pontoiſe towne,
Then he purſu'd the French King erſt that fled,
To Poyſſy, where he lay with Lords of French renowne.
Before which towne, the Duke his noble armie led:
The French King durſt not out of Poyſſy put his head:
And yet there came to skirmiſh our French gentlemen,
Of which ſome ſlaine, foure tane, the reſt retir'd agen.

The Duke to bid him battell did pretend;
If he could there encounter with him tho:
But forth againe he durſt not come nor ſend,
For feare he ſhould receiue the foile and ouerthro.
On which the Duke diſlodg'd, departing Poyſſy fro,
To Maunt, and Roane, from thence his grace did hie,
T'appeaſe the broiles of ſtriſe in Normandie.

But

But then the French King calling vnto mind his losse,
His charges in the siege, his bastiles trenches made,
How erst we did them thence, sans bag and bagage tosse,
Eke how from siege he durst not stay the store to lade,
And how their Fortunes oft, in fight went retrograde,
How neighbours ill to Paris, we of Pontoise were:
He cast aside his French and fainting feare.

The rather yet, for why, Parisiens aye did raile,
They said he wanted courage good, he durst not fight,
He lackt no souldiers good, his feeble heart did faile:
Le Roy (quoth they) *de France, les Anglois point nemuit:*
Le Roy ne ose pas pour Pontoise faire pour suit:
Le Roy est Lourd, sans coeur: car pou de gens,
Font nostre Roy & pais faire grande dispens.

On this King *Charles* return'd with mightie host,
To vindicate this great reproch and shame:
And vnto Pontoise gaue assault in post
Full hotly, when we feared least the same.
Whereon, to fight against him all our force we frame,
But number great at th'entrie got such hand,
We could not forth againe their force abandi.

VVith trumpets sounding, tan tan-tar'aloud
The larum bell we rung, our selues to trie dispose,
To make them pay the price of our distresse we vow'd,
Before we would possession got, of Pontoise lose:
In euery street we met the strength of all our foes,
And made them passe by deadly dint away,
VVhich ventured first our English mates to slay.

VVhy now my friends, for England fight, I cri'd:
If euer English hearts your noble breasts possest,
I promise you to make them flinch, if I may bide:
Mates follow me. Amongst my foes I rusht before the rest:
O heere come on (quoth I) now fight we for the best.
And therewithall I vs'd such courage, force and might:
As made my foes to fall, and souldiers fitly fight.

If

If we do leese (quoth I) the French men shall not gaine:
So if we win, tis worth the while to keepe array.
If ye stand stiffly to't, weele make them peaze the paine,
And leade with loffe of liuely limbes the land away.
Although they fiercely fight, in hope vs all to slay:
Loe fixe to one they fall, and dead they lie:
We English men, in triumph fight, and honor die.

With bloodie broiles of warre, the hapleffe towne did smoke,
The children saw their fathers deare, to bleed their last:
The wiues bewailed much the fatall stroke,
Which forst their husbands bleed, fall, die so fast:
Helas the women cri'd, the wofull streets that past:
(When so they saw the channels bloodie streame)
What plague is this, that pesters so our Reame?

Is no remorce of life, but kill, kill, kill? (he laide)
Kill, kill the English crie, and valiantly they fight:
What hap had we to see these mischiefes come to passe?
Helas le sang de nous amis, la mort helas:
The maidens crie, the widowes waile, and aged mourne,
With wringing hands vplift, and wish themselues vnborne.

Of vs one thousand English men within the towne,
Sustain'd the force, the powre and puissance of their King:
And of the French that fought, we beate three thousand downe,
We slew no leffe, for all the number he did bring.
If this vntrue shall seeme, disdote die mine tearing,
A French Historian writing for themselues shall say:
Three thousand French men there, were slaine that day.

Foure hundred English men that time were slaine in fight,
My selfe was one, with loffe they won the towne perdie:
But if I might haue liu'd haue tri'd our right,
With one for euery seuen, by ods so we did die:
I doubt not (so the rest, would done their parts as I.)
But that King *Charles*, his Lords, nor all his men,
Should scarce haue tane the towne of Pontoise then.

What

VVhat need I more debate of these things heere?
In England was the fault, though we did feele the feare:
VVhile they at home, at bate and strife for honors were,
They lost abroad of Normandie the greater pare.
To thinke on this comments againe my wounded hart,
That Lords at home, should strive about the name,
And lose abroad their countries weale and fame.

Let Englishe Peeres abandon such contentious strife,
It hurts the publike weale, decayes the State:
It reaues the yeares too soone of longer life:
It frets the breft with ruft of baend debate:
It giues the checke to him that giues the mate:
Then thus I end, that wight of all is bleft
VVhich liues in loue with God, his Prince and countrie beft.

So *Higins* if thou write, how this my fall befell:
Place it in *Baldwines* Mirrour with the reft.
From crazed ſcull ſith heere my mind I tell:
Sith bleeding heart theſe rufull rimes expreſt:
This mangled tale beſeemes my perſon beſt.
Do ſo (quoth he) and let it paſſe quoth shee:
Vaut (quoth I) *poſt funera virtus.*

Iohn Higins.

HOW SHORES WIFE, KING EDWARD THE FOVRTHS CONCVBINE, WAS by King *Richard* deſpoiled of all her goods, and forced *to doe open penance.*



Amongſt the reſt, by Fortune ouerthrowne,
I am not leaſt, that moſt may waile her face:
My fame and bruite, abroad the world is blowne,
VVho can forget, a thing thus done ſo late?
My great miſchance, my fall, and heauie caſe,
Is ſuch a marke, whereat each tongue doth ſhoote,
That my good name, is pluckt vp by the roote.

This

This wandring world, bewitched me with wiles,
And won my wits, with wanton fugred toyes,
In Fortunes frekes, who trusts her when she smiles,
Shall find her false, and full of fickle toyes,
Her triumphes all, but fill our eares with noise,
Her flattring gifts, are pleasures mixt with paine,
Yea, all her words, are thunders threatning raine.

The fond desire, that we in glorie set,
Doth thirle our hearts, to hope in slipper hap,
A blast of pompe, is all the fruit we get,
And vnder that, lies hid a sudden clap.
In seeking rest, vnwares we fall in trap,
In groping flowres, with nettles stung we are,
In labring long, we reape the crop of care.

Oh darke deceit, with painted face for sho,
Oh poisned bait, that makes vs eager still,
Oh fained friend, deceiuing people so,
Oh world, of thee, we cannot speake too ill:
Yet fooles we are, that bend so to thy skill.
The plagne and scourge, that thousands daily feele,
Should warne the wise, to shun thy whirling wheele.

But who can stop, the streame that runnes full swift?
Or quench the fire, that is crept in the straw?
The thirstie drinkes, there is no other shift,
Perforce is such, that need obeyes no law,
Thus bound we are, in worldly yoke to draw,
And cannot stay, nor turne againe in time,
Nor learne of those, that sought too high to clime.

My selfe for proofe, loe heere I now appeare,
In womans weed, with weeping watred eyes,
That bought her youth, and her delights full deare,
Whose loud reproch, doth sound vnto the skies,
And bids my corse, out of the graue to rise,
As one that may, no longer hide her face,
But needs must come, and shew her pitious case.

The

The sheete of shame, wherein I shrowded was,
Did moue me oft, to plaine before this day,
And in mine eares did sing the trumpe of brasse,
Which is defame, that doth each thing bewray,
Yea though full dead, and low in earth I lay,
I heard the voice, of me what people said,
But then to speake, alas I was afraid.

And now a time, for me I see prepar'd,
I heare the liues, and falles of many wights:
My tale therefore, the better may be hard,
For at the torch, the little candle lights.
Where pageants be, small things fill out the sights.
Wherefore giue eare, good *Chorus*, and do thy best,
My tragedie, to place among the rest.

Because the truth, shall witnes well with thee,
I will rehearse, in order as it fell,
My life, my death, my dolefull destinie,
My wealth, my woe, my doing euery deale,
My bitter blisse, wherein I long did dwell:
A whole discourse, by me *Shores* wife by name,
Now shalt thou heare, as thou hadst seene the same.

Of noble blood, I cannot boast my birth,
For I was made out of the meanest mold,
Mine heritage, but seuen foot of th'earth,
Fortune ne gaue, to me the gifts of gold:
But I could brag, of nature if I wold,
Who fil'd my face, with fauour fresh and faire,
Whose beautie shone, like *Phebus* in the aire.

My shape some said, was seemely to each sight,
My countenance, did shew a sober grace,
Mines eyes in lookes, were neuer proued light,
My tongue in words was chaste in euery case.
Mine eares were deafe, and would no louers place,
Saue that, alas, a Prince did blot my brow,
Loe, there the strong, did make the weake to bow.

The

The maiesty, that Kings to people beare,
The stately port, the awfull cheere they show,
Doth make the meane, to shrink and couch for feare,
Like as the hound, that doth his master know:
What then? since I, was made vnto the bow,
There is no cloke, can serue to hide my fault:
For I agreed, the fort he should assault.

The Eagles force, subdues ech bird that flies,
What metall may, resist the flaming fire?
Doth not the Sun, dazell the clearest eies,
And melt the ice, and make the frost retire?
Who can withstand, a puissant Kings desire?
The fiftest stones, are pierced through with tooles,
The wisest are, with Princes made but fooles.

If kinde had wrought, my forme in common frames,
And set me forth, in colours blacke and browne,
Or beautie had, beene pent in leaden flames,
Or shamefast waies, had pluckt my feathers downe,
Then had I kept, my fame and good renowne:
For natures gifts, were cause of all my griefe,
A pleasant prey, entiseth many a thiefe.

Thus woe to thee, that wrought my peacocks pride,
By clothing me with natures tapestry:
Woe worth the hew, wherein my face was dide,
Which made me thinke, I pleased every eye,
Like as the starres, make men behold the skie:
So beauties shew, doth make the wise full fond,
And brings free hearts, full oft to endlesse bond.

But cleare from blame, my friends can not be found,
Before my time, my youth shap did abuse:
In marriage, a promise was I bound,
Then that meere loue, I knew not how to vse,
But welaway, their cannot be excuse,
The harme is mine, though they deuide my care,
And I must smart, and fie in floodrous teares.

Yet giue me leaue, to plead my cause at large:
If that the horse, do run beyond his race,
Or any thing that keepers haue in charge,
Do breake their course, where faults may take place:
Or meat be see, before the hungrie thee,
Who is in fault? th'offender yea or no,
Or they that are, the cause of all this wo.

Note well what strife, this forced marriage makes,
What lothed liues, do come where loue doth lacke,
What scratching breers, do grow vpon such brakes,
What common weales, by it are brought to wracke,
What heauie loade, is put on patients backe,
What strange delights, this branch of vice doth breed,
And marke what graine, springs out of such a seed.

Compell the hauke, to fly that is vntam'd,
Or make the hound, vntaught to draw the Deere,
Or bring the free, against his will to hand,
Or mooue the sad, a pleasant tale to heare,
Your time is lost, and you no whit the neere:
So loue ne learnes, of force the knot to knit,
She serues but those, that feele sweet fancies fit.

The lesse defame, redounds to my disprofit,
I was entist, by traines, and traps by craft,
Though in my powre, remained yeas and nayes,
Vnto my friends, yet nie do confesse I mist,
In euery thing, yea howsoeuer I wist,
They brake the bough, and hid the tree by sleight,
And bent the wand, that might haue growne full streight.

What helpe is this, the pale that stoke is downe,
The Deere must needs, in time, goe astray,
At me therefore, why should the world deface,
My weakenesse made, my youthes Princes preye,
Though wisdome shoule, the ouersight purueye,
Yet trie my case, who list, and they shall proue,
The ripest wits, are soonest fooled in loue.

What need I more, to cleare my selfe so much?
A King me wan, and had me at his call,
His royall state, his princely grace was such,
The hope of will, that women seeke for all,
The ease and wealth, the gifts which were not small,
Besieged me, so strongly round about,
My powre was weake, I could not hold him out.

Duke *Hannibal*, in all his conquest great,
Or *Cæsar* yet, whose triumphs did exceed,
Of all their spoiles, which made them toile and sweat,
Were not so glad, to haue so rich a meed,
As was this Prince, when I to him agreed,
And yeelded me, a prisner willingly,
As one that knew, no way away to flie.

The Nightingale, for all his merry voyce,
Nor yet the Larke, that still delights to sing,
Did neuer make, the hearers so reioyce,
As I with words, haue made this worthie King:
I neuer iar'd, in tune was euery string,
I tempred so, my tongue to please his eare,
That what I said, was currant euery where.

I ioyn'd my talke, my gestures and my grace,
In wittie frames, that long might last and stand,
So that I brought, the King in such a case,
That to his death, I was his chiefest hand,
To do mee good, I neuer did withstand,
I gouern'd him, that ruled all this Land:
I bare the sword, though he did weare the Crowne,
I strake the stroke, that threw the mightie downe.

If iustice said, that iudgement was but death,
With my sweete words, I could the King perswade,
And make him pause, and take therein a breath,
Till I with suite, the suitors peace had made:
I knew what way, to vse him in his trade,
I had the art, to make the Lion meeke,
There was no point, wherein I was to seeke.

If I did frowne, who then did looke awry?
If I did ſmile, who would not laugh outright?
If I but ſpeake, who durſt my words denie?
If I purſude, who would forſake the flight?
I meane, my powre, was knowne to euery wight.
On ſuch a height, good hap had built my bowre,
As though my ſweete, ſhould here haue come to powre.

My husband then, as one that knew his good,
Refuſde to keepe, a Princes Concubine,
Forſeeing all end, and miſchiefe as it ſtoode,
Againſt the King did neuer much repine:
He ſaw the grape, whereof hee drunke the wine.
Though inward thought, his heart did ſtill torment,
Yet outwardly, he ſeemd he was content.

To purchaſe praiſe, and win the peoples weale,
Yea rather bent, of kinde to do ſome good,
I euer did, vphold the common weale,
I had delight, to ſaue the guiltleſſe blood:
Each ſuters cauſe, when that I vnderſtood,
I did preſer, as it had bene mine owne,
And help them vp, that might haue been orethrowne.

My powre was preſt, to right the poore mans wrong,
My hands were free, to giue where need requirde,
To watch for grace, I neuer thought it long,
To do men good, I need not bee deſired,
Nor yet with gifts, my heart was neuer hired,
But when the ball, was at my foote to guide,
I plaid to thoſe, that Fortune did abide.

My want was wealth, my woe was eaſe at will,
My robes were rich, and brauer then the ſunne:
My Fortune then, was far aboue my skill,
My ſtate was great, my gaine did euer runne:
My fatall threed, ſo happely was ſpunne,
That then I ſate, in ſtately pleaſures ſtead,
And for the time, a Goddeſſe place I had.

But I had not, ſo ſoone this life poſſeſt,
But my good hap, began to ſlip aſide:
And Fortune then, did me ſo ſore moleſt,
That vnto plaints, was turned all my pride.
It booted not, to row againſt the tide:
Mine oares were weake, my heart and ſtrength did faile,
The winde was rough, I durſt not beare a ſaile.

What ſteps of ſtrife, belong to high eſtate?
The climing vp, is doubtfull to endure,
The ſeat it ſelfe, doth purchaſe priuie hate,
And honors fame, is fickle and vnſure,
And all ſhe brings, is flowres that be vnpure:
Which fall as faſt, as they do ſprout and ſpring,
And cannot laſt, they are ſo vaine a thing.

We count no care, to catch that we do wiſh,
But what we win, is long to vs vnknowen:
Till preſent paine, be ſerued in our diſh,
We ſcarce perceiue, whereon our griefs hath growen:
What graine proues well, that is ſo raſhly ſowen?
If that a meane, did meaſure all our deeds,
In ſteed of corne, we ſhould not gather weeds.

The ſetled mind, is free from Fortunes power,
They need not feare, who looke not vp aloft:
But they that climbe, are carefull euery hower,
For when they fall, they light not very ſoft.
Examples haue, the wiſeſt warned oft,
That where the trees, the ſmalleſt branches bere,
The ſtormes do blow, and haue moſt rigour there.

Where is it ſtrong, but neere the ground and roote?
Where is it weake, but on the higheſt ſprayes?
Where may a man, ſo ſurely ſet his foote,
But on thoſe bowes, that groweth low alwayes?
The little twigs, are but vnſtedfaſt ſtayes,
If they breake not, they bend with euery blaſt,
Who truſts to them, ſhall neuer ſtand full faſt.

The winde is great, vpon the highest hilles,
The quiet life, is in the dale beſowe:
Who treads on ice, ſhall ſlide againſt their willes,
They want not cares, that curious arts would know.
VVho liues at eaſe, and can content him ſo,
Is perfect wiſe, and ſets vs all to ſchoole,
VVho hates this lore, may well be call'd a foole.

VVhat greater griefe, may come to any life,
Then after ſweete, to taſte the bitter lowre?
Or after peace, to fall at warre and ſtrife,
Or after mirth, to haue a cauſe to lowre?
Vnder ſuch props, falſe Fortune builds her bowre,
On ſudden change, her flittering frames be ſet,
Where is no way, for to eſcape the net.

The haſtie ſmart, that Fortune ſends in ſpite,
Is hard to brooke, where gladneſſe we embrace:
She threatens not, but ſuddenly doth ſmite,
Where ioy is moſt, there doth ſhe ſorow place.
But ſure I thinke, this is too ſtrange a caſe,
For vs to feele, ſuch griefe amid our game,
And know not why, vntill we taſte the ſame.

As erſt I ſaid, my bliſſe was turn'd to bale,
I had good cauſe, to weepe and wring my hands,
And ſhew ſad cheare, with countenance full pale:
For I was brought, in ſorowes woefull bands,
A pirrie came, and ſet my ſhip on ſands.
What ſhould I bide, or colour care and noy?
King *Edward* di'd, in whom was all my ioy.

And when the earth, receiued had his corſe,
And that in tombe, this worthie Prince was laid,
The world on me, began to ſhew his force,
Of troubles then, my part I long aſſai'd:
For they of whom, I neuer was afraid,
Vndid me moſt, and wrought me ſuch deſpite,
That they bereft, me from my pleaſure quite.

As long as life, remain'd in *Edwards* breſt,
Who was but I? who had ſuch friends at call?
His bodie was, no ſooner put in cheſt,
But well was he, that could procure my fall:
His brother was, mine enmie moſt of all,
Protector then, whoſe vice did ſtill abound,
From ill to worſe, till death did him confound.

He falſely fain'd, that I of counſell was,
To poiſon him, which thing I neuer ment:
But he could ſet, thereon a face of braſſe,
To bring to paſſe, his leaud and falſe intent.
To ſuch miſchiefe, this tyrants heart was bent,
To God, ne man, he neuer ſtood in awe,
For in his wrath, he made his will a law.

Lord *Haſtings* blood, for vengeance on him cries,
And many moe, that were too long to name:
But moſt of all; and in moſt wofull wiſe,
I had good cauſe, this wretched man to blame,
Before the world, I ſuffred open ſhame,
Where people were, as thicke as is the ſand,
I penance tooke, with taper in my hand.

Each eye did ſtare, and looke me in the face,
As I paſt by, the rumours on me ran,
But patience then, had lent me ſuch a grace,
My quiet lookes, were prais'd of euery man:
The ſhamefaſt blood, brought me ſuch colour than,
That thouſands ſaid, which ſaw my ſober cheere,
It is great ruth, to ſee this woman heere.

But what preuail'd, the peoples pitie there?
This raging wolfe, would ſpare no guiltleſſe blood.
Oh wicked wombe, that ſuch ill fruit did beare,
Oh curſed earth, that yeeldeth forth ſuch mud:
The hell conſume, all things that did thee good,
The heauens ſhut, their gates againſt thy ſpreete,
The world tread downe, thy glorie vnder feete.

I aske of God, a vengeance on thy bones,
Thy ſtinking corps, corrupts the aire I know:
Thy ſhamefull death, no earthly wight bemones,
For in thy life, thy workes were hated ſo,
That euery man, did wiſh thy ouerthro
Wherefore I may, though partiall now I am,
Curſe euery cauſe, whereof thy bodie came.

Woe worth the man, that fathered ſuch a child,
Woe worth the houre, wherein thou waſt begate:
Woe worth the breſts, that haue the world beguil'd,
To nouriſh thee, that all the world did hate.
Woe worth the gods, that gaue thee ſuch a fate,
To liue ſo long, that death deſeru'd ſo oft.
Woe worth the chance, that ſet thee vp aloft.

Yee Princes all, and Rulers euery chone,
In puniſhment, beware of hatreds ire.
Before yee ſcourge, take heed, looke well thereon:
In wroths ill will, if malice kindle fire,
Your hearts will burne, in ſuch a hot deſire,
That in thoſe flames, the ſmoke ſhall dim your ſight,
Yee ſhall forget, to ioyne your iuſtice right.

You ſhould not iudge, till things be well diſcerned,
Your charge is ſtill, to maintaine vpright lawes:
In conſcience rules, ye ſhould be throughly learned,
Where clemencie, bids wrath and raſhnes pauſe,
And further ſaith, ſtrike not without a cauſe:
And when ye ſmite, do it for iuſtice ſake,
Then in good part, each man your ſcourge wil take.

If that ſuch zeale, had mou'd this tyrants mind,
To make my plague, a warrant for the reſt,
I had ſmall cauſe, ſuch fault in him to find,
Such puniſhment, is vſed for the beſt:
But by ill will, and powre I was oppreſt,
He ſpoil'd my goods, and left me bare and poore,
And cauſed me, to beg from dore to doore.

What

What fall was this, to come from Princes fare,
To watch for crums, among the blind and lame?
When almes were delt, I had an hungrie ſhare,
Becauſe I knew not, how to aske for ſhame,
Till force and need, had brought me in ſuch frame,
That ſtarue I muſt, or learne to beg an almes,
With booke in hand, to ſay S. *Dauids* Pſalmes.

Where I was wont, the golden chaines to weare;
A paire of beads, about my necke was wound,
A linnen cloth, was lapt about my heare,
A ragged gowne, that trayled on the ground,
A diſh that clapt, and gaue a heauie ſound,
A ſtaying ſtaffe, and wallet therewithall,
I bare about, as witneſſe of my fall.

I had no houſe, wherein to hide my head,
The open ſtreete, my lodging was perforce:
Full oft I went, all hungrie to my bed,
My fleſh conſum'd, I looked like a corſe.
Yet in that plight, who had on me remorſe?
O God thou know'ſt, my friends forſooke me then,
Not one holpe me, that ſuccred many a man.

They froun'd on me, that faun'd on me before,
And fled from me, that followed me full faſt:
They hated me, by whom I ſet much ſtore,
They knew full well, my fortune did not laſt.
In euery place, I was condemn'd and caſt,
To pleade my cauſe, at barre it was no boote,
For euery man, did tread me vnder foote.

Thus long I liu'd, all wearie of my life,
Till death approcht, and rid me from that woe:
Example take, by me, both maid and wife,
Beware, take heed, fall not to follie ſo.
A mirour make, by my great ouerthro,
Defie the world, and all his wanton waies,
Beware by me, that ſpent ſo ill her daies.

Tho. Churchyard.

HOW

HOW THOMAS WOLSEY DID ARISE VNTO GREAT authoritie and gouernment, his manner of life, pompe and dignitie, and how he fell downe into great disgrace, and was arrested of high treason. Anno, 1530.

SHall I looke on, when States ſtep on the ſtage,
And play their parts before the peoples face?
Some men liue now, ſcarce foureſcore yeares of age,
Who in time paſt, did know the Cardinals Grace.
A gameſome world, when Biſhops run at bace,
Yea, get a fall, in ſtriuing for the gole,
And bodie loſe, and hazard ſilly ſole.

Ambitious mind, a world of wealth would haue,
So ſcrats and ſcrapes, for ſcorſe and ſcornie droſſe:
And till the fleſh and bones be hid in graue,
Wit neuer reſts, to grope for mucke and moſſe.
Fie on proud pompe, and gilded bridles boſſe:
O glorious gold, the gaping after thee,
So blinds mine eyes, they can no danger ſee.

Now note my birth, and marke how I began,
Behold from whence, roſe all this pride of mine,
My father but, a plaine poore honeſt man,
And I his ſonne, of wit and iudgement fine,
Brought vp at ſchoole, and prou'd a good Diuine:
For which great gifts, degree of ſchoole I had,
And Batchler was, and I a little lad.

So, taſting ſome, of Fortunes ſweete conceits,
I clapt the hood, on ſhoulder, braue as Son,
And hopte at length, to bite at better baits,
And fill my mouth, ere banquet halfe were don.
Thus holding on, the courſe I thought to ron:
By many a feaſt, my belly grew ſo big,
That *Wolſey* ſtreight, became a wanton twig.

Loe

Loe what it is, to feed on daintie meate,
And pamper vp, the gorge, with ſuger plate:
Nay, ſee how lads, in hope of higher ſeate
Riſe early vp, and ſtudie learning late.
But he thriues beſt, that hath a bleſſed fate,
And he ſpeeds worſt, that world will nere aduance,
Nor neuer knowes, what meanes good lucke nor chance.

My chance was great, for from a poore mans ſon,
I roſe aloft, and chopt and chang'd degree:
In Oxford firſt, my famous name begon,
Where many a day the ſcholers honor'd mee.
Then thought I how, I might a courtier bee:
So came to Court, and feathred there my wing,
With *Henrie* th'eight, who was a worthie King.

He did with words, aſſay me once or twice,
To ſee what wit, and readie ſprite I had:
And when he ſaw, I was both graue and wiſe,
For ſome good cauſe, the King was wondrous glad.
Then downe I lookt, with ſober countnance ſad,
But heart was vp, as high as hope could go,
That ſuttle fox, might win ſome fauour ſo.

We worke with wiles, the minds of men like wax,
The fawning whelp, gets many a piece of bred:
We follow Kings, with many cunning knacks,
By ſearching out, how are their humours fed.
He haunts no Court, that hath a doltiſh hed:
For as in gold, the pretious ſtone is ſet,
So fineſt wits, in Court the credit get.

I quickly learn'd to kneele and kiſſe the hand,
To wait at heele, and turne like top about,
To ſtretch out necke, and like an Image ſtand,
To taunt, to ſcoffe, and face the matter out,
To preaſe in place, among the greateſt rout:
Yet like a Prieſt, my ſelfe did well behaue,
In faire long gowne, and goodly garments graue.

Where

Where *Wolsey* went, the world like Bees would swarme,
To heare my speech, and note my nature well,
I could with tongue, vse such a kind of charme,
That voice full cleare, should sound like siluer bell.
When head deuis'd, a long discourse to tell,
With stories strange, my speech should spised be,
To make the world, to muse the more on me.

Each tale was sweet, each word a sentence waid,
Each eare I pleas'd, each eye gaue me the view,
Each Iudgement markt, and paused what I said,
Each mind I fed, with matter rare and new,
Each day and houre, my grace and credit grew:
So that the King, in hearing of this newes,
Deuised how, he might my seruice vse.

He made me then, his Chaplaine, to say Masse
Before his grace, yea twice or thrice a weeke:
Now had I time, to trim my selfe by glasse,
Now found I meane, some liuing for to seeke,
Now I became, both humble, milde, and meeke,
Now I appli'd, my wits and senses throw,
To reape some come, if God would speed the plow.

Whom most I saw, in fauour with the King,
I follow'd fast, to get some hap thereby:
But I obseru'd, another finer thing,
That was, to keepe, me still in Princes eye.
As vnder wing, the hawke in winde doth lie,
So for a prey, I prowled heere and there,
And tried friends, and fortune euery where.

The King at length, sent me beyond the seas,
Embastour then, with message good and great:
And in that time, I did the King so pleas,
By short dispatch, and wrought so fine a feat,
That did aduance my selfe to higher seat,
The Deanrie then, of Lincolne he me gaue:
And bountie shew'd, before I gan to craue.

His Amner too, he made me all in haſte,
And threefold gifts, he threw vpon me ſtill:
His counſler ſtraight, like waies was *Wolſey* plaſte.
Thus in ſhort time, I had the world at will:
VVhich paſſed for, meere reaſon, wit, and skill.
O hap, thou haſt great ſecrets in thy night,
VVhich long lie hid, from wily worldlings ſight.

As ſhewres of raine, fall quickly on the graſſe,
That fading flowres, are ſoone refreſht thereby:
Or as with Sun, the morning dew doth paſſe,
And quiet calme, makes cleare a troubled ſkie:
So Princes powre, at twinkling of an eye
Sets vp aloft, a fau'rer on the wheele,
When giddy braines, about the ſtreets doe reele.

They are but blind, that wilde whole Fortune ſleepes,
They work in vaine, that ſtriue with ſtreame and tide:
In double gard, they dwell, that deſtiny keepes,
In ſimple ſort, they liue, that lacke a guide:
They miſſe the marke, that ſhoot their arrowes wide,
They hit the pricke, that make their flight to glance,
So beene the white, that haſt may light on chance.

Such was my lucke, I ſhot no ſhaft in vaine,
My bow ſtood bent, and braſed all the yeere:
I waited hard, but neuer loſt my paine:
Such wealth came in, to beare the charges cleere.
And in the end, I was the greateſt peere
Among them all, for I gouernde the land,
By Kings conſente, that all was in my hand.

Within on yeare, three Biſhoprickes I had,
And in ſmall ſpace, a Cardinall I was made:
With long red robes, rich *Wolſey* then was clad,
I walkt in Sun, when others ſtood in ſhade:
I went abroad, with ſtately traine and trade,
With croſſes borne, before me where I paſt,
That man was thought, to be ſome God at laſte.

With sonnes of Earles, and Lords I serued was,
An hundred chaines, at least were in my traine:
I daile dranke in gold, but not in glas,
My bread mas made, of finest flowre and graine:
My dainty mouth, did common meates disdaine,
I fed like Prince, on fowles most deare and straunge,
And bankets made, of fine conceits for change.

My hall was full, of Knights, and Squires of name,
And gentlemen; two hundred told by pole:
Tale yeomen too, did hourely serue the same,
Whose names each weeke, I saw within check role,
All went to church, when seruice bell did knole,
All dinde and supt and slept, at Cardnals charge,
And all would wait, when *Wolsey* tooke his barge.

My houshold stuffe, my wealth and siluer plate,
Might well suffice, a Monarke at this daye
I neuer fed, but vnder cloth of state,
Nor walkt abroad, till Vshers cleard the way,
In house I had, musitions for to play,
In open streete, my trumpets loud did sounde,
Which peanst the skies, and seem'd to shake the ground.

My men most braue, marcht two and two in ranke,
Who held in length, much more then halfe a mile:
Not one of these, but gaue his master thanke,
For some good turne, or pleasure got some while.
I did not feed, my seruants with a smile,
Or glosing words, that neuer bring forth fruite,
But gaue them gold, or elsepreferd their suite.

In surety so whiles God was pleasd, I stood,
I knew I must, leaue all my wealth behinde:
I saw they lou'd, me not for birth or blood,
But seru'd a space, to try my noble minde:
The more men giue, the more indeut they finde,
Of loue, and troth, and seruice, euery way:
The more they spare, the more doth loue decay.

I loide to see, my seruants thriue so well,
And go so gay, with little that they got:
For as I did in honour still excell,
So would I oft, the want of seruants note;
Which made my men, on master so to dote,
That when I said, let such a thing be done,
They would indeed, through fire and water ronne.

I had in house, so many offcers still,
Which were obaid, and honourd for their place;
That careleſſe I, might sleepe or walke at will,
Saue that sometime, I weigh'd a poore mans case,
And salu'd such sores, whose griefe might breed disgrace.
Thus men did wait, and wicked world did gaze,
On me and them, that brought vs all in maze.

For world was whist, and durst not speake a word
Of that they saw, my credit curbd them so:
I waded far, and passed ore the foord,
And minded not, for to returne I troe.
The world was wise, yet scarce it selfe did knoe,
When wonder made, of men that rose by hap:
For Fortune rare, fals not in each mans lap.

I elim'd the clouds, by knowledge and good wit,
My men sought chance, by seruice or good lucke,
The world walkt low, when I aboue did sit,
Or downe did come, to trample on this mucke:
And I did swim, as dainty as a ducke,
When water serues, to keepe the body braue,
And so enioy, the gifts that Fortune gaue.

And though my pompe, surpast all Prelates now
And like a Prince I liu'd and pleasure tooke:
That was not sure, to great a brow,
If on my workes, indifferent eyes doe looke.
I thought great scorne, such things heere to brooke,
Except I built, some houses for the poore,
And order tooke, to giue great almes at doore.

A Colledge faire, in Oxford I did make,
A ſumptuous houſe, a ſtately work indeede,
I gaue great lands, to that, for learning ſake,
To bring vp youth, and ſuccour ſcholers neede,
That charge of mine, full many a mouth did feede,
When I in Court, was ſeeking ſome good turne,
To mend my torch, or make my candell burne.

More houſes gay, I built, then thouſands do
That haue enough, yet will no goodnes ſhoe;
And where I built, I did maintaine it too,
With ſuch great coſt, as few beſtowes I troe.
Of buildings large, I could rehearſe a roe,
That by miſchance, this day haue loſt my name,
Whereof I do, deſerue the only fame.

And as for ſutes, about the King was none
So apt as I, to ſpeake and purchaſe grace,
Though long before, ſome ſay I knew vile wayes,
That oft kneeld downe, before the Princes face,
For poore mens ſutes, and holpe their woefull caſe,
Yet ſhe had not, ſuch credit as I gate,
Although a King, would heare the parret prate.

My words were graue, and bore an equall poies,
In ballance iuſt, for many a weightie cauſe:
She pleaſd a Prince, with pretty merry toies,
And had no ſight, in ſtate, nor courſe of lawes;
I could perſwade, and make a Prince to pawes,
And take a breath, before he drew the ſword,
And ſpie the time, to rule him with a word.

I will not ſay, but fancy may do much,
Yet world will grant, that wiſdome may do more,
To wanton girls, affection is not ſuch,
That Princes wife, will be abuſde therfore;
One ſize of mine, was ſurely worth a ſcore,
Of hers indeed, for ſhe her time muſt watch,
And at all howres, I durſt go draw the latch.

My

My voice but heard, the dore was open streight,
She might not come, till she were cald or brought:
I rul'd the King, by custome, art and sleight,
And knew full well, the secrets of his thought.
Without my mind, all that was done was nought,
In wars or peace, my counsell swaied all,
For still the King, would for the Cardnall call.

I kept a court, my selfe, as great as his,
(I not compare, vnto my master here)
But looke my Lords, what liuely world was this,
That one poore man, became so great a peere?
Yet though this tale, be very strange to here,
Wit wins a world: and who hath hap and wit,
With triumph long, in princely throne may sit.

What man like me, bare rule in any age,
I shone like Sun, more cleare then morning star:
Was neuer part, so plaid, in open stage
As mine, nor fame, of man flew halfe so far.
I sate on bench, when thowsands at the bar
Did plead for right: for I in publique weale
Lord Chancelor was, and had the great broad seale.

Now haue I told, how I did rise aloft,
And sate with pride, and pomp, in golden hall,
And set my feete, on costly carpets soft,
And plaid at goale, with goodly golden ball:
But after, Lord, I must rehearse my fall.
O trembling heart, thou canst not now for teares
Present that tale, vnto the hearers eares.

Best weepe it out, and sudden silence keepe,
Till priuy pangs, make pinched heart complaine:
Or cast thy selfe, into some slumbring sleepe,
Till wakened wits, remembrance bring againe.
When heauy teares, do hollow cheekes distaine,
The world will thinke, thy sprits are growne so weake,
The feeble tongue, hath sure no power to speake.

A tale by signes, with sighes and sobs set out,
Moues peoples mindes, to pity plagued men:
With howling voice, do rather crie and shout,
And so by arte, shew forth thy sorrow then.
For if thou speake, some man will note with pen
What *Wolsey* said, and what threw *Wolsey* downe,
And vnder foote, flings *Wolsey's* great renowne.

What force of that, my fall must needs be herd,
Before I fell, I had a time to rise:
As fatall chance, and Fortune me preferd.
So mischiefe came, and did my state despise.
If I might plead, my case among the wise,
I could excuse, right much of mine offence:
But leaue a while, such matter in suspence.

The Pope, or pride, or peeuish parts of mine,
Made King to frowne, and take the seale from me:
Now seru'd no words, nor pleasant speeches fine,
Now *Wolsey*, lo, must needes disgraced be.
Yet had I leaue (as dolefull prisner free)
To keepe a house (God wot) with heauy cheere,
Where that I found, no wine, ne bread, nor beere.

My time was come, I could no longer liue,
What should I make, my sorrow further knowne:
Vpon some cause, that King that all did giue
Tooke all againe, and so possest his owne,
My goods, my plate, and all was ouerthrowne,
And looke what I, had gathred many a day,
Within one houre, was cleanly swept away.

But harken now, how that my Fortune fell,
To Yorke I must, where I the Bishop was:
Where I by right, in grace a while did dwell,
And was in stawle, with honour great to passe.
The Priors then, and Abbots gan to smell,
How Cardinall must, be honoured as he ought,
And for that day, was great prouision brought.

At Cawood then, where I great buildings made,
And did through cause, expect my stawling day,
The King deuisde, a secret vnder shade,
How Cardnall should, bee rest and brought away.
One *Walsh* a Knight, came downe in good aray,
And seasned sure, because from Court hee came,
On *Wolsey* wolse, that spoiled many a lambe.

Then was I led, toward Court, like dog in string,
And brought as biefe, that Butcher-row must see:
But still I hopte, to come before the King,
And that repaire, was not denide to me.
But he that kept, the Towre, my guide must be.
Ah there I saw, what King thereby did meane,
And so I searcht if conscience now were cleane.

Some spots I found, of pride and popish parts,
That might accuse, a better man then I:
Now Oxford came, to minde, with all their arts,
And Cambridge too, but all not worth a flie:
For schoolemen can, no foule defects supplie.
My sauce was sowre, though meate before was sweete,
Now *Wolsey* lackt, both cunning, wit, and spreete.

A deepe conceit, of that, possest my head,
So fell I sicke, consum'd as some did thinke.
So tooke in haste, my chamber and my bed,
On which deuice, perhaps the world might winke.
But in the heart, sharpe sorrow so did sinke,
That gladnes sweete, (for sooke my senses all)
In those extremes, did yeeld vnto my fall.

O let me curse, the popish Cardnall hat,
Those miters big, beset with pearle and stones,
And all the rest, of trash I know not what,
The saints in shrine, their flesh and rotten bones,
The maske of Monkes, deuised for the nones,
And all the flocke, of Freers, what ere they are,
That brought me vp, and left me there so bare.

O curſed prieſts, that prate for profits ſake,
And follow floud, and tide, where ere it floes:
O merchants fine, that do aduantage take
Of euery graine, how euer market goes.
O fie on wolues, that march in maſking cloes,
For to deuoure, the lambs, when ſhepherd ſleepes,
And woe to you, that promiſe neuer keepes.

You ſaid I ſhould, be reskude if I need,
And you would curſe, with candell, booke and bell:
But when ye ſhould, now ſerue my turne indeed,
Yee haue no houſe, I know not where ye dwell.
O Freers and Monkes, your harbour is in hell,
For in this world, ye haue no rightfull place,
Nor dare not once, in heauen ſhew your face.

Your fault not halfe, ſo great as was my pride,
For which offence, fell *Lucifer* from skies:
Although I would, that wilfull folly hide,
The thing lies plaine, before the peoples eies,
On which hie heart, a hateſull name doth ries.
It hath been ſaid, of old, and daily will,
Pride goes before, and ſhame comes after ſtill.

Pride is a thing, that God and man abores,
A ſwelling tode, that poiſons euery place,
A ſtinking wound, that breedeth many ſores,
A priuie plague, found out in ſtately face,
A painted bird, that keeps a peacoks pace,
A lothſome lout, that lookes like tinkers dog,
A helliſh hownd, a ſwiniſh hateful hog.

That grunts and groanes, at euery thing it ſees,
And holds vp ſnowt, like pig that coms from draffe.
Why ſhould I make, of pride all theſe degrees,
That firſt tooke roote, from filthy droſſe and chaffe,
And makes men ſtay, vpon a broken ſtaffe?
No weakneſſe more, then thinke to ſtand vpright,
When ſtumbling blocke, makes men to fall downe right.

He needs muſt fall, that lookes not where he goes,
And on the ſtarres, walkes ſtaring gozling like:
On ſudden oft, a bluſtering tempeſt bloes,
Then downe great trees are tumbled in the dike.
Who knowes the time, and houre when God will ſtrike?
Then looke about, and marke what ſteps ye take,
Before you pace, the pirgrimage yee make.

Run not on head, as all the world were yours,
Nor thruſt them backe, that cannot bide a ſhocke:
Who ſtriues for place, his owne decay procures:
Who alwaies braules, is ſure to catch a knocke:
Who beards a King, his head is neere the blocke:
But who doth ſtand, in feare, and worldly dreed,
Ere miſchiefe comes, had need to take good heed.

I hauing hap, did make account of none,
But ſuch as fed, my humour good or bad.
To fawning dogs, ſometimes I gaue a bone,
And flung ſome ſcraps, to ſuch as nothing had:
But in my hands, ſtill kept the golden gad,
That ſeru'd my turne, and laught the reſt to ſcorne,
As for himſelfe was Cardnall *Wolſey* borne.

No, no, good men, we liue not for our ſelues,
Though each one catch, as much as he may get:
We ought to looke, to thoſe that digs and delues,
That alwaies dwell, and liue in endleſſe det.
If in ſuch ſort, we would our compaſſe ſet,
We ſhould haue loue, where now but hate we find,
And headſtrong will, with cruell hollow mind.

I thought nothing, of dutie, loue, or feare,
I ſnatcht vp all, and alwaies ſought to clime:
I puniſht all, and would with no man beare,
I ſought for all, and ſo could take the time.
I pli'd the Prince, whiles Fortune was in prime,
I fill'd the bags, and gold in hoord I heapt,
Thought not on thoſe, that threſht the corne I reapt.

So all I loſt, and all I gate was nought,
And all my pride, and pompe lay in the duſt:
I aske you all, what man aliue had thought,
That in this world, had been ſo little truſt?
Why, all things heere, with time decline they muſt.
Then all is vaine, ſo all not worth a flie,
If all ſhall thinke, that all are borne to die.

If all be baſe, and of ſo ſmall account,
VVhy do we all, in folly ſo abound?
VVhy do the meane, and mightie ſeeke to mount,
Beyond all hope, where is no ſuretie found,
And where the wheele, is alwaies turning round?
The caſe is plaine, if all be vnderſtood,
VVe are ſo vaine, we know not what is good.

Yet ſome will ſay, when they haue heapes of gold,
VVith flockes of friends, and ſeruants at their call,
They liue like Gods, in pleaſure treble ſold,
And haue no cauſe, to find no fault at all.
O blind conceit, theſe glories are but ſmall,
And as for friends, they change their minds ſo mich,
They ſtay not long, with neither poore nor rich.

VVith hope of friends, our ſelues we do deceaue,
VVith feare of foes, we threatned are in ſleepe:
But friends ſpeake faire, yet men alone they leaue
To ſinke or ſwim, to mourne, to laugh, or weepe.
Yet when foe ſmiles, the ſnake begins to creepe,
As world falles out, theſe daies in compaſſe iuſt,
VVe know not how, the friend or foe to truſt.

Both can betray, the trueſt man aliue,
Both are to doubt, in matters of great weight,
Both will ſometime, for goods and honor ſtriue,
Both ſeemeth plaine, yet both can ſhew great ſleight,
Both ſtoopes full low, yet both can looke on height,
And beſt of both, not worth a cracked crowne:
Yet leaſt of both, may loſe a walled towne.

Talke

Talke not of friends, the name thereof is nought,
Then truſt no foes, if friends their credit loſe;
If foes and friends, of one bare earth were wrought,
Blame nere of both, though both one nature ſhowes.
Grace paſſeth kind, where grace and vertue flowes,
But where grace wants, make foes and friends alike,
The one drawes ſword, the other ſure will ſtrike.

I prou'd that true, by triall twentie times,
When *Wolſey* ſtood, on top of Fortunes wheele,
But ſuch as to the height of ladder climes,
Know not what lead, lies hanging on their heele.
Tell me my mates, that heauie Fortune feele,
If riſing vp, breed not a giddie braine,
And falling downe, be not a grieuous paine.

I told you how, from Cawood I was led,
And ſo fell ſicke, when I arreſted was;
VVhat needeth now more words herein be ſed,
I knew full well, I muſt to priſon paſſe,
And ſaw my ſtate, as brittle as a glaſſe:
So gaue vp ghoſt, and bad the world farewell,
VVherein, God wot, I could no longer dwell.

Thus vnto duſt, and aſhes I return'd,
VVhen blaze of life, and vitall breath went out,
Like glowing coale, that is to cinders burn'd;
All fleſh and blood, ſo end, you need not doubt.
But when the brute of this was blowne about,
The world was glad, the Cardnall was in graue,
This is of world, loe all the hope we haue.

Full many a yeare, the world lookt for my fall,
And when I fell, I made as great a cracke,
As doth an oake, or mightie tottering wall,
That whirling winde, doth bring to ruine and wracke,
Now babling world, will talke behind my backe,
A thouſand things, to my reproch and ſhame,
So will it too, of others do the ſame.

But what of that? the beſt is we are gone,
And worſt of all, when we our tales haue told,
Our open plagues will warning be to none,
Men are by hap, and courage made ſo bold:
They thinke all is, their owne they haue in hold.
Well, let them ſay, and thinke what thing they pleas,
This welt'ring world, both flowes, and ebs like ſeas.

Tho. Churchyard.

HOW THE LORD CROMWELL EXALTED FROM MEANE ESTATE, was after by the enuie of the Biſhop of Wincheſter and other his complices brought to vntimely end, Anno Dom. 1540.

AWak'd, and trembling betwixt rage and dread
With the loud ſlander (by the impious time)
That of my actions euery where is ſpread,
Through which to honor falſely I ſhould clime,
From the ſad dwelling of th vntimely dead,
To quit me of that execrable crime,
Cromwell appeares his wretched plight to ſhow,
Much that can tell, one much that once did know.

Roughly not made vp in the common mould,
That with the vulgar vilely I ſhould die,
What thing ſo ſtrange of *Cromwell* is not told?
What man more prais'd? who more condemn'd then I?
That with the world when I am waxed old,
Moſt t'were vnfit that fame of me ſhould lie
With fables vaine my hiſtorie to fill,
Forcing my good, excuſing of my ill.

You that but hearing of my hated name,
Your ancient malice inſtantly bewray,
And for my ſake your ill deſerued blame
Vpon my legend publikely ſhall lay;

Would

Would you forbeare to blaſt me with defame,
Might I ſo meane a priuiledge but pray,
He that three ages hath endur'd your wrong,
Heare him a little that hath heard you long.

Since Romes ſad ruine heere by me began,
Who her Religion pluckt vp by the root,
Of the falſe world ſuch hate for which I wan,
Which ſtill at me her poiſned'ſt darts doth ſhoot;
That to excuſe it, do the beſt I can,
Little I feare my labour me will boot:
Yet will I ſpeake my troubled heart to eaſe,
Much to the mind, her ſelfe it is to pleaſe.

O powerfull number, from whoſe ſtricter law
Heart-mouing muſicke did receiue the ground
Which men to faire ciuilitie did draw
With the brute beaſt when lawleſſe he was found:
O if according to the wiſer ſaw
There be a high diuinitie in ſound,
Be now abundant preſp'rouſly to aide
The pen prepar'd my doubtfull caſe to pleade.

Putney the place made bleſſed in my brith,
Whoſe meaneſt cottage ſimplie me did ſhrowd,
To me as deareſt of the Engliſh earth;
So of my bringing that poore village prou'd,
Though in a time when neuer leſſe the dearth
Of happie wits, yet mine ſo well allow'd
That with the beſt ſhe boldly durſt conſer
Him that his breath acknowledged from her.

Twice flow'd proud Thames as at my comming wood,
Striking the wondring borderers with feare,
And the pale *Genius* of that aged flood
Vnto my mother labouring did appeare,
And with a countenance much diſtracted ſtood,
Threatning the fruit her pained wombe ſhould beare:
My ſpeedie birth being added thereunto,
Seem'd to foretell that much I came to do.

That

That was reſerued for thoſe worſer dales,
As the great ebbe vnto ſo long a flow,
VVhen what thoſe ages formerly did raiſe,
This when I liu'd did laſtly ouerthrow,
And that great'ſt labour of the world did ſeaze,
Only for which immedicable blow
Due to that time me dooming heauen ordain'd,
VVherein confuſion abſolutely raign'd.

Vainly yet noted this prodigious ſigne,
Often predictions of moſt feareſull things,
As plagues, or warre, or great men to decline,
Riſing of Commons, or the death of Kings;
But ſome ſtrange newes though euer it diuine,
Yet forth them not immediatly it brings,
Vntill th'effects men afterward did learne,
To know that me it chiefly did concerne.

VVhil'ſt yet my father by his painfull trade,
VVhoſe laboured Anuile only was his fee,
VVhom my great towardneſſe ſtrongly did perſwade
In knowledge to haue educated mee:
But death did him vnluckily inuade,
Ere he the fruits of his deſire could ſee,
Leauing me yong, then little that did know
How me the heauens had purpos'd to beſtow.

Hopeleſſe as helpeleſſe moſt might me ſuppoſe,
Whoſe meanneſſe ſeem'd their abiect breath to draw:
Yet did my breaſt that glorious fire incloſe,
VVhich their dull purblind ignorance not ſaw,
VVhich ſtill is ſetled vpon outward ſhowes,
The vulgars iudgement euer is ſo raw,
VVhich the vnworthieſt ſottiſhly do loue
In their owne region properly that moue.

Yet me my fortune ſo could not diſguiſe,
But through this cloud were ſome that did me know,
VVhich then the reſt more happie or more wiſe,
Me did relieue when I was driuen low,

VVhich

Which as the ſtaier by which I firſt did riſe,
When to my height I afterward did grow,
Them to requite my bounties were ſo hie,
As made my fame through euery eare to flie.

That height and Godlike puritie of minde
Reſteth not ſtill, where titles moſt adorne
With any, nor peculiarly confinde
To names, and to be limited doth ſcorne:
Man doth the moſt degenerate from kinde,
Richeſt and pooreſt both alike are borne;
And to be alwaies pertinently good,
Followes not ſtill the greatnes of our blood.

Pitie it is that to one vertuous man
That marke him lent to gentrie to aduance,
Which firſt by noble induſtrie he wan,
His baſer iſſue after ſhould inhance,
And the rude ſlaue not any good that can,
Such ſhould thruſt downe by what is his by chance:
As had not he been firſt that him did raiſe,
Nere had his great heire wrought his grandſires praiſe.

How weake art thou that makeſt it thy end
To heape ſuch worldly dignities on thee,
When vpon Fortune only they depend,
And by her changes gouerned muſt bee?
Beſides the dangers ſtill that ſuch attend,
Liuel'eſt of all men purtraied out in mee,
When that for which I hated was of all,
Soon'ſt from me fled, ſcarſe tarrying for my fall.

You that but boaſt your anceſtors proud ſtile,
And the large ſtem whence your vaine greatnes grew,
When you your ſelues are ignorant and vile,
Nor glorious thing dare actually purſue,
That all good ſpirits would vtterly exile,
Doubting their worth ſhould elſe diſcouer you,
Giuing your ſelues vnto ignoble things;
Baſe I proclaime you though deriu'd from Kings.

Vertue

Vertue but poore, God in this earth doth place
Gainſt the rude world to ſtand vp in his right,
To ſuffer ſad affliction and diſgrace,
Not ceaſing to purſue her with deſpight:
Yet when of all ſhe is accounted baſe,
And ſeeming in moſt miſerable plight,
Out of her power new life to her doth take,
Leaſt then diſmai'd when all do her forſake.

That is the man of an vndaunted ſpirit,
For her deare ſake that offereth him to dye,
For whom, when him the world doth diſinherit,
Looketh vpon it with a pleaſed eye,
What's done for vertue thinking it doth merit,
Daring the proudeſt menaces defie,
More worth then life, how ere the baſe world rate him,
Belou'd of heauen, although the earth doth hate him.

Iniurious time, vnto the good vniuſt,
O how may weake poſteritie ſuppoſe
Euer to haue their merit from the duſt,
Gainſt them thy partialitie that knowes?
To thy report ô who ſhall euer truſt,
Triumphant arches building vnto thoſe
Allow'd the longeſt memorie to haue,
That were the moſt vnworthie of a graue?

But my cleere mettle had that powerfull heat,
As it not turn'd with all that Fortune could:
Nor when the world me terribleſt did threat,
Could that place win which my hie thoughts did hold,
That waxed ſtill more proſperouſly great,
The more the world me ſtroue to haue controul'd,
On my owne Columnes conſtantly to ſtand,
Without the falſe helpe of anothers hand.

My youthfull courſe thus wiſely did I ſteere,
T'auoid thoſe rockes my wracke that elſe did threat:
Yet ſome faire hopes from farre did ſtill appeere,
If that too much my wants me did not let:

Wherefore

Wherefore my ſelfe aboue my ſelfe to beare,
Still as I grew I knowledge ſtroue to get,
To perfect that which in the Embryon was,
Whoſe birth I found time well might bring to paſſe.

But when my meanes to faile me I did finde,
My ſelfe to trauell preſently betooke,
As much diſtaſtfull to my noble minde,
That the vile world into my wants ſhould looke,
And of my ſelfe induſtriouſly inclinde,
To meaſure others actions with my booke,
I might my iudgement rectifie thereby,
In matters that were difficult and hie.

When loe it hapt that fortune as my guide,
Of me did with ſuch prouidence diſpoſe,
That th'Engliſh Merchants then who did reſide
At Antwerpe, me their Secretarie choſe,
(As though in me to manifeſt her pride)
Whence to thoſe principalities I roſe,
To pluck me downe, whence afterward ſhe fear'd
Beyond her power that almoſt ſhe had rear'd.

When firſt the wealthie Netherlands me traind
In wiſe commerce moſt proper to the place,
And from my countrie carefully me wain'd,
That with the world did chiefly winne me grace,
Where great experience happily I gaind;
Yet here I ſeem'd but tutor'd for a ſpace,
For hie imploiment otherwiſe ordaind,
Till which the time I idely entertaind.

For hauing Boſton buſineſſe in hand,
The charge thereof on Chambers being laid,
Comming to Flanders hapt to vnderſtand
Of me whom he requeſted him to aid;
Of which when I the benefit had ſcand,
Weighing what time at Antwerpe I had ſtaid,
Quickly me wonne faire Italy to trie,
Vnder a cheerefull and more luckie skie:

For

For what the meaneſt cleerely makes to ſhine,
Youth, wit, and courage, all in me concurre
In euery proiect, that ſo powerfull trine
By whoſe kind working brauely I did ſturre,
Which to each hie and glorious deſigne
(The time could offer) freely did me ſpurre,
As forcing fate ſome new thing to prepare
(Shewing ſucceſſe) t'attempt that could me dare:

Where now my ſpirit got roomth it ſelfe to ſhow,
To the fair'ſt pitch doth make a gallant flight,
From things that too much earthly were and low,
Strongly attracted by a genuine light,
Where higher ſtill it euery day did grow;
And being in ſo excellent a plight,
Grau'd but occaſion happily to proue
How much it ſate each vulgar ſpirit aboue.

The good ſucceſſe th'affaires of England found,
Much prais'd the choice of me that had been made:
For where moſt men the depth durſt hardly ſound,
I held it nothing boldly through to wade
My ſelfe, and through the ſtrait'ſt waies I woond.
So could I act, ſo well I could perſwade
As meerely Iouiall, me to mirth applie,
Compos'd of freedome and alacritie.

Not long it was ere Rome of me did ring
(Hardly ſhall Rome ſo full daies ſee again)
Of freemens catches to the Pope I ſing,
Which wan much licence to my countrimen,
Thither the which I was the firſt did bring,
That were vnknowne to Italy till then:
Light humours them when iudgement doth direct,
Euen of the wiſe win plauſible reſpect.

And thoſe from whom that penſions were allow'd,
And heere did for intelligence remaine,
Vnder my power themſelues were glad to ſhroud,
Ruſſell and *Pace* yea oftentimes were faine,

When

When as their names they durſt not haue anow'd,
Me into their ſocietie t'retaine,
Riſing before me mightie as they were,
Great though at home, yet did they need me there.

In forraine parts nere friends I yet forſake
That had before been deeply bound to mee,
And would againe I vſe of them ſhould make,
But ſtill my ſtarres command I ſhould be free,
And all thoſe offers lightly from me ſhake,
Which to requite I fettred elſe might bee,
And though that oft great perils me oppungne,
And meanes were weak, my mind was euer ſtrong.

And thoſe great wants fate to my youth did tie
Me from delights of thoſe rich countries driue,
Thereby inforc'd with painfull induſtrie
Againſt affliction manfully to ſtriue
Vnder her burthen faintly not to lie,
But ſince my good I hardly muſt deriue,
Vnto the ſame to make my ſelfe a way
Through all the power againſt me ſhe could lay.

As a Comedian where my life I led,
For ſo a while my need did me conſtraine,
With other my poore countrimen (that plai'd)
Thither that came in hope of better gaine,
Whereas when Fortune ſeem'd me low to tread
Vnder her feet, ſhe ſet me vp againe,
Vntill the vſe me bad her not to feare
Her good and ill that patiently could beare.

Till *Charles* the fift th'emperiall power did bend
Gainſt Rome, which *Burbon* skilfully did guide,
Which ſore declining Italy did rend;
For th'right that him her holineſſe denide,
Wholly her ſelfe enforced to defend
Gainſt him that iuſtly puniſhed her pride,
To which my ſelfe I laſtly did betake,
Seeing thereof what Fortune ment to make.

And

And at the ſiege with that great Generall ſerv'd,
When he did girt her ſtubborne waſte with ſteele,
Within her walles who well neer being ſtarv'd,
And that with faintnes ſhe began to reele,
Shewing her ſelfe a little as ſhe ſwarv'd:
Firſt her then noting I began to feele,
She whoſe great power ſo far abroad did rome,
What in her ſelfe ſhe truly was at home.

That the great ſchoole of the falſe world was then,
Where her's their ſubtill practiſes did vie,
Amongſt that mightie confluence of men,
French plots propt vp by Engliſh policie,
The German powers, falſe ſhuffling, and agen
All countermin'd by skilfull Italy,
Each one in poſſibility to win,
Great reſts were vp and mightie hands were in.

Here firſt to worke my buſie braine was ſet,
(My inclination finding it to pleaſe
This ſtirring world which ſtrongly ſtill did whet)
To temper in ſo dangerous aſſaies,
Which did ſtrange formes of policies beget;
Beſides in times ſo turbulent as theſe,
Wherein my ſtudies hopefully did bend
Vnto that point the wiſeſt made their end:

And my experience happily me taught
Into the ſecrets of thoſe times to ſee,
From whence to England afterward I brought
Thoſe ſlights of ſtate deliv'red vnto me,
In t'which were then but very few that ſought,
Nor did with th'umour of that age agree,
After did great and fearfull things effect,
Whoſe ſecret working few did then ſuſpect:

When though t'were long it hapned yet at laſt
Some hopes me homeward ſecretly allur'd,
When many perils ſtrangely I had paſt,
As many ſad calamities endur'd

Beyond

Beyond the Moone, when I began to caſt
By my rare parts what place might be procur'd,
If they at home were to the mightie knowne,
How they would ſeeme compared with their owne.

Or if that there the great ſhould me neglect,
As I the worſt that vainely did not feare,
To my experience how to gaine reſpect
In other countries that doe hold it deare,
And now occaſion ſeemed to reiect,
Whil'ſt ſtill before me other riſing were,
And ſome themſelues had mounted to the skie,
Little before vnlike to thriue as I.

When now in England Bigamie with blood
Lately begot by luxurie and pride,
In their great'ſt fulnes peremptorie ſtood;
Some thereunto that diligently pri'd,
Stillie were fiſhing in that troubled flood
For future changes wiſely to prouide,
Finding the world ſo rankly then to ſwell,
That till it brake it neuer could be well.

But floting long vpon my firſt arriue,
Whil'ſt many doubts me ſeemed to appall,
Like to a barke that with the tide doth driue,
Hauing not left to faſten it withall,
Thus with the time by ſuffring I doe ſtriue
Vnto that harbor doubtfull yet to fall;
Vntill inforc'd to put it to the chance,
Caſting the fair'ſt my fortune to aduance.

Making my ſelfe to mighty *Wolſey* knowne,
That *Atlas* which the gouernment vpſtai'd,
Which from meane place in little time was growne
Vp vnto him, that weight vpon him lai'd,
And being got the neereſt to his throne,
He the more eaſly the great kingdome ſwai'd,
Leaning thereon his wearied ſelfe to breath,
Whil'ſt euen the greateſt ſtate ſat him beneath.

Where learned *More* and *Gardiner* I met,
Men in thoſe times immatchable for wit,
Able that were the dulleſt ſpirit to whet,
And did my humour excellently fit,
Into their ranke that worthily did get
There as their proud competitor to ſit,
One excellence to many is the mother,
Wit doth as creatures one beget another.

This Founder of the palaces of Kings,
Whoſe veines with more then vſuall ſpirit were fild,
A man ordained to the mighti'ſt things,
In Oxford then determining to build
To Chriſt a Colledge, and together brings
All that thereof the great foundation wills,
There me imploies, whoſe induſtrie he found
Worthie to worke vpon the nobleſt ground.

Yet in the entrance wiſely that did feare
Coyne might fall ſhort, yet with this worke on fire,
Wherefore ſuch houſes as Religious were
Whoſe being no neceſſitie require,
But that the greater very well might beare,
From Rome the Card'nall cunningly did hire,
Winning withall his Soueraigne to conſent,
Both colouring with ſo holy an intent.

This like a ſymptome to a long diſeaſe
Was the forerunner to this mightie fall,
And but too vnaduiſedly did feaſe
Vpon the part that ruinated all,
Which had the worke been of ſo many daies
And more againe, recouer hardly ſhall:
But loe it ſunke which time did long vphold,
Where now it lies euen leueld with the mould.

Thus thou great Rome here firſt waſt ouerthrowne,
Thy future harmes that blindly couldſt not ſe,
And in this worke they only were thine owne,
Whoſe knowledge lent that deadly wound to thee,

Which to the world before had they not ſhowne,
Nere had thoſe ſecrets been deſcri'd by mee,
Nor by thy wealth ſo many from the plow
Worne thoſe hie types wherein they flouriſh now.

After when as the Cardinall againe
Into hie fauour with the King mee brought,
VVith whom my ſelfe ſo well I did demeane,
As that I ſeem'd to exerciſe his thought,
And his great liking ſtrongly did retaine
With what before my Maſter me had taught,
From whoſe example by thoſe Cels were ſmall
Sprang the ſubuerſion laſtly of them all.

Yet many a let was caſt into the way,
VVherein I ran ſo ſteddily and right,
And many a ſnare my aduerſaries lay,
Much wrought they with their power much with their ſlight,
Wiſely perceiuing that my ſmalleſt ſtay
Fully requir'd the vtmoſt of their might,
To my aſcendant haſting me to clime,
There as the firſt predomining the time.

Knowing what wealth me earneſtly did wooe,
VVhich I through *Wolſey* hapned had to finde,
And could the path moſt perfectly vntoo,
The King thereafter earneſtly inclin'd,
Seeing beſides what after I might doe
If ſo great power mee fully were aſſign'd,
By all their meanes againſt me ſtrongly wrought,
Lab'ring as faſt to bring their Church to nought.

Whil'ſt to the King continually I ſue,
And in this buſineſſe faithfully did ſtirre
Strongly t'approue my iudgement to be true
Gainſt thoſe who moſt ſuppoſed me to erre,
Nor the leaſt meanes which any way I knew
Might grace me, or my purpoſes preferre
Did I omit, till wonne I had his care,
Moſt that me mark'd when leaſt he ſeem'd to heare,

This wound to them thus violently giuen,
Enuie at me her ſharpeſt darts doth roue,
Affecting the ſupremacie of heauen,
As the firſt Giants warring againſt *Ioue*,
Heap'd hils on hils, the Gods till they had driuen
The meaneſt ſhapes of earthly things to proue;
So muſt I ſhift from them againſt me roſe,
Mortall their hate, as mightie were my foes.

But their great force againſt me wholly bent
Preuail'd vpon my purpoſes ſo farre,
That I my ruine ſcarſely could preuent,
So momentarie worldly fauours are,
That till the vtmoſt of their ſpight was ſpent,
Had not my ſpirit maintain'd a manly warre,
Riſen they had when laid I had been low,
Vpon whoſe ruine after I did grow.

When the great King their ſtrange reports that tooke
That as pernitious as they potent were,
Which at the faire growth of my fortune ſtrooke,
Whoſe deadly malice blame me not to feare,
Me at the firſt ſo violently ſhooke,
That they this frame were likely downe to beare,
If reſolution with a ſetled brow
Had not vpheld my peremptorie vow.

Yet theſe encounters thruſt me not awry,
Nor could my courſes force me to forſake,
After this ſhipwrack I againe muſt trie
Some happier voiage hopefull ſtill to make,
The plots that barren long wt ſee did lie,
Some fitting ſeaſon plentifully take,
One fruitfull harueſt frankly doth reſtore
What many winters hindred had before.

That to account I ſtrictly call my wit
How it this while had managed my ſtate;
My ſoule in counſell ſummoning to ſit,
If poſſible to turne the courſe of fate,

For

For waies there be the greateſt things to hir,
If men could find the peremptorie gate,
And ſince I once was got ſo neere the brinke
More then before, t'would grieue me now to ſinke.

Bedford whoſe life (ſome ſaid) that I had ſau'd
In Italy, one me that fauoured moſt,
And reuerend *Hayles* who but occaſion crau'd
To ſhew his loue, no leſſe that I had coſt,
VVho to the King perceiuing me diſgrac'd,
VVhoſe fauour I vnluckily had loſt,
Both with him great, a foot ſet in withall
If not to ſtay, to qualifie my fall.

High their regard, yet higher was their hap,
Well neere quite ſunke recouer me that could,
And once more get me into Fortunes lap,
VVhich well my ſelfe might teach me there to hold,
Eſcap'd out of ſo dangerous a trap,
VVhoſe praiſe by me to ages ſhall be told,
As the two props by which I only roſe,
VVhen moſt ſuppreſt, moſt trod on by my foes.

This me to vrge the premunire wonne,
Ordain'd in matters dangerous and hie,
In t'which the heedleſſe Prelacie were runne,
That backe vnto the Papacie did flie,
Sworne to that ſea, and what before was done
Due to the King, diſpenſed were thereby,
In t'which firſt entring offred me the meane
That to throw downe alreadie that did leane.

This was to me that ouerflowing ſourſe,
From whence his bounties plentifully ſpring,
VVhoſe ſpeedie current with vnuſuall force
Bare me into the boſome of the King,
By putting him into that readie courſe
VVhich ſoone to paſſe his purpoſes might bring,
Where thoſe which late emperiouſly control'd me
Pale ſtrooke with feare ſtood trembling to behold me.

When ſtate to me thoſe ceremonies ſhow'd
That to ſo great a fauorite were due,
And Fortune ſtill with honors did me load,
As though no meane ſhe in my riſing knew,
Or heauen to me more then to man had ow'd,
(What to the world vnheard of was and new)
And was to other ſparing of her ſtore
Till ſhe could giue, or aske I could no more.

Thoſe high preferments he vpon me laid,
Might make the world me publikely to know
Such as in iudgement rightly being wai'd,
Seemed too great for me to vndergo,
Nor could his hand from powring on be ſtai'd
Vntill I ſo abundantly did flow,
That looking downe whence lately I was cloame,
Danger bid feare if further I ſhould roame.

For firſt from Knighthood riſing in degree,
The office of the Iewell houſe my lot,
After the Roles he frankely gaue to mee,
From whence a priuie Counſeller I got,
Choſe of the Garter: and the Eagle to bee
Of Eſſex: yet ſufficient theſe not
But to the great Vicegerencie I grew,
Being a title as ſupreame as new.

So well did me theſe dignities befit,
And honor ſo me euery way became,
As more then man I had been made for it,
Or as from me it had deriu'd the name:
Where was that man whoſe loue I not requit
Beyond his owne imaginarie aime,
Which had me ſuccour'd needely being driuen
As things to me that idlely were not giuen?

What tongue ſo flow the tale ſhall not report
Of hoſpitable *Friſcobald* and mee,
And ſhew in how reciprocall a ſort
My thankes did with his courteſie agree,

When as my meanes in Italy were ſhort
That me relieu'd, leſſe great that would not bee,
When I of England Chancellor was made,
His former bounties liberally repai'd?

The maner briefly gentler Muſe relate,
Since oft before it wiſely hath been told,
The ſudden change of vnauoided fate,
That famous Merchant reuerend *Friſcobald*
Grew poore, and the ſmall remnant of his ſtate
Was certaine goods to England he had ſold,
Which in the hands of Creditors but bad,
Small hope to get, yet leſſer meanes he had.

Hither his wants him forciblie conſtrain'd,
Though with long trauell both by land and ſeas,
Led by this hope that only now remain'd,
Whereon his fortune finally he laies,
And if he found that friendſhip heere were fain'd,
Yet at the worſt it better ſhould him pleaſe,
Farre out of ſight to periſh heere vnknowne,
Then vnrelieu'd be pitied of his owne.

It chanc'd as I toward *Weſtminſter* did ride,
Mongſt the great concourſe paſſing to and fro,
An aged man I happily eſpide,
Whoſe outward looks much inward griefe did ſhow,
Which made me note him, and the more I ey'd
Him, me thought more preciſely I ſhould know,
Reuoluing long it came into my mind,
This was the man to me had been ſo kind:

Was therewithall ſo ioyed with his ſight,
(With the deare ſight of his ſo reuerend face)
That I could ſcarcely keepe me from t'alight,
And in mine armes him openly embrace;
Weighing yet (well) what ſome imagine might,
He being a ſtranger and the publike place
Checkt my affection, till ſome fitter hower
On him my loue effectually might ſhower.

Neuer, quoth I, was Fortune ſo vniuſt
As to do wrong vnto thy noble hart,
VVhat man ſo wicked could betray the truſt
Of one ſo vpright of ſo good deſart?
And though obey neceſſitie thou muſt,
As when the great'ſt the ſame to me thou art,
Let me alone the laſt be left of all,
That from the reſt declin'd not with thy fall.

And calling to a Gentleman of mine,
VViſe and diſcreet that well I knew to bee,
Shew'd him that ſtranger, whoſe deiected eyne
Fixt on the earth nere once look'd vp at mee,
Bid yonder man come home to me and dine
(Quoth I) beſpeake him reuerently (you ſee)
Scorne not his habit, little canſt thou tell
How rich a mind in thoſe meane rags doth dwell.

He with my name that kindly did him greete,
Slowly caſt vp his deadly-mouing eye,
That long time had been fixed on his feete,
To looke no higher then his miſerie,
Thinking him more calamitie did greete,
Or that I had ſuppoſed him ſome ſpye,
VVith a deepe ſigh that from his heart he drew,
Quoth he, his will accompliſht be by you.

My man departed and the meſſage done,
He whoſe ſad heart with ſtrange impreſſions ſtrooke,
To thinke vpon this accident begun,
And on himſelfe ſuſpitiouſly to looke,
Into all doubts he fearefully doth run,
Oft himſelfe cheering, oft himſelfe forſooke;
Strangely perplext vnto my houſe doth come,
Not knowing why iudg'd nor dreading yet his doome.

My ſeruants ſet his comming to attend,
That were therein not common ſot their skill,
VVhoſe vſage yet the former did amend:
He hop'd not good, nor guiltie was of ill,

But as a man whose thoughts were at an end,
Fortune (quoth he) then worke on me thy will,
Wiser then man I thinke he were that knew
Whence this may come, or what thereof ensue.

His honored presence so did me enflame,
That though being then in presence of my Peeres,
Daine not the lesse to meet him as he came,
(That very hardly could containe my teares)
Kindly salute him, call him by his name,
And oft together aske him how he cheares,
With still along maintaining the extreame:
Yet thought the man he had been in a dreame.

At length t'awake him gently I began
With this demaund, if once he did not know
One *Thomas Cromwell* a poore English man,
By him relieu'd when he was driuen low?
When I perceiu'd he my remembrance wan,
Yet with his teares it silently did show:
I wept for woe to see mine host distrest,
But he for ioy to see his happie guest.

Him to the Lords I publisht by my praise,
And at my table, carefully him set,
Recounting them the many sundrie waies
I was vnto this gentleman in debt,
How great he was in Florence in those daies,
With all that grace or reuerence him might get:
Which all the while yet silently he heares,
Moisting (among) his viands with his teares.

And to lend fulnesse lastly to his fate
Great summes I gaue him, and what was his due
Made knowne, my selfe became his aduocate,
And at my charge his creditors I sue,
Recouering him vnto his former state:
Thus he the world began by me anew,
That shall to all posteritie expresse
His honored bountie, and my thankfulnesse.

But

But Muſe recount, before thou further paſſe,
How this great change ſo quickly came about,
And what the cauſe of this ſad downefall was,
In euery part the ſpatious Realme throughout,
Being effected in ſo little ſpace,
Leaue not thereof poſteritie to doubt,
That with the world obſcured elſe may bee,
If in this place reuealed not by thee.

If the whole land did on the Church relie,
Hauing full power Kings to account to call,
That to the world read only policie,
Beſides heauens keyes to ſtop or let in all,
Let me but know from her ſupremacie
How ſhe ſhould come ſo ſuddenly to fall:
T'was more then chance ſure put a hand thereto,
That had the power ſo great a thing to do.

Or ought there were had biding vnder Sunne,
Who would haue thought thoſe edifices great,
Which firſt religion holily begunne,
The Church approu'd, and wiſdome richly ſeate,
Deuotion nouriſh'd, ſuch allowance wonne,
And all that them might any way compleate,
Should in their ruines laſtly buried lie,
But that begun and ended from the skie?

And the King late obedient to her lawes,
Againſt the Clerke of Germany had writ,
As he that firſt ſtirr'd in the Churches cauſe,
Againſt him greatlieſt that oppugned it,
And wan from her ſo gratefull an applauſe,
Then in her fauour chiefly that did ſit,
That as the prop, whereon ſhe only ſtai'th,
Him ſhe inſtil'd *Defender of the faith.*

But not their power, whoſe wiſdomes them did place
In the firſt ranke, the oracles of ſtate,
Who that opinion ſtrongly did embrace,
Which through the land receiued was of late,

Then

Then ought at all preuailed in this caſe,
O powerfull doome of vnauoided fate,
Whoſe depth not weake mortalitie can know,
Who can vphold what heauen will ouerthrow?

VVhen time now vniuerſally did ſhow
The power to her peculiarly annex'd,
VVith moſt abundance then when ſhe did flow,
Yet euery hower ſtill proſp'rouſly ſhe wex'd,
But the world poore did by looſe riots grow,
VVhich ſerued as an excellent pretext,
And colour gaue to plucke her from her pride,
VVhoſe only greatneſſe ſuffred none beſide.

Likewiſe to that poſteritie did doubt
Thoſe at the firſt not rightly did adore,
Their fathers that too credulous deuout
Vnto the Church contributed their ſtore,
And to recouer only went about
VVhat their great zeale had lauiſhed before,
On her a ſtrong hand violently lai'd,
Preying on that, they gaue for to be prai'd.

And now the King ſet in a courſe ſo right,
VVhich I for him laboriouſly had tract,
(VVho till I learn'd him, did not know his might)
I ſtill to prompt his power with me to act,
Into thoſe ſecrets got ſo deepe a ſight,
That nothing laſtly to his furtherance lackt,
And by example plainly to him ſhowne,
How all might now be eaſly ouerthrowne.

In taking downe yet of this goodly frame
He ſuddenly not brake off euery band,
But tooke the power firſt from the Papall name,
After a while let the Religion ſtand,
When limbe by limbe he daily did it lame,
Firſt tooke a leg, and after tooke a hand,
Till the poore ſemblance of a bodie left,
But all ſhould ſtay it, vtterly bereft.

For

For if ſome Abbey hapned void to fall
By death of him that the ſuperiour was,
Gaine that did firſt Church libertie enthrall,
Only ſupreame, promoted to the place,
Mongſt many bad the worſt moſt times of all,
Vnder the colour of ſome others grace,
That by the ſlander from his life ſhould ſpring,
Into contempt it more and more might bring.

This time from heauen when by the ſecret courſe,
Diſſenſion vniuerſally began,
(Preuailing as a planetarie courſe)
I'th Church believing, as Mahumitan,
When *Luther* firſt did thoſe opinions nurſe,
Much from great Rome in little ſpace that wan,
It to this change ſo aptly did diſpoſe,
From whoſe ſad ruine ours ſo great aroſe.

That heere that fabrique vtterly did faile,
Which powerfull fate had limited to time,
By whoſe ſtrong law it naturally muſt quaile,
From that proud height to which it long did clime,
Letting gainſt it the contrarie preuaile,
Therein to puniſh ſome notorious crime,
For which at length juſt dooming heauen decreed,
That on her buildings ruine heere ſhould feed.

Th'authoritie vpon her ſhe did take,
And vſe thereof in euery little thing;
Finding her ſelfe how oft ſhe did forſake
In her owne bounds her neuer limiting,
That awfull feare and due obedience brake
Which her reputed holineſſe did bring,
From ſlight regard ſoone brought her into hate
With thoſe that much diſliked her eſtate.

And that thoſe parts ſhe cunningly had plai'd,
Beliefe vnto her miracles to win,
Vnto the world were euery day bewra'd,
From which the doubt did of her power begin,

Damnation

Damnation yet to queſtion what ſhe ſaid
Made moſt ſuſpect the faith they had been in,
When their ſaluation eaſly might be bought,
Found not this yet the way that they had ſought.

When thoſe ill humours ripened to a head,
Bred by the rankneſſe of the plentious land,
And they not only ſtrangely from her fled,
Bound for her ancient libertie to ſtand,
But what their fathers gaue her being dead,
The ſonnes rap'd from her with a violent hand,
And thoſe her buildings moſt of all abus'd,
That with the waight their fathers coffins bruis'd.

The wiſeſt and moſt prouident but build,
For time againe too waſtfully deſtroy,
The coſtly piles and monuments we guild,
Succeeding time ſhall reckon but a toy,
Viciſſitude impartially wild,
The goodlieſt things be ſubiect to annoy,
And what one age did ſtudiouſly maintaine,
The next againe accounteth vile and vaine.

Yet time doth tell, in ſome things they did erre,
That put their helpe her brauery to deface,
When as the wealth, that taken was from her,
Others ſoone raiſed, that did them diſplace,
Their titles and their offices conferre
On ſuch before, as were obſcure and baſe,
Who would with her they likewiſe downe ſhould go,
And o'rthrew them that her did ouerthrow.

And th'Romiſh rites that with a cleerer ſight
The wiſeſt thought they iuſtly did reiect,
They after ſaw that the receiued light
Not altogether free was from defect,
Myſterious things being not conceiued right,
Thereof bred in the ignorant neglect,
For in opinion ſomething ſhort doth fall,
Wants there haue been and ſhall be ſtill in all.

But negligent ſecuritie and eaſe
Vnbridled ſenſualitie begat,
That only ſought his appetite to pleaſe,
As in the midſt it of abundance ſat,
The Church not willing others ſhould her praiſe
That ſhe was leane, when as her lands were fat,
Her ſelfe to too much libertie did giue,
Which ſome perceiu'd that in thoſe times did liue.

Pierce the wiſe Plowman in his viſion ſaw
Conſcience ſore hurt, yet ſorer was affraid
The ſeuen great ſins to hell him like to draw,
And to wiſe Clergie mainly cri'd for aid;
Falne ere he wiſt (whom perill much did awe)
On vncleane Prieſts whil'ſt faintly he him ſtaid,
Willing good Clergie t'eaſe his wretched caſe,
Whom theſe ſtrong Giants hotly had in chaſe.

Clergie call'd Friers which neere at hand did dwell,
And them requeſts to take in hand the cure,
But for their Leechcraft that they could not well,
He liſted not their dreſſing to endure,
VVhen in his eare Need ſoftly him did tell
(And of his knowledge more did him aſſure)
They came for gain their end which they did make,
For which on them the charge of ſoules they take.

And voluntarie pouertie profeſt,
By food of Angels ſeeming as to liue;
But yet with them th'accounted were the beſt
That moſt to their fraternitie doe giue,
And beyond number that they were increas'd:
If ſo (quoth Conſcience) thee may I beleeue,
Then t'is in vaine more on them to beſtow,
If beyond number like they be to grow.

The Frier ſoone feeling Conſcience had him ſound,
And hearing how Hypocriſie did thriue,
That many Teachers euery where did wound,
For which Contrition miſerably did grieue:

Now

Now in deceit to ſhew himſelfe profound,
His former hopes yet laſtly to reuiue
Gets the Popes letters, whereof he doth ſhape
Him a diſguiſe from Conſcience to eſcape.

And ſo towards goodly Vnitie he goes,
A ſtrong-built Caſtle ſtanding very hie,
VVhere Conſcience liu'd to keepe him from his foes,
VVhom leſt ſome watchfull Centinell ſhould ſpie,
And him vnto the garriſon diſcloſe,
His cowle about him carefully doth tie,
Creepes to the gate and cloſely thereat beate,
As one that entrance gladly would intreate.

Peace the good porter readie ſtill at hand
It doth vnpin, and praies him God to ſaue,
And after ſaluing kindly doth demand
VVhat was his will, or who he there would haue?
The Frier low lowting croſſing with his hand,
Speak with Contrition (quoth he) I would craue.
Father (quoth Peace) your comming is in vaine,
For him of late Hypocriſie hath ſlaine.

God ſhield (quoth he) and turning vp the eyes,
To former health I hope him to reſtore,
For in my skill his ſound recouerie lies,
Doubt not thereof if ſetting God before.
Are you a ſurgeon, Peace againe replies;
Yea (quoth the Frier) and ſent to heale his ſore:
Come neere (quoth Peace) and God your comming ſpeed,
Neuer of help Contrition had more need.

And for more haſte he haleth in the Frier,
And his Lord Conſcience quickly of him told,
VVho entertain'd him with right friendly cheere:
O Sir (quoth he) intreate you that I could
To lend your hand vnto my Coſin deare
Contrition, whom a ſore diſeaſe doth hold,
That wounded by Hypocriſie of late,
Now lieth in moſt deſperate eſtate.

Sir

Sir (quoth the Frier) I hope him ſoone to cure,
Which to your comfort quickly you ſhall ſee,
Will he a while my dreſſing but endure;
And to contrition therewith commeth hee,
And by faire ſpeech himſelfe of him aſſure,
But firſt of all going thorough for his fee:
VVhich done (quoth he) if outwardly you ſhow
Sound, t'not auailes if inwardly or no.

But ſecretly aſſoiling of his ſin,
No other med'cine will vnto him lay,
Saying that heauen his ſiuer him ſhould win,
And to giue Friers was better then to pray,
So he were ſhrieu'd what need he care a pin.
Thus with his patient he ſo long did play,
Vntill contrition had forgot to weepe,
This the wiſe plowman ſhew'd me from his ſleepe.

He ſaw their faults, that looſly liued then,
Others againe our weakneſſes ſhall ſee:
For this is ſure he bideth not with men
That ſhall know all to be what they ſhould bee:
Yet let the faithfull and induſtrious pen
Haue the due merit; but returne to mee,
Whoſe fall this while blind Fortune did deuiſe,
To be as ſtrange as ſtrangely I did riſe.

Thoſe ſecret foes yet ſubt'ly to deceiue,
That me maligning lifted at my ſtate,
The King to marry forward ſtill I heaue,
(His former wife being repudiate)
To *Anne* the ſiſter of the Duke of Cleaue,
The German Princes to confederate,
To backe me ſtill gainſt thoſe againſt me lay,
Which as their owne retain'd me here in pay.

Which my deſtruction principally wrought,
When afterward abandoning her bed,
Which to his will to paſſe could not be brought,
So long as yet I beare about my head

The

The only man her ſafetie that had ſought,
Of her againe and only fauoured,
Which was the cauſe he haſted to my end,
Vpon whoſe fall hers likewiſe did depend.

For in his high diſtemprature of blood
Who was ſo great whoſe life he did regard?
Or what was it that his deſires withſtood
He not inueſted were it nere ſo hard?
Nor held he me ſo abſolutely good,
That though I croſt him yet I ſhould be ſpar'd,
But with thoſe things I laſtly was to go,
Which he to ground did violently throw.

When *Winchester* with all thoſe enemies
Whom my much power from audience had debarr'd,
The longer time their miſchiefes to deuiſe,
Feeling with me how laſtly now it far'd,
When I had done the King that did ſuffice,
Laſtly thruſt in againſt me to be heard,
When all was ill contrarily turn'd good,
Making amaine to th'ſhedding of my blood.

And that the King his action doth deny,
And on my guilt doth altogether lay,
Hauing his riot ſatisfied thereby,
Seemes not to know how I therein did ſway,
What late was truth conuerted hereſie:
When he in me had purchaſed his pray,
Himſelfe to cleere and ſatisfie the ſin,
Leaues me but late his inſtrument therein.

Thoſe lawes I made, my ſelfe alone to pleaſe,
To giue me power more freely to my will,
Euen to my equals hurtfull ſundrie waies,
(Forced to things that moſt do ſay were ill)
Vpon me now as violently ceaze,
By which I laſtly periſht by my skill,
On mine owne necke returning (as my due)
That heauie yoke wherein by me they drew

My greatneſſe threatned by ill-boding eyes,
My actions ſtrangely cenſured of all,
Yet in my way my giddines not ſees
The pit wherein I likely was to fall:
O were the ſweets of mans felicities
Often amongſt not temp'red with ſome gall,
He would forget by his ore weening skill,
Iuſt heauen aboue doth cenſure good and ill.

Things ouer rancke do neuer kindly beare,
As in the corne the fluxure, when we ſee
Fill but the ſtraw when it ſhould feed the eare,
Rotting that time in ripening it ſhould bee,
And being once downe it ſelfe can neuer reare:
With vs well doth this ſimilie agree,
(By the wiſe man) due to the great in all,
By their owne weight b'ing broken in their fall.

Selfe louing man what ſooner doth abuſe,
And more then his proſperitie doth wound?
Into the deepe but fall how can he chuſe
That ouer-ſtrides whereon his foot to ground?
Who ſparingly proſperitie doth vſe,
And to himſelfe doth after-ill propound,
Vnto his height who happily doth clime,
Sits aboue Fortune, and controlleth time.

Not chuſing that vs moſt delight doth bring,
And moſt that by the generall breath is freed,
Wooing that ſuffrage; but the vertuous thing
Which in it ſelfe is excellent indeed,
Of which the depth and perfect managing
Amongſt the moſt, but few there be that heed,
Affecting that agreeing with their blood,
Seldome enduring neuer yet was good.

But whil'ſt we ſtriue too ſuddenly to riſe
By flattring Princes with a ſeruill tong,
And being ſoothers to their tyrannies,
Worke our more woes by what doth many wrong,

And vnto others tending iniuries,
Vnto our ſelues it hapneth oft among
In our owne ſnares vnluckily are caught,
Whil'ſt our attempts fall inſtantly to naught.

The Counſell Chamber place of my arreſt,
Where chiefe I was, when greateſt was the ſtore,
And had my ſpeeches noted of the beſt,
That did them as hie Oracles adore:
A Parliament was laſtly my enqueſt,
That was my ſelfe a Parliament before,
The Tower hill ſcaffold laſt I did aſcend:
Thus the great'ſt man of England made his end.

Michael Drayton.

FINIS.